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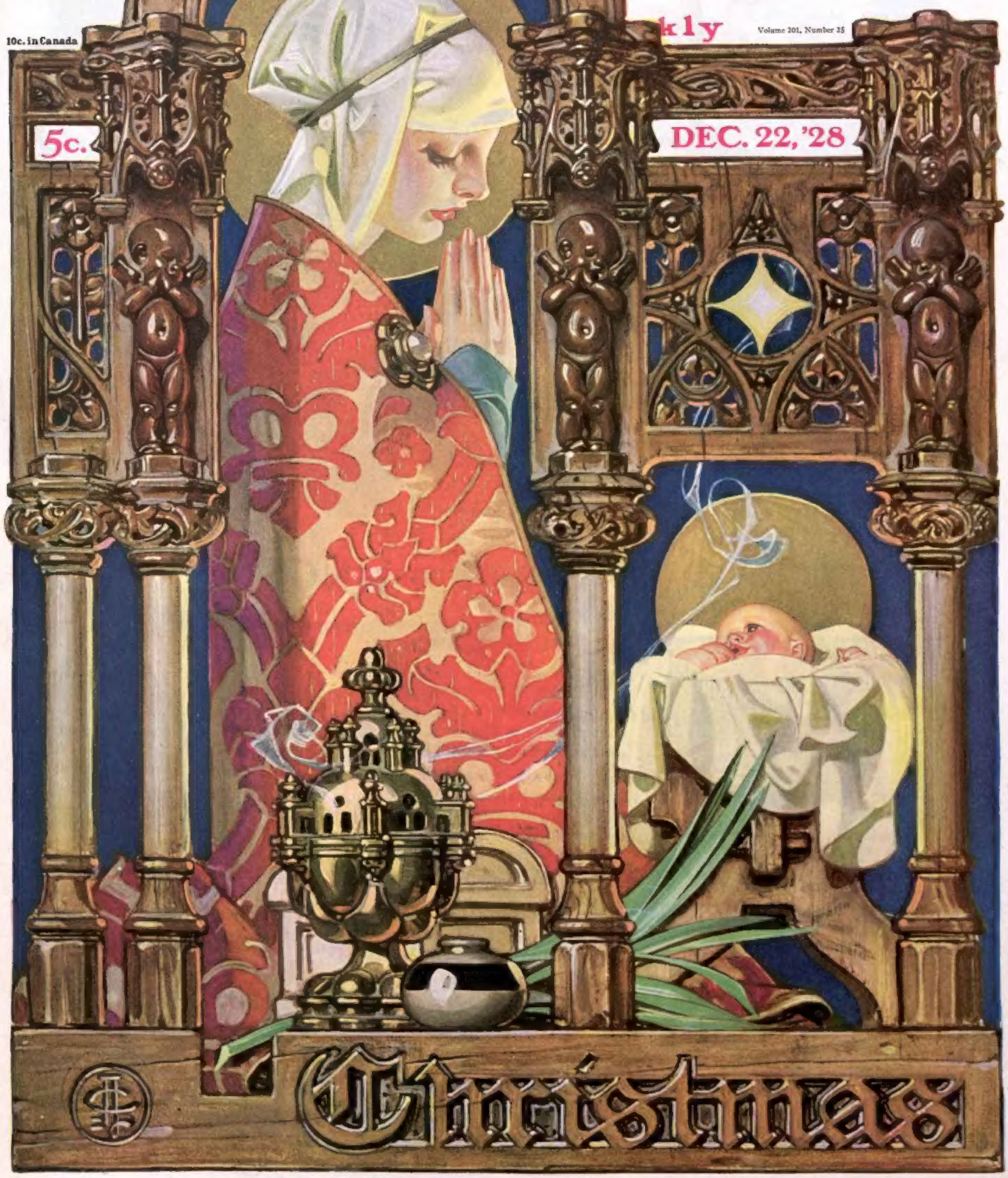

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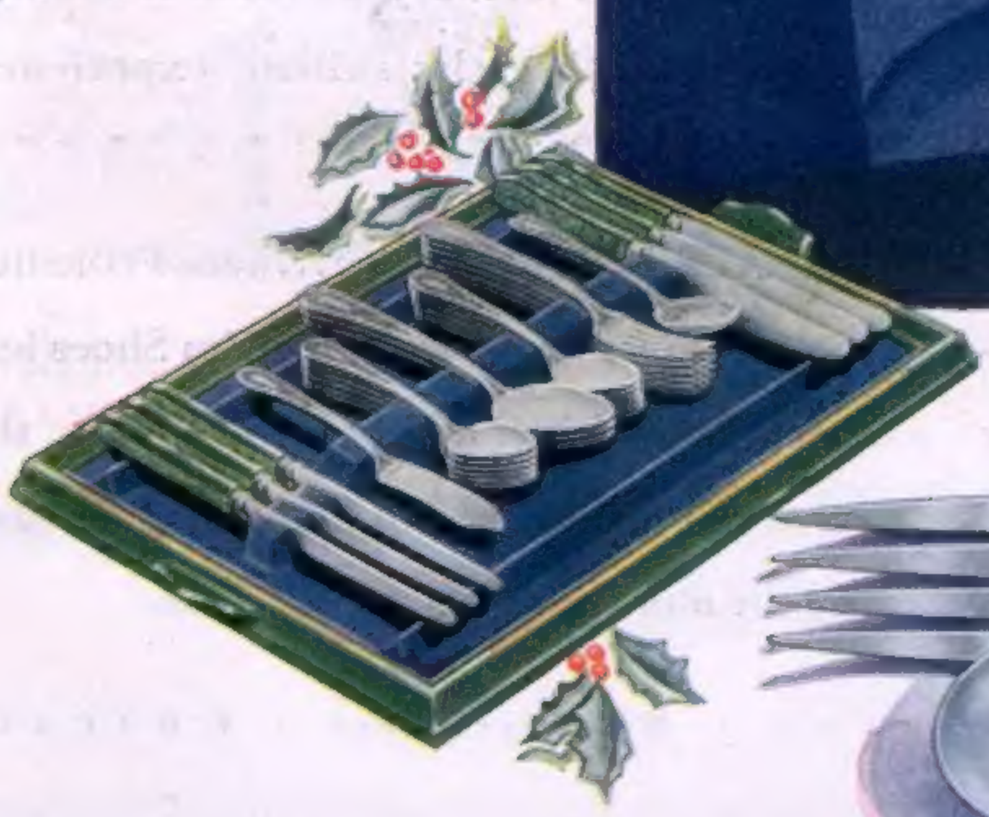

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INSUFFICIENT FUNDS

"Now Sit Tight Until You Hear From Little Amby Again. I Warn You Against Trying to Match Your Wits Against His"

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

SYMES HUBBARD died in August, 1922. That's not long ago, and there is a sentiment and convention against speaking frankly of people who are not long dead. However, most of what will be set down here is matter of public record, and that which is outside the record favors him. Nothing will be set down in malice.

Hubbard couldn't mind his own business; there, that's painfully frank.

He was a good fellow, and he was right and lovable in so many ways, but he would meddle; and meddlesomeness is an irritating trait, whether the meddler mean well or ill. Let him be kindly and upright as he may, he rarely does any good, and he's likely to get himself into trouble. As a man gets older he minds his own business more and more, until even his advice must be pulled from him like a tooth. He asks himself, what good will it do, in heaven's name? And Hubbard was approaching forty.

Our faults are commonly our virtues gone to seed; it was that way with Hubbard. He loved to manage things, to be the boss, and that's the quality that gives us our leaders. In his own country, in Chicago, he was a past president of the Rotary Club; at his summer residence in Michigan he had been mayor and trustee of his village, and was the unsalaried manager of a camp for crippled children. He was assertive and egotistical, but he loved his fellow men. People liked to be bossed by Hubbard, even if they sometimes winked the other eye; he was all spread out, but they knew his heart was in the right place.

He was a big-stomached and jolly man, sentimental and romantic; he enjoyed life thoroughly and wanted everybody else to have Hubbard's brand of good time. He would crowd it on them. He loved sane and decent people, loved to lay hands on them caressingly, letting them know that they agreed with Symes Hubbard and were absolutely all right. With loafers, rakes and criminals he had no mawkish sympathy; he was all in favor of coercion for people so out of step with him. He was inconsistent, of course: if he liked a worthless character he would have it that he was a very fine fellow and that

the fellow would prove it when Hubbard was done with him. Loving to do for people better than they could do for themselves, he made his neighbors happy but nervous; if, puffing his fat cigar and flashing his bright hazel eyes around, he told a friend that he needed a radio or a roc's egg or what not to make his home perfect, the friend had to be painfully frank or the thing would be on the porch the following day, though consolingly cheap.

He came to New York in June, 1922, to see a man named Van Pelt who kept a little art store on Nassau Street. Hubbard had met him in Chicago and had taken a fancy to him, and therefore considered him an art expert without equal; all Hubbard's friends were wonders and all his possessions were wonderful. While in the city he looked up a relative of his, who was, of course, well worth while. He took the relative's troubles on himself, and his determined effort to solve them introduced him into a fine flock of black sheep. Among these sinners was one Walter Granishaw; Hubbard met him with prepared hostility, but grew to be very fond of him. This is preface, and three paragraphs can't be wasted now on these three people; they'll be mentioned again—the art expert, the relative and the black sheep.

During his stay in New York, Hubbard lived in Miss Dowler's select rooming house on West 74th Street. He entertained Walter Granishaw and others of the flock at the 74th Street house on several occasions; Hubbard was the picnic type, jolly and companionable, with so many points of contact that he could get in touch with anybody. The black sheep were jolly men too. What disenchanted Hubbard with their brand of jollity was a card game that happened in his apartment one night, a game that began for purely nominal stakes and that eventuated in Hubbard's losing two hundred dollars. He kept his fondness for Walter Granishaw, who had dropped about as much of his own.

On the evening of July 22, 1922, Walter Granishaw visited Hubbard at the 74th Street house. Hubbard, a total abstainer and a resolute prohibitionist, entertained Walter with good cigars and good stories, sandwiches and near beer, notes on travel, and observations on men and manners. For a wonder, the conversation wasn't spiced with warnings and reproofs; Walter remembered that later. Not that Walter would have resented more advice; Walter had youth and strength and plenty of unearned money, and liked his own way of life well enough to be indifferent to criticism.

Something happened that night, and it didn't look like very much at the time.

There was an oil painting on the wall. Walter liked it and thought he would like to have it on his own wall, where he could concoct some romantic history for it at his leisure, and he said with freedom, "Syme, that's quite a chromo. I'm short of ancestral portraits. What will you take for that one?"

"Want it, Walter?"

"At a price."

"That's a valuable Old Master," said Hubbard, squinting at the picture through cigar smoke; and whether or not he was joking is a secret of the grave. "You can have it, Walter, if you'll pay my price for it. Yes or no?"

"You're on," said Walter gamely. And he sat down and made out a check to Symes Hubbard and signed it, leaving the amount blank. Walter liked to make fine gestures. "There you are, old man."

Hubbard looked at the check and was touched; the gesture appealed to him. He smiled gratefully at Walter, turned about, and went with his wide-stepping stride that was not quite a waddle to a trash basket. He lingered, drew a pocket lighter forth and snapped it into flame.

"And you talk of extravagance and waste," exclaimed Walter. "Syme, no more of that from you. You're the original prodigal son! You're burning up two hundred and twenty thousand dollars there. Yes, sir, that's what that check was worth. You could have filled it in for that and collected."

Hubbard let burn the slip that he had ignited until it singed his chubby fingers; he dusted his hands of the remains, slapping them into the trash basket. With lips compressed on the cigar that he had so expensively lit, he went to the picture, lifted it down and deposited it in Walter's hands.

"Don't be silly," he said caressingly. "It's yours, my boy. No, you must take it; you'll only give me the trouble of sending it to your house. I'm sick of the darned thing."

And that was also a pretty thing to do, and Walter was as touched as Symes Hubbard had been, had a like generous sense of injury in receiving a benefit from a friend without return. However, time cured him of his pain.

The Lawyer Had the Gift for Character, and That is a Gift of the Gods and Insusceptible of Explaining. He Understood People

II

WALTER had rented a house on Liberty Island in Long Island Sound for the summer, had taken it in cotenancy with a good fellow named Len Hanasyde. The boon companions put a colored couple in charge of the house, which was ramshackle, but good enough, and they used to bring parties of congenial souls down there for week-ends and weeks.

The neighbors were congenial too. Liberty Island had a reputation to sustain. It had belonged in the 1890's to a prosperous bank burglar named Moore, who built the houses and bungalows to rent to his friends in the profesh; when Moore, good business man, went to his reward up the river, Liberty Island was taken over by a rich and dissipated Wall Street gambler, who rented the houses other than his own to good fellows, rigidly excluding salaried people, people with children, and crabs who could afford to cut loose but wouldn't. You could still do pretty much as you pleased, excluding arson.

In the early evening of August 6, 1922, there was a mixed party of drunken people gathered in an inclosed porch of Walter's house. The party was youthful, ranging from eighteen to sixty, and was, for the most part, in sketchy bathing suits; two of the ladies, disliking bathing and preferring the mountains for reasons that were nobody's business, were fully clothed, making piquant the undress of their lovely companions.

The company displayed the typical symptoms of alcohol poisoning—the giddiness of spirits, the babbling speech, the flooding amiability, the released inhibitions. A gentleman who could not sing held forth his glass to Walter and sang two bars of For He's a Jolly Good Fellow.

"How about it, prince?" he called, looking for help.

The gentleman addressed was a Mr. Boroslav, the tenant of the adjoining bungalow. He was a Russian prince who had dropped his title; he said he was. He was congenial and tried to join in the hackneyed chorus, but he couldn't get the tune, so he said "Joe, that goes d-double," and let it go at that. But he gesticulated for emphasis, and swept a dozen cocktail glasses to the floor with a thin and musical crash.

A yellow negro in white entered the porch. "Shall I serve, sir?"

"Another cocktail, Williams," said Walter Granishaw, recognizing his butler after prolonged scrutiny. He had been reclining on a

"If I Were to Quit Work, Letty, Would You Quit Me?" "I Would! Like a Shot"

cushioned settee, talking earnestly and volubly to a bathing beauty who was asleep; in the act of resuming his discourse he looked at her, saw her sad state, sighed with compassion and rose. He stalked through the open doorway.

A very pretty girl, short but beautifully formed, with widely spaced eyes of dusky blue, saw him go; she called from a gentleman's lap on which she chanced to be seated. "Len Hanasyde! Look out for Walter, will you? He's just went out."

"Where'd he go, Mae?" asked Len Hanasyde, coming from the living room. "K. O., Mae; I see him."

Walter walked out on the dock before the house. As he went he tossed a welcoming arm and shouted "Syme Hubbard! Hey, Syme!"

Through the twilight that encompassed him he had seen a boat approaching the pier, and had decided, with the assurance natural to his state, that Symes Hubbard was coming—the unequaled Syme who took paintings down from his walls and gave them to his friends, saying only "Don't be silly."

The sun was still an hour above the horizon, but Walter was walking in twilight and seeing things darkly—the stretching waters of the Sound, under the sun as if under moonlight, the planking underfoot, the swaying houses of Liberty Island when he swung his drugged glance toward them. He yearned for Symes Hubbard; Symes was his friend, but only one of several; but Walter was bubbling with friendliness. He walked toward the pier, crying aloud for his friend through the warm and sensuous twilight.

On the planks behind him sounded the heavy footfall of big Len Hanasyde. Walter felt his presence at his shoulder, but heard his voice as faint and far off when Hanasyde called "Come back, Walter. You'll fall overboard."

Walter laughed and ran. Hanasyde had given him a new impulse, and he responded to every impulse like a rudderless boat; for a joke on good old Len he would jump from the pier. It would be delicious to sink down deep into that seventeen feet of water, to drift lazily to the top, and to spring out again like a giant refreshed. He was indeed a giant—a great, kindly, lovable giant, loving—his strength was as the strength of ten. He raced through the strange twilight with giant strides.

There was a motorboat at the pier; a girl in a red-and-black suit of close-fitting worsted was stepping up from the boat. Her eyes were black and soft and wide, enticing as cool and deep waters; they smiled on Walter sweetly for a moment, and then they stared. Walter was hurt by their stare. He meant her no harm; on the contrary, he had for her every good and kind wish.

"Black eyes," he said coaxingly, sweeping her up to him with an arm about her waist, "don't be angry with me, please. Why, I love you." He kissed her heavy red mouth. "What's your name?"

She struggled with him. He was ready to kiss her again when somebody struck him a glancing blow on the side of the head, more push than punch. "What for?" he said with puzzlement, eying the boatman, whose face appeared through a mist, but still holding the girl. He looked at her to appeal to her; to his astonishment and grief she was in a royal rage. "Never mind him, black eyes," he said, pleased that she was so furious at the boatman. "But here, you're kicking me!" He had suddenly noticed that he was being kicked. He was delighted to see Len Hanasyde's big hands close vengefully on the boatman. Up into air went the boatman, quite above Walter's head, and then he flew, asprawl in the air. He vanished over the side of the pier; Walter forgot the girl and ran to the stringpiece, yelling with laughter, but the boatman wasn't in the water. Walter didn't see him. He must have gone down deep into the water.

The girl was screaming. That wasn't amusing—was even annoying—and Walter, for all his overflowing amiability, couldn't be annoyed. He couldn't be; couldn't stand it for an instant. He started back along the pier; and then, as quickly as that, he was sitting on the back porch of the house and was fascinatedly watching a pile of newspapers burning. He was smoking a cigarette. Somebody had tossed a lighted match into the clutter of Sunday newspapers against the shingled wall.

Len Hanasyde appeared within the narrow compass of Walter's vision; there he was, materialized from nowhere, stamping out that pretty blaze, thrashing the sparking shingles with a club of newspapers. He was dripping wet; water, running down his massive and hairy legs, was spreading.

"You've set our home on fire, Walter."

"Not our house," said Walter. "Not our house, Len. We rented this house for the summer, Len. But it's all right; put it out. I don't mind; it's not my house. Let's go in and have a drink."

The fire was out, black and sodden. They went into the kitchen and looked for clean glasses. The bawling voices of men and the dreadful laughter of drunken women came from the dining room. "What's all that about in there, Len?"

"Dinner. They're having dinner. Fine bunch of two-fisted drinkers, Walter. That little Mae Voll can certainly hide liquor."

"I don't like that fellow Tinley she's playing around with."

"Let's throw him in the Sound."

"Our guest, Len. He's sacred in our house."

"Is this our house?"

"That's right too. Let's throw him in the Sound."

"Let's see who can throw him farthest. Best two out of three. Hello, Williams! What does Williams want? Let's throw Williams in the Sound."

"I can't swim, sir!"

"You got to prove it."

"Got to prove your statements around here, Williams."

"Please, sir. There's a lady asking for Mr. Granishaw."

"Buy her a drink."

"It must be important, sir. She came over from Greenwich on a special boat."

"Some mistake. Do I know her?"

"She says not."

"Then it's a mistake! Tell her I don't know her."

"I'll tell her," offered Len Hanasyde.

He returned to the kitchen in two minutes, to find that Williams had drawn the cork of a bottle and was placing glasses and charged water before Walter.

"You get your drink outside, Walter," interposed the big man, hooking his arm through Walter's and leading him from the kitchen. He led Walter around the house and to the rocky rim of the Sound. He set Walter on a bowlder, then stooped down and filled a tumbler with bright salt water.

"Here's your drink, Walter."

"But you dipped it up right there."

"Take it, like a man."

Put on his mettle, Walter seized the tumbler and drained it to the last drop. Len Hanasyde tilted him and held him across the bowlder until the ensuing paroxysm was spent. But the poison, its base of supplies thus cut off, still rioted in Walter's brain; he sprang up in fury and laid hold of Len Hanasyde and tried to throw him into the Sound.

"You're all wet," he complained, driving against him. Walter marveled that Hanasyde did not crumple under the assault, that he not only withstood it but forced Walter steadily back toward the house.

"He couldn't swim," explained Hanasyde into Walter's ear—"the boatman I threw in the Sound. The girl claimed he couldn't swim; anyway, he wasn't swimming. I jumped in and pulled him out."

"Who can't swim? I can swim. Let me go, Len. I'm going for a swim. It'll do me good."

He snatched at his clothing, sending the buttons flying.

"And here's where you swim, Walter," said Hanasyde, opening a door and shoving his friend across the threshold. He slammed the door, put his broad back to it and lit a cigarette. From within came mad cries. Cold water was falling there, cold and colder, so heavily that Walter could hardly snatch air for his laboring lungs. Hanasyde had thrust him into the shower room under the porch. It did not occur to Walter to turn the water off; he fought it,

(Continued on Page 29)

"Too Bad, Miss Booth," Said Walter. "I Can't Comprehend How the Georgean Trust Company Made Such a Stupid Mistake. I'll Make It Warm for the Twenty-Per-Week Clerk Who Did This"

Confessions of a Reformed Columnist

By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

SO MANY people used to say to me, when I ran a column in a New York newspaper, "I don't see how you fellows can keep it up every day!" and otherwise express their curiosity concerning the columnist's job, that I am forced to the conclusion that there must be a good deal of public interest in the matter. I have been out of the game for more than three years, and I can look back upon the thirteen years when I was chained to a column—like the well-known Prisoner of Chillon—almost as if that overwhelmed and struggling journalistic captive had been someone else. I have, in fact, been encouraged to turn in evidence for the state and split on the old gang.

I never knew but two columnists who said it was easy. One was the late Frank L. Stanton of the Atlanta Constitution, and the other is Franklin P. Adams of the New York World.

One day, in 1904, Mr. Stanton told me that he had turned in a column of his verse, paragraphs, character studies and aphorisms almost every day for thirteen years. He said it had always been pretty easy for him, and was getting easier all the time. He did it every day for twenty years after that, until he died, and I understand that until the very end he continued to maintain that it was easy. Mr. Adams, whom I have known for eighteen years, has always maintained publicly and privately during that time that it is the easiest job he ever struck. It may be that I quit too soon; perhaps the first thirteen years are the hardest.

Collaborating With Lincoln

PERHAPS Mr. Stanton was, and Mr. Adams is, quite on the square. It may always have been easy for them. At the same time I remember that while I was at it I always told people it was easy too. For the fact is, that while it ruined me, I loved it. It sapped my vitality, made corns and bunions on my brain, wrecked my life, and I adored doing it. During the three years since I have quit it I have had four or five terrible struggles not to go back to it. I am apt to walk into any newspaper office in America at any hour of the day or night and hand in half a dozen columns if I don't watch myself, and give them away for nothing but the pleasure of seeing them in type. I loathe, hate, abhor and dread the column-writing game; I think of it as the most poisonously destructive vice to which any writer may become addicted, and the hardest work to which any human being might contract himself; and at the same time I love it and adore it and yearn for it and have to fight against it.

I was inoculated in early youth; when I was a kid I read, every day, Eugene Field's column in a Chicago paper; and later, George Ade's sketches, and I decided that I wanted to do something like that. After teaching a country school—an occupation into which I naturally drifted because I had very little education—clerking in a drug store and other haphazard makeshift jobs, I finally went into a country printing office. The owner and editor was good-natured, and before I had learned to be a really competent printer I was helping to edit the weekly paper. Besides the local news and editorials, I started a column, consisting of verse, sketches, jokes, character studies, and so forth. I didn't get paid anything extra for this work; I was more than gratified to get the opportunity of doing it. I even illustrated some of the things with sketches of local characters. These were woodcuts; I first drew the pictures on a block of white wood with a lead pencil, and then gouged away with a penknife. And to make sure that they would be recognized by our subscribers, I carefully labeled the portraits, "Uncle Peleg Higginbotham," or whoever it was supposed to be. But the proprietor of the paper discouraged this after a while; he said too many people were coming in and complaining bitterly that they had been libeled by my portraits.

It was during this earlier period of my aspirations that I developed a bad habit of inventing Lincoln stories. Lincoln was still a very lively personal memory thirty years ago to some of the older people living in that part of the Middle West, and they were forever repeating anecdotes about him or stories that were attributed to him. When I couldn't find anything better to fill up my column with, I used to invent a story and attribute it to Lincoln, and some of these, I believe, are still in circulation. I was young and irresponsible in those days, with no perception that this might contribute to the falsification of a great historical character; I thought most of the Lincoln stories were invented by somebody else and I might as well have a hand in it, too. And, indeed, I still wonder if as many as a quarter of the anecdotes attributed to Lincoln were really his. He couldn't have had much time for anything else if he told all of them.

The Inventor of the Bobtail Sonnet

IT WAS during this same period that I attempted to make an important change in one of the standard forms of verse. The sonnet has always contained fourteen lines. I composed a good many sonnets, but most of what I composed at that time went right from my head into the printers' stick in my hand without having been first committed to paper. I found this method saved a good deal of labor. I don't remember whether I used to set my sonnets in minion type or in nonpareil, but, whichever it was, I do remember that the printer's stick would contain but thirteen lines of iambic-pentameter verse. So I habitually produced thirteen-line sonnets. A white mule couldn't be found dead or a three-legged calf born in that county, but that I made a sonnet about it. I even wrote sonnets in favor of W. J. Bryan. I watched for a good many months to see if other bards throughout the English-speaking world were going to follow my lead with regard to the thirteen-line sonnet, but they all resisted the temptation; the official sonnet remains today just what it was before I took it up in a serious way.

The man for whom I worked owned several country weeklies in that part of Illinois, and he transferred me to another town and put me in charge of one of them. I had to collect all the news, write all the editorials, solicit the advertisements and write them, set about half the type myself, saw boiler plate to fit holes in the columns, make up the paper, run off part of the edition myself on the old flat-bed hand press, fold and wrap the papers and take them to the post office. But all this was incidental, in my mind, to the main thing, which was writing and printing a column; the other work was really the price I paid for the

privilege of seeing my verse and sketches and paragraphs and fables in print.

It was from this country weekly that I worked myself, in a roundabout way, into daily journalism, and finally into a daily column. The way in which it happened amuses me when I think of it; for quite without knowing I was doing it, I put across a political coup. The paper I was running was a Republican paper. But I was a Democrat; I was so firm and fixed a Democrat that I used to wake up and wonder every morning that the country, lacking William Jennings Bryan for its President, had not yet gone all to pot. It chafed me to have to get out a Republican paper. I paid as little attention to politics as I could. But now and then the boss would write me that he thought I ought to pay more. There was a Mr. Jones, let us call him, a Republican congressman from that district, who had had three or four terms in the House of Representatives and who was a candidate for renomination and reëlection.

So, one day, thinking that I ought to do what the boss had been urging me to do, and pay more attention to Republican politics, I wrote an editorial that began about like this: "Is the Hon. X. Y. Jones the only Republican who merits office in the umpty-umth Congressional District? He's had three or four terms and what has he ever done with them? Isn't it about time he stepped aside and made room for some younger, more progressive Republican, who is in touch with the thoughts and feelings of the plain people in this part of Illinois?" And so forth. It wasn't that I had anything against Mr. Jones: I didn't know him; I didn't care a whoop, really, whether he went to Congress again or not. I was just being as good as gold, and obeying my boss' injunction to pay a little more attention to Republican politics.

Well Rewarded for Trouble-Making

BUT it soon appeared that, ignorantly, I had started something. Six or eight other little country weeklies took it up. I wrote another similar screed. And in three weeks there were the beginnings of a very lively revolt against the organization in that district. One day the Republican boss of that county asked me to come over to the county seat and have dinner with him.

I will call him Mr. Mack Clark. Mack was an old friend of my father's and of my elder brother's; they were very close friends, indeed, and had been for many years. So I was not at all surprised, nor did I think of politics, when he said to me: "Don, how would you like to go down to Washington and work in the Census Office? I can get you an appointment, if you'd like it." I immediately saw that if I got to a big town like Washington I'd have a chance to work into daily journalism. I took the job at once and went away from there. It never occurred to me at the time that I was being lifted out of that district. About three years later I lunched with Mack one day in the Great Northern Hotel in Chicago, and he said to me: "I suppose you know that as soon as you left the umpty-umth district all those other fool little papers dropped their opposition to Mr. Jones and he was renominated and reëlected."

"I'd never connected the two things before," I said, beginning to think. "Was what I said as important as all that?"

"Well," he said reflectively, "it was getting pretty important—pretty important! Some people had been thinking it before you said it without thinking. I'd always thought you ought to have your chance on a daily paper, and when that thing came up it struck me that you'd put in about all the time on country weeklies that you could afford to, if you were ever going to get started on a daily."

As soon as I got into the Census Office I at once began to try to get onto one of the Washington dailies, but it was nearly a year before I succeeded. And then I discovered that I was no nearer to getting a signed column of my own than ever. In addition to my straight reportorial work, they let me do any other kind of writing I wanted to, however—verse, sketches, fables, paragraphs, anything and everything—and they would sign my name to it and play it up on the editorial page and in the Sunday paper. But they only let me do it; they didn't pay me for anything but the reportorial work, and they wouldn't let me have a signed column all my own that I could do what I pleased with.

So, after a couple of years, I drifted to Philadelphia and found myself farther than ever from it, immersed in the dreary routine of editing copy and writing headlines. I can well remember the night I got into Philadelphia. I had been out of a job for a while and only had three or four dollars cash. I knew but one man in the city, and I didn't know where he lived. I didn't like to waste any of the three or four dollars going to a hotel, so I decided to sit up the rest of the night in the Broad Street station and hunt my friend up the next day. I knew what paper he worked on. Along toward morning I put my feet up on the bench and stretched out for a nap, but a policeman made me put my feet on the floor again. He did this several times. The scrubwomen were at work and the floor was covered with lye water, and I didn't like to put my feet down because there were holes in the soles of my shoes; but this cop was relentless. I got two lye-water blisters on the soles of my feet about the size of silver dollars before I could wake myself up sufficiently to get away from that floor and that cop.

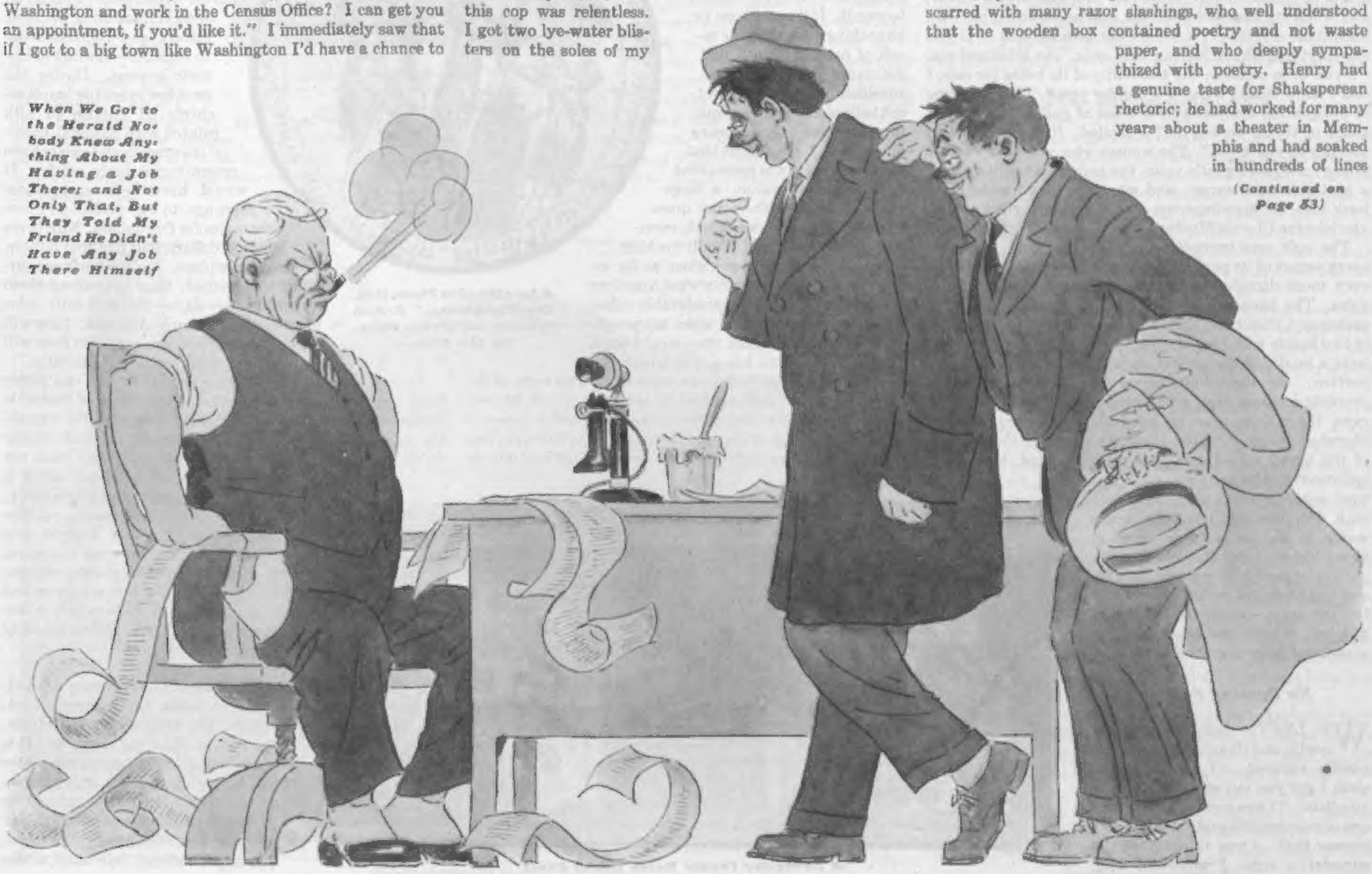
From Philadelphia I went to Atlanta, Georgia, lured by a title and the persistent hope of getting a column of my own. The late John Temple Graves had just started a newspaper, The Atlanta News, and through an old Washington pal of mine he offered me the place of associate editor. Associate editor sounded important, and I went. All I had to do was write two columns of editorials every day, and after that I could write as many columns of my own as I wanted to. They'd let me.

A Great Tragedy of All Time

WELL, I actually did it. I couldn't keep it going every day, with two columns of editorials to toss off first, but I managed it two or three days a week, sometimes oftener, and was happy. After a few months I went to the Atlanta Journal as an editorial writer. They let me have a column, too—as often as I could manage it after two columns of editorials had been written—and if anything crowded one of these columns off the editorial page it used to enrage me. Grantland Rice was sporting editor of the Journal then, and he still tells gleefully of my cries of rage and grief at times when I was not permitted to write as much as I wanted to for nothing, after having done all the regular work I was paid for. Little did I know in those youthful and carefree days that one day the mere sight of a column in a newspaper would bring out a purplish rash on my very soul!

One of the great tragedies of my life occurred while I was on the Atlanta Journal. For nearly three years I wrote poems, which I never printed, and threw them into a wooden box under my desk. They were my best work; I was saving them up against the day when I should get a column of my own on some Northern paper, or, failing that, launch a deliberate campaign against the Northern magazines. For three long golden years I threw poems into that box, stamping them down from time to time, and there must have been, without exaggeration, two or three hundred of them. They were all about love and starlight and the red morning of the planet, and the young gods rampaging across the young umbrageous worlds, and the sudden ghosts that go whizzing through the moonlight—all the things one writes poetry about when one is twenty-five. There was a negro janitor named Henry, a flamboyant old savage, his neck and face laced and scarred with many razor slashings, who well understood that the wooden box contained poetry and not waste paper, and who deeply sympathized with poetry. Henry had a genuine taste for Shaksperean rhetoric; he had worked for many years about a theater in Memphis and had soaked in hundreds of lines

(Continued on Page 53)



When We Got to the Herald Nobody Knew Anything About My Having a Job There; and Not Only That, But They Told My Friend He Didn't Have Any Job There Himself

OF ULTIMATE ANTIQUES

By Joseph Hergesheimer

PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM, MEMORIAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA

A Rittenhouse Clock

A NUMBER of years ago, in one of the oldest and most romantic of the Virginia counties, I came upon a sofa. It occupied part of the wall in a room, a house, honored not so much by time as by a palpable tradition of human dignity. Charlie Murtagh was with me, and when my gaze fell upon the sofa he regarded me with an instant severity. He led me out into the hall. "If you say anything about buying that sofa," he informed me, "if you even mention the possibility of its being for sale, I don't know what I'll do. I'll murder you." I had a feeling of indignation tempered by a sense of guilt. "I wouldn't think of trying to buy it," I replied. "I have as much decency as you have." The woman who owned it was not young; she had a gentle voice, the voice of a tradition, and a gentle direct manner; and when she asked us to come back into the drawing-room for cakes and a glass of provincial wine Charlie Murtagh glared at me. I ignored him.

The sofa was immediately before me, and I studied every aspect of its perfection. It was Sheraton in type, but even more dignified than was customary with Sheraton sofas. The back was very high, with a panel of wood—mahogany, inimitably dark with age—carved at the center in two hearts with long arrows. Its delicately reeded arms were a model of the perfection possible to grace and proportion; its legs—four across the front—terminated properly in brass caps with broad low rollers. The brass caps, the rollers, were an integral, a necessary, part of Sheraton design; without them, for example, the fine legs of the heavy sofa I was engaged with must have been splintered and broken long ago. They were square—it was a Sheraton sofa with Hepplewhite legs. In other words, it was as early as possible. Every historic type of furniture has its particular rarity, its especial beauty, and the Sheraton period was notable for the sofas, extremely limited in number, which had survived the attacks of later regrettable periods.

No Passing Fancy

WE LEFT, finally, continuing north, and Charlie Murtagh was plainly relieved. "I wasn't happy until I got you out of the house," he admitted. "I was certain you'd make one of your insulting offers." I didn't answer that—I was thinking of the superlative sofa. I wondered who, eventually, would get it. It must be sold. Perhaps it would go to the state of Virginia. It might easily be bought for the Metropolitan Museum. A mere millionaire or rapacious collector might come on it, acquire it, at any time. I was acutely wretched. I recalled it in every detail. For six years I remembered the room, in the late Virginia afternoon, where it stood, and then it was offered to me.

Well, I bought it. This happened at an awkward moment—at an inconvenient phase of my material affairs—but I took it at once. I went back to Virginia to arrange for its safe shipment; it stood against its wall exactly as I remembered it. Perhaps it was finer than I had recognized. It had been in that single position for a great many years. Its history for a hundred years at least was completely clear. It had always been in the possession of one family. The price asked for it was large, but not too large: within a reasonable limit it was priceless. Year after year it would grow more valuable. It was, for one thing, essentially, wholly, honest. It was original. Nothing had been added to it; nothing, practically, had been destroyed by time. Absolutely original Sheraton sofas—all antique objects that were absolutely original—were so unique that, practically speaking, they did not exist.

That, it must be made plain, was important. No one wanted to invest, to any great degree, in purely transitory or artificial interests; no one wanted to be the victim of values created solely for the purpose of securing his money; no one wanted to fill his house and life, especially his life, with objects that had no intrinsic worth. I could be even more explicit; if the antique furniture I bought—mostly, I hoped, American—was not at least worth the greater part of what I paid for it I could not afford to own it. If it turned out to be nothing more than the result of passing fancy I had defrauded myself to no inconsiderable degree. I did not believe American antique furniture was only a passing fancy, but I did know that, while some of it was permanent in beauty and value, a large part—quite aside from any question of dishonesty—was worth, eventually, nothing at all. Simply nothing. It was imperative for me, then, as far as possible, to discover exactly what American antiques had an actual ponderable value; what effect on my estate, when my possessions became an estate, they would have.

A Sgraffito Pie Plate, 1786. "The Mischianza," British Officers and Belles Dancing the Minuet

That, I am aware, has a cold, a material, sound; a gold standard is not, after all, the measure of the value of beauty; but, applied to antiques, it can be very serviceable. The reason is clear—the tastes and preferences of one individual, of one age, are not the preferences and tastes of other men and times. A houseful of antique objects may, at the death of their proprietor, become a positive nuisance to their inheritors. The style, the houses and furnishing, of one decade are often totally different from the style of the next decade. The Victorian Age died very quickly. Its successor in America, the Grant era, perished at the height of what we now regard as its supreme ugliness. The taste of 1890, the Mission period, died before 1900.

Cycles in Taste

THROUGHOUT the present, in the United States, a very different preference has been almost universal—a preëminence of antique household furniture. That, at its best, is the furniture of the eighteenth century. A little survived from the end of the seventeenth century, some early nineteenth-century furniture is highly regarded, but the cabinetwork, the practical arts of the 1700's, represent the best taste of today. But already there is an evidence of change—a beginning interest in what is called modern furnishing. It is, however, very sharply limited; a great majority is not only indifferent but antagonistic to it; but new arts do not begin with majorities. They are, at first, very especial, very select; their spread—when they do spread—is as slow as it is inevitable. The extreme of what is known as the modern spirit may never become universal, a commonplace of familiar settings, but it will influence, it must change, familiar things. They will never again be quite the same.

A great many of the antiques accumulated in the present will be impatiently discarded by the next generation. Others—the sofa I bought—will remain fixed among the possessions and lives of the future. No new spirit can ever make them seem ugly or ridiculous; no extreme of modern, contemporary, decoration will detract from their beauty and fineness. There is, though, more than intrinsic beauty and continued use to consider—the fact of historic interest. During the past few years the handkerchiefs of cotton or silk printed with national political documents and scenes have grown increasingly costly. It would have been easy, some years ago, to buy perfect and rare examples for five dollars. Now three hundred dollars, four hundred dollars, is a commonplace. Only a few have survived undamaged; they have about them an air of other days—the authentic color of an early and simple America; they will never lose that and it is probable they will not lose but continue to gain in value.

Against this fact, in a shorter period of time, cup plates have completely disappeared from the world of desirable antiques. Their prices have declined almost to the vanishing point. There is nothing in the frozen conventionality of the Sandwich glass, the cup plates, of the Grant era characteristic of a people or of a land. Cup plates were, momentarily, valuable for trivial reasons—a left-handed profile where a right was usual. They are, in some instances, historic, they commemorate contemporary events, but it is a narrow and frigid variety of history which belongs, at best, in the lifeless frigidity of museums.

There are, it is necessary to add, cycles in taste; the interests of collectors, the fashions in collections, drop out of sight and reappear. It is possible that, in the future, cup plates will be highly thought of, valuable, again. That, however, cannot be depended on. It cannot be waited for by the unprofessional individual. The unprofessional individual, where

A Lancaster County Dutch Dower Chest

antiques are concerned, at once resembles the professional, the dealer, and is wholly different from him. The dealer's fundamental interest is in money, in the highest prices it is safe for him to demand; the collector is engaged, first, by the fineness and rarity of his possessions, and second, or not at all, by their actual value. He wants characteristic and lovely and scarce objects; and the dealer, recognizing that, makes characteristic and lovely and scarce things as costly as he dares. In that way the dealer and the collector are antagonistic. Each tries to get the advantage of the other. This, in itself, is healthy, an economic law, but, unfortunately, the sales and purchasing of antiques cannot be restrained within the safe boundaries of an economic law.

Unpleasant Similarities

LAST week Francis Brinton showed me a piece of South Jersey glass. He said it was Jersey glass, and, since he is both experienced and honest, I was willing to agree with him. That agreement, then, formed the basis of value for that particular object. There was nothing else, except some faint doubtful marks, to prove that the glass was early Jersey. There were not ten individuals living who could, with any certainty, identify its marks of workmanship and time. I could very well imagine one or two of those disagreeing with our opinion. One, at least, would have said it was Columbia glass. "What do you think it is worth?" Francis asked me. I thought it was worth sixty dollars, and that seemed to him fair.

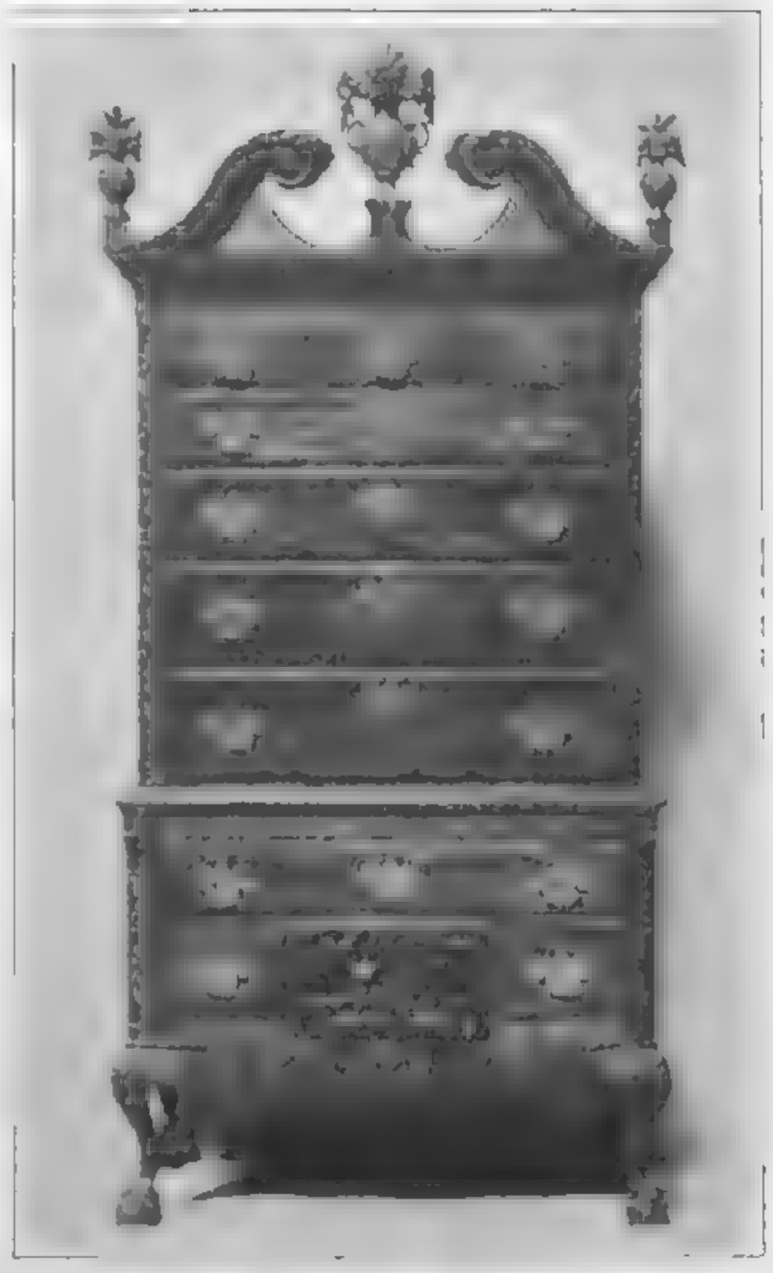
A Philadelphia Chippendale Wing Chair

What, however, would have happened if, in answer to Francis Brinton, I had said, "What of it?" No more than that. "What of it?" If, like the world at large, I had no interest in Jersey glass, the value of what we were discussing, where we were involved, would have instantly shrunk to nothing. The evidence for South Jersey glass was as slight as that—away from the most expert judgment, from loud asseverations or hope, it could not be identified.

The same thing, but to a far greater degree, exists where Stiegel glass is concerned. It is totally impossible to identify the most part of what is called Stiegel. The most part, the truth is, is no better than late blue Bristol. A small number of the objects Baron Stiegel manufactured at his glass house can be recognized—the diamond-daisy amethyst flask, some of the blue and dark green diamond bowls, a few of the green or blue salts and characteristic little pitchers. The creamers. The rest is purely problematic. It is, really, worse than problematic—it is almost certain not to be Stiegel.

As a result of that fact, the greater part of what, optimistically, was called Stiegel glass has, within the past year, lost more than three-quarters of its value. The enameled tumblers, so exactly like the enameled glass of Germany, have lost nine-tenths of their value. They cannot be sold at all. They can hardly be given away. The large engraved tumblers, the flip glasses, so much like the engraved glass of Sweden, can hardly be given away. They cannot, except by arbitrary agreement, be identified. The antique dealer is not more—if he is not less than human; he bears more than an ordinary burden of temptation; and if nothing but his word exists to support an assertion, if there is no proof whatever, that assertion must inevitably suffer. Even if, like Francis Brinton, his knowledge and candor are beyond all question, still they cannot accompany the objects he sells. Mr. Brinton can give them no more than a verbal, an impermanent, guaranty: his character makes only the immediate purchaser secure.

I remember very clearly when all large engraved or fluted glasses were called flip glasses and attributed to Baron Stiegel. I bought four at once, for two hundred and thirty dollars, and that was supposed to be a great bargain. It was represented to me that I had not merely come upon an opportunity but on a privilege. I was enormously elated; I almost succeeded in communicating my enthusiasm to Dorothy; we had, I told her, not only the most beautiful glass it was possible to conceive of, but a source of great profit. None is left. I don't even recall where they went or what I was paid for them. It wasn't two hundred and thirty dollars. It wasn't half of that pleasant sum.



A Philadelphia Highboy

I had, as well, a number of the smaller enameled glasses; glasses decorated with bright flowers, with steeples and primitive roosters; and I asserted they were Stiegel. No one, at first least of all, the dealers—contradicted me. But soon there began to be a few politely expressed doubts. Questions. References to a similar art, or, rather, industry in Germany. Then, very suddenly, the enameled glasses lost every particle of their charm and value. I couldn't sell them, I didn't give them away, they simply disappeared.

When Beauty Grows Ugly

THIS, involving a universal human trait, held an especial importance for the collectors of antiques: while I was convinced that my enameled glasses were made by Baron Stiegel they were, I thought, beautiful. I was engaged by a hundred appealing details of their pattern and colors. I began to recognize a peculiar yellow which I felt was confined to Stiegel's glass pots. The defects in design only made them more dear. I spoke, in their connection, of the charm of primitive art.

But when I recognized that Baron Stiegel had not made the glasses in question, they immediately, in my eyes, became ugly. I saw that what I had called primitive was simply clumsy. The particular yellow had no existence outside my imagination.

In other, less polite, words, I had been the victim of a shrewd assault on my vanity and acquisitiveness. I had believed—without any effort to arrive at what I actually thought—what I was told. I had been touched, as well, by cupidity. The flaw in the metal of all collectors. If I had seen one of my enameled glasses bare of the pretensions made for it, innocent of its reputed value, I would never have glanced at it twice. It was not, intrinsically, beautiful; and it wasn't, it turned out, old. I simply had, with expert assistance, humbugged myself. I do not mean that the dealers who sold me such enameled glass were dishonest. They were, at best, I am convinced hopeful. Baron Stiegel, they argued, did enamel glass in colors; it was impossible, in this case, to distinguish Pennsylvania from Germany; and what they had might, it might, have come from the vicinity of Lebanon.

Four, perhaps five, years ago a china called splatter ware made its appearance in the consciousness of antique dealers and collectors. It was almost invariably found in the Pennsylvania Dutch counties; it was certainly in that local taste; and, since it had a distinct flavor of a provincial America, its price rapidly advanced. It was the common uncritical belief that it had been made in Lancaster County. This, it developed, was not a fact. It was Staffordshire

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PHOTOS. BY COURTESY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM, MEMORIAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA

A Chippendale Sofa

Upwood Bobie, Adventurer

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

"Robust?" Burrage Roared. "It Ought to Be! I Didn't Spend Two Years at Sea for Nothing, and I Don't Spend My Summers in the Black Hills Drinking Tea and Yapping About Saint Augustine"

WHEN he was thirteen he wore straight velvet knee pants, Buster Brown collars with flowing black Windsor ties, knotted by his mother, and read the Georgics and the Bucolics at sight for pleasure. The Æneid he scorned, for it was not a legitimate epic, to his mind, as were the Homeric poems, which he could also read at sight with slight help from his lexicon. His one ambition in life was to dispense with the lexicon, and to this end he devoted the hours he should have spent playing cops and thieves or prisoner's base, and making the neighborhood hideous with healthy yells.

When he was fifteen he appeared at his freshman dinner with his Euclid, three sharpened pencils and half a dozen sheets of blank paper. The fact that the dinner was being held triumphantly behind curtained windows of plate glass in Gus Kearn's on Main Street and not more than three hundred yards from the campus, stirred him not. Neither did his heart gladden at the disheveled but victorious appearance of the erstwhile kidnaped class president, together with the bound and ragged persons of the sophomore president and vice president, spoils of a quiet, last-minute abduction. He had come himself, merely because tradition and college custom seemed to demand it, and he had paid five dollars for the privilege. When the last triumphant speech rang to a magnificent close and three hundred breathless makers of history formed in a snake dance which ultimately led to the breaking of ten windows in New and the hanging of a red lantern from the top of the flagpole, together with a sign reading: I. Cohen. Furniture Bought and Sold; and an oblong nickel-bound glass case containing twelve linen collars of various cut and pointage, one above the other, he wended his thoughtful way home with his Math. II meticulously prepared for the morrow's eight-o'clock and tucked himself into bed to dream of a bearded gentleman who drew triangles in the sand two thousand five hundred years ago.

When he was nineteen and his class, mellowed with ether beer, sang

Oh, ivied walls,
Oh, storied halls,
Oh, shrine of long-ong ago-o!

for the last time on the chapel steps in the moonlight, each man clasping the hand of his neighbor, each voice trembling slightly and each eye bright with unshed tears, he, with his furniture crated and clothing packed, sat cross-legged upon a locked trunk and cried like a baby over Autassin and Nicolette in the original.

In those days he was Charlie Bobie. The following year he became Charles Upwood Bobie, A.M., and two years later—when he held in his hand the sticky new volume of Comparison of Traditional Trends in Neo-Romantic and Neo-Scholastic Movements from 1312 to the Death of Rossetti, his doctorate thesis, the publication price of which he had defrayed himself—the name of the author appeared as merely Upwood Bobie. Laying the voluminous volume upon his desk, he took a virgin sheet of note paper from the rack and wrote thereon: "Upwood Bobie, Ph.D." Then aloud, in the quiet of his study, he spoke the awesome words "Doctor Bobie" and the echo, it seemed, rang round the world.

The exact date when Upwood Bobie took his first faltering step down from the Tower is uncertain. He had always deplored the lack of interest, on the part of the young and healthy, in poetry. Perhaps that step was taken when he read the rough draft of Winds, from the pen of Arthur Burrage, Old Mather's assistant.

"It's—er—robust," he said above his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Robust?" Burrage roared. "Damn it, it ought to be! I didn't spend two years at sea for nothing, and I don't spend my summers in the Black Hills drinking tea and yapping about Saint Augustine. Listen, Bobie; what you and I and the rest of the campus yelpers forget is to live life today! We keep our eyes on the slopes of Parnassus and forget the mud under our feet, and what do we do to the promising genius that comes to us? What do we do, hey? We lull him to sleep for four years and criticize his faltering, dribbling style from the pinnacle of Pater and turn him out into the maw of the bond-selling houses. He'd be better off if he never came—that is, if it weren't for football!"

Perhaps it was on one particular August morning in Maine, when the sun rose over the blue hills as it had never risen before; when, in spite of chirpings and tweakings and other night noises, he had slept the sleep of the just from honest fatigue and had arisen a giant, eager for the day's tramp and aching with a righteous hunger for bacon and eggs and bitter coffee. That undoubtedly was it, for four months later he aroused a sleeping class to the last man and held them open-mouthed until the last second of the last minute, when they burst into applause and feet-stamping and kept it up until he had left

Flushed and breathless and hardly seeing the path under his feet, he made his way to his study, dropped his books in the center of the floor and stood there trembling, an avowed reactionary, a revolutionary, a rationalized iconoclast. What had he said? Phrases roared back at him:

"Poetry—what is poetry? I'll tell you what poetry is!" He had gotten the light flash here and so brilliant was it that it had blinded him until he almost swore with ecstasy. "It's not in books!" he had screamed. "It's not on dusty library shelves. Books are only the mirrors—the cold crucibles of a once live thought. Thought, gentlemen—thought. You bring a beautiful girl to a fraternity dance; she is more beautiful than anyone there. She dances with you and for you alone. Her eyes are mirrors of yours. Your soul loses weight and floats in a warm lethal atmosphere of soft light and pagan music—that is poetry, for you! Or take a sunrise that seems to lift you blithely from damp blankets on the hard soil that has eaten into your joints as you slept, dead from fatigue. Take a sunrise that inflates your soul with rejoicing at the day's work to come; take the thin acrid smell of coffee wafting through the pine-scented air and the warm tang of eggs sizzling in brown bacon fat—odors that cause your enzymes to leap and carol in your empty stomach for very joy and the beauty of living. Catch the thought, mirror it—a poem. Live life, gentlemen, and think! If Tintern Abbey doesn't chip your surface thoughts and causes no response in your soul, go back to Messenger Boy and start again. Read My Last Duchess—you're all cynical young whelps at your age that will strike a chord. Read it and understand it and write a poem for me for Wednesday, and may God walk with you!" And they had cheered.

By George, it had been marvelous. He had had something in it, too, about the cool, nutty flavor of a pipe after

the bacon and eggs. He hated a pipe himself, for it always drooled into his mouth. Relentlessly he crammed his, now, full of dry tobacco, and with fingers that still trembled, lit it and smoked it to the bitter end, choking and blowing meanwhile he wrote feverishly to get his lecture into an article for the Review, entitled viciously: Mud vs. Daphne and Amaryllis. It was in the mails by four o'clock By four o'clock every undergraduate knew that Boobie had said poetry was only gin and a petting party after all, with some bacon and eggs on the side and something to smoke thrown in. The veil of mystery was torn asunder. By four o'clock every undergraduate knew, with slight disappointment, what enzymes were and what My Last Duchess was "about." At midyears, while the spell was still on, fifteen varsity letter men registered for Comp. Poetry III, together with a liberal sprinkling of class numeral and minor-sport men

When the last tingling afterglow of the ecstasy which had been Upwood Bobie's in his wild descent from the Tower, faded and, as it were, left him naked to the world, he was afraid—desperately afraid. Of one thing he was certain There was no going back into the sheltered precincts of academic orthodoxy. The Review had taken his article and was asking for another. It was surreptitiously bruited about the Faculty Club that he had compared Browning to Wordsworth and found Wordsworth wanting. George Orpington Pocock, whose Chair was endowed for life and who therefore had nothing to fear from university politics nor from the two younger men who had been given him as associates to strengthen the department, supposed audibly that the next step would be the Bobie Chair in Modern Limericks.

No one paid any serious attention to the G. O. P., whatever he said, but Mr. Bobie wished fervently that he had, to meet the remark with, the strength of body and character of an Arthur Burrage, the gentleman who had shown him the way, and, following it himself, had resigned and gone West to "dig ditches or anything." He wished it more fervently when he read the names on his registration cards for the spring semester. These men were coming to him for something they thought he had. He must give it to them. Desperately he groped through his past life, but to do him justice he found nothing but the fact that he had gone to school extremely young, enjoyed it intellectually, and now, at an age barely greater than these cynical young whelps themselves, was an assistant professor of English with three degrees

He cursed his youth. Why couldn't he have been three years older and gone to the war? He saw himself fiercely gripping a rifle stock and charging headlong across No Man's Land, shouting and yelling; perhaps waving a flag and blowing a bugle—anyway, making the world indubitably safe for democracy. He saw himself in a smart uniform with silver wings and medals above his left breast pocket The light glinted upon his immaculate boots and he had just been decorated for fighting sixteen Germans single-handed, and shooting them all down in flames, meanwhile the populace cheered. By George, that would have been a background! Unfortunately, he was what he was, and being what he was, he did the next best thing

He had never been much of a man for dress. In fact he rather prided himself on being rumpled and salt and peppery. It had the true studious touch, he thought. Now, in his dilemma, he studied undergraduate flairs and went out and purchased for himself the uniform of the army on whose side he had hurled his gage—the adventurous army of youth and virility and life. He bought two lightish tweed suits with plus-fours, a pair of heavy brogues calked with some rubber welting that the clerk assured him was quite English, and six pairs of rather amazing golf stockings. Subsequently he had the silver W of the college riveted upon his pipe, which he now smoked in public with a kind of religious fervor. As a rationalized iconoclast he was to become a modern. As a modern he must pander to the note of virility in modern taste. Ergo he threw his atavistic neckties figuratively to the four winds and at the college store purchased one dozen block pastels and gumtwill foulards in Persian whorls and regimental stripes. He took his gold-rimmed spectacles to an oculist and had them rebound in heavy horn of a light amber color. He ceased abruptly to carry his telltale brief case—an inevitable badge of musty academic authority—and with his books and papers stuffed in his pockets and bunched haphazard in the crooks of his lean arms, he set out to consume the world with the same torch he had used to burn his bridges

The golf suits and the ties carried his now robust classes through the academic doldrums of January and February, although the initialed pipe was frowned upon, for it was the undergraduate pose at the moment to look with disfavor upon anything that appertained to college. Lettered pipes were not being done. Howard Briscoe, the football captain-elect, however, redeemed the situation somewhat.

"He must've gone to college," said Briscoe. "They won't let you smoke pipes at all at most prep schools."

In early March, Upwood Bobie, groping desperately to place, as it were, something additional upon the ball, took Shakspere apart in Composition IV-A, and threw the pieces to the four winds: "Because he lived fully, cruelly, miserably—he had to write! Go thou and do likewise. Break life in your two hands; bludgeon your way into it."

He talked for fifty minutes, imploring forty-five athletes to go out and live life, see life, smell life, touch life, hear life and taste life. That done, he begged them, pleaded with them, cajoled and heckled them to write about it. "Write detective stories write anything. Scorn no medium Scribble eternally to keep your pen in. Who was Shakspere? Who the devil was Shakspere anyway?" Ninety feet slid off forty-five chair rungs and thumped raggedly upon the floor. "He wrote because he had to!" screamed Upwood Bobie. "He lived, he suffered, he had to write!" and more and more.

Fifteen minutes later the word had spread like cholera "Mr. Bobie"—he had risen to that estate in the undergraduate mind—"says that Shakspere's the bunk." That night forty-five men sat down and wrote from one to seven

(Continued on Page 78)

"Sure, I'm Off the Murmaric. No, I Don't Know Nothin' About the Sailors' Union, But the Stewards' Union ——"

LULU

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY DELOS PALMER

"I Won't Stand for It," Said Hogan Flint Between His Teeth

SHE wore black—unobtrusive and remotely melancholy black to which Arthur Gunn, as he filled out the first of the blank spaces in the employment form, fitted another adjective. This kind of mourning, he informed himself, was womanly.

The word lay in his mind warmly, expanding to include not only Mrs. Mallow's costume but the lady herself, the swimming blueness of large, trustful eyes, the golden note of fine hair showing between cheek and hat, the suggestion, in the round, sweet, treble voice and the innocently artless smile, that both were bravely resisting a tendency to quiver.

"First name, please."

He spoke in the crisply staccato style he had copied from V. Hogan Flint's sales-manager diction; the tone, however, fell a little short of Flint's metallic firmness, and his mouth, instead of emulating the uncompromising resolution of V. Hogan Flint's, curved disobediently to unbusinesslike benignity.

He could see at a glance, of course, that the interview was a waste of whatever indexed and appointed minutes it consumed; by no possible stretch of imagination was it feasible to conceive of Mrs. Mallow as a member of the office organization built up under the redoubtable efficiency of V. Hogan Flint and owing allegiance, beyond that capable vicegerent, to the still more formidable Paul Anderson. Contemplated against Arthur Gunn's vivid mental images of these two dominating personages, Mrs. Mallow's mere presence here became incongruous to the point of comedy. Filling out the printed form, indeed, was an offense against the spirit of those business principles to which Arthur Gunn gave whole-hearted reverence. Still—he looked up, startled by the fluty sound that fell twice upon his ear. He had seen the name in print; it had never occurred to him that, spoken, it would sound as though a wood dove had cooed.

"Lulu?" Even his own voice failed to exclude the suggestion of a flute. "Isn't that a nickname? I'd better put down ——"

"I've never been called anything but Lulu." Unmistakably there was a quiver of lip and voice, and an alarming mist deepened the large blueness of the eyes. "Please, if it doesn't matter too terribly much, I'd rather ——"

"Of course. It doesn't matter a bit." This, he reflected, was the truth. The application blank wouldn't even get into the files. "Mallow, Mrs. Lulu," he repeated, writing. "Address?"

"The Y. W. C. A." This, too, seemed a distressing admission. Still smiling bravely through the mist, Mrs. Mallow explained: "I've had to give up my apartment, you see."

Arthur Gunn frowned sympathetically. The old story, of course: A helpless woman left to match wits with the hungry rats who preyed on widows. His hand formed itself into a fist.

"You'll get it back again," he heard himself assuring her. The sunshine beamed gratefully through lifting clouds. He turned to the blank. The next question affronted him with a disloyal resentment toward V. Hogan Flint, author of its impertinence. Mrs. Lulu Mallow's age was her own affair. Even if there had been the faintest chance of her ever entering the employ of Paul Anderson, Incorporated, it would still be none of Hogan Flint's business how old she was. Arthur Gunn drew a pen through the space. As to Education and Experience inquiry was patently superfluous. It was clear to Arthur Gunn that neither the dull pages of schoolbooks nor the stupider processes of commerce had ever deeply offended the artless eyes; they rested upon him, as he looked up, with the same unsophistication, the same innocent trustfulness, he felt, with which the Sprout would survey him when he came home this evening.

Somehow the thought of his infant daughter associated itself with an unreasonable self-reproach. Telling this woman that Paul Anderson, Incorporated, had no place for her seemed as base and cruel as deliberate unkindness to a baby.

And yet, confronted now by the final question of salary, Arthur Gunn realized that the pretense of seriously considering Mrs. Lulu Mallow's employment had reached its limit.

Conscience rebuked him. Hogan Flint would have taken ten seconds, perhaps, to finish and forget an interview like this, instead of wasting on idle sentiment as many minutes—minutes supposed to be dedicated singly to the unsentimental process of selling heavy hardware. Gunn misspent another moment on a vain regret that chance hadn't guided Mrs. Mallow into Flint's office instead of his. He could see the decisive closure of Flint's outjutting underjaw, hear the snap of his voice. Resolutely Gunn squared his shoulders, drew in his breath. His tone was almost as business-like as Hogan Flint's.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Mallow ——"

Unluckily he permitted his glance to meet the startled, unbelieving dawn of pain in the wide blue gaze. The sentence, somewhere between brain and tongue, basely betrayed him. He heard himself ending it apologetically: " — but I can't offer you more than—more than twenty a week." The shadow, slightly lessening in the trustful eyes, did not quite disappear. "That is, at the start," he went on hurriedly. "Of course, as soon as you've been with us a while ——"

The smile rainbowed upon him. "Oh, of course," said Mrs. Mallow bravely. "I know I've got to begin at the very bottom and work my way up."

She laid a fat hand bag on Gunn's tray of letters, lifted hands, plump and dimpled, that reminded him again of the Sprout, to remove her hat. Arthur Gunn remembered having read in old-fashioned novels about ladies who were able to seat themselves on their unloosed golden hair. Mrs. Mallow, he thought, would have no difficulty in achieving this. The burnished mass at the back of her head accounted for something in its carriage that had dimly puzzled him till now. The weight of it, he saw, must be what made her tilt back her head that way. Fascinated, he watched the mysterious cunning with which the fingers of her right hand, cupped lovingly about the shining mass, dealt with unseen hairpins. Vaguely a premonition came to him that at least one of Mrs. Mallow's hands would be thus engaged almost continuously.

She regarded him brightly.

"I'm ready," she announced. "What shall I do first?"

The question brought home to Arthur Gunn the enormity of his folly. The letter basket was piled high with unanswered mail; on the blotter lay his sheets of figures for the projected Spanish catalogue—every item a separate, plodding calculation, and, after a week of overtime, more than half the job still to be done—his appointment tablet listed a dozen other peremptory demands upon his day. And Mrs. Mallow beamed earnestly upon him through eyes to which the simplest of his tasks was unmistakably a baffling mystery.

He told himself that it wasn't too late, even now, to escape. All he had to do was to say—kindly, of course, but firmly—that he was awfully sorry, but for a job like this experience was indispensable. He opened his mouth to say it.

"Well," his voice rebelliously announced, "perhaps I'd better tell you first what the general idea is. We'll work out the details afterward. You see, this is the mail-order department."

This phrase, rather to his relief, was manifestly intelligible to Mrs. Mallow. She beamed softly upon it, her left hand now taking its turn at digital inspection of the hairpins. Arthur Gunn paused to watch the process, reminded of the uncanny agility of violin players' fingers.

"It's never been really a department," he proceeded. "Mr. Anderson—the president, you know—doesn't believe in doing business by mail and I haven't had much chance to build up, because any time I dig up a good prospect it's turned over to one of the salesmen. But Mr. Flint—he's the general manager—feels the way I do about it."

It was plain that Mrs. Mallow approved of Mr. Flint. She nodded brightly twice. It was necessary to pause, however, while she searched among mysterious and assorted contents of the hand bag and discovered a minute handkerchief.

"Well," Gunn went on, "Mr. Anderson's gone off on an all-summer canoe trip up in the Hudson's Bay country, so he can't write or telegraph, and Mr. Flint's got a free hand while he's away." He lowered his voice as if an incautious word might somehow carry across intervening leagues of Canadian wilderness. "And we're going to see if we can't start some export business before he gets back. You see, we haven't any men on the road abroad and any business we can develop there would simply have to be handled by mail. And if we can get enough of it, why, this would have to be classed as a regular department and I'd be"—he drew in his breath—"I'd be an executive."

"I'm Ready," She Announced. "What Shall I Do First?"

Mrs. Mallow's face clouded. "Must you?" She seemed to contemplate unhappy memories. "It changes people so," she explained in answer to Arthur Gunn's blank look. "Nobody could have been nicer than Albert Farr until he was executive of Mr. Mallow's will, but ever since ——"

"Oh, executor. That's something altogether different." Curiously, even while a dull anger glowed in him toward the ungallant Mr. Farr, Arthur Gunn was aware of a certain fellow-feeling.

That softness of Mrs. Mallow's, he perceived, would be incurably impervious to rational argument.

A man would simply come out on the other side of it, like trying to move a fog by pushing at it. As he explained the distinction between executors and executives he felt, distinctly, an indulgent attitude on the part of Mrs. Mallow. Men, her smile seemed to remark, were always splitting hairs. You had to listen patiently to them, but of course you knew better.

Above his desk a framed motto, the gift of Hogan Flint, provided him with a dim reassurance:

AN EXECUTIVE IS A MAN
WHO DECIDES QUICKLY
AND SOMETIMES RIGHT!

Arthur Gunn felt that if this decision of his own as to Mrs. Lulu Mallow was among the errors, he had reached it at least in genuinely executive fashion. The telephone interrupted his definition; the managerial voice of Hogan Flint crisply demanded his presence in the private office. He rose.

"I've got to have a conference with Mr. Flint," he announced. This, under Mrs. Mallow's faintly reproachful gaze, seemed less than adequate warrant for unchivalrously deserting her. "I've got to," he said defensively. "Please excuse me; it probably won't keep me but a few minutes."

Mrs. Mallow's smile, graciously forgiving, permitted him to depart. In the corridor he was again able to realize, undistracted by the sky-blue gaze of artless faith, the extent of his folly. Approaching V. Hogan Flint's door he seemed to see the matter through that personage's uncompromising glare. He could resolve, now, to undo the blunder the moment he came back, to be as abruptly executive in dismissing Mrs. Lulu Mallow as he had been about employing her.

Hogan Flint spoke without looking up.

"Hired that girl yet?" He used his lips with the effect of scissors, snipping off each word.

"Just interviewing the first candidate now," said Arthur Gunn. Handicapped by the failure of his lower jaw to overlap, he achieved, nevertheless, a creditable imitation of the scissory staccato.

Flint lifted a displeased glance.

"Interviewing? What for? Will she do or won't she?"

An avenue of escape opened happily before Arthur Gunn. Dealing with Mrs. Lulu Mallow wouldn't present any problem at all to that stabbing eye, that beautifully executive underjaw.

"Perhaps you'd better see her yourself," he suggested. A pang, wholly undeserved, of self-reproach afflicted him. A contemptible trick, to expose a woman like that to V. Hogan Flint's hard-boiled efficiency! Flint would snap at her. Arthur Gunn, beholding in fancy the overflow of the mists in which the sky-hued eyes perpetually floated, found his hands shutting into avenging fists.

"That's just why I sent for you." Flint rasped. "You want to be put in charge of a department. You'll make or break yourself in such a job according to the way you learn to hire and fire subordinates. This is your first experience at it. You're beginning wrong, Gunn. You're interviewing—instead of judging right off the bat. If you keep that up you'll waste no end of time and end up by hiring the wrong person nine times out of ten. And that's not all. You tried to pass the buck up to me just now—make me choose your helper for you, instead of being ready to fight me to a finish to make me keep hands off. Do you want this girl or don't you? Yes or no?"

Arthur Gunn instructed his vocal organs to utter a no as decisive as Hogan Flint's. Somewhere between mind and lip a mutiny arose.

"Yes," snapped Arthur Gunn.

"Then go back there and put her to work," said Flint. "We haven't got any time to waste if we're going to put this export scheme across before Mr. Anderson gets back and steps on it."

"Yes, sir." Arthur Gunn wheeled helplessly under the peremptory glare of dismissal. There was no help here, after all. A beam of hope gleamed suddenly across his sense of catastrophe. "There's just one point on which I've got to have your decision, Mr. Flint. Isn't there a rule against our hiring married women?"

Flint looked up. "Of course. No good for business thinking about their husbands or the new curtains for the sitting room—anything except their job. If this woman's married, that lets her right out. Throw her out and try again."

Gunn, confronted by a mental vision of himself endeavoring, under the trusting blue of Mrs. Mallow's gaze, to carry out this mandate, chose the lesser evil by holding his ground.

"She's a widow," he said. "She lives at the Y. W. C. A. I thought that might make a difference."

"Why didn't you say so at first? That's all right, of course. Go back and get busy. How about the prices for the export catalogue? Got 'em figured yet?"

"I'll have them ready by tomorrow, sure," said Gunn. He went out, divided between a witless sense of triumph and a conviction, coldly rational, of disaster. Even while his intelligence foresaw the price of his asinine chivalry, his chest expanded proudly and protectively. He'd stood stoutly between Mrs. Mallow's helplessness and the implacable efficiency of V. Hogan Flint. His fists, he discovered, were still clenched.

They relaxed as he came into his own office. Mrs Mallow smiled at him, turning, to perform the feat, from the open drawer of his desk.

"I thought I might as well begin by clearing up a little," she said happily.

Her face glowed with the light of good deeds done by stealth, the confident expectancy of earned, delighted praise. Arthur Gunn remembered Isaac Newton's little dog Diamond. Just so, he thought, must Diamond have looked up from that candle, cleverly overturned on the untidy manuscript of his master's littered desk.

Like Newton, too, he spoke with gentleness.

"Those price lists," he said—"I mean the papers with all the figures on them that were on the blotter ——"

"Oh!" Just in that voice, just with that kindly pretense of contrition, had Arthur Gunn's mother heard, long ago, his anxious inquiry for the embryonic flying machine he had been building in the loft above the empty stable. "Did you want to keep them? I'm so sorry. I tore them up." The smile became gently reproachful. "They looked so mussy that I didn't think you could possibly want them."

"I suppose they did." Arthur Gunn managed a sickly grin. "My fault, absolutely. It'll serve me right to have to fit them together—teach me to be neater next time. I'll just—why, where's the wastebasket?"

"It was so full that I took it out and asked the boy to empty it for me." Mrs. Mallow shook her head. "You can't imagine what a lot of trash you'd been keeping in your desk." (Continued on Page 60)

She Glowed Softly. "I Never Knew Time Could Go So Fast! I'm Going to Love Business, Mr. Gunn"

SIMPLE HONORS

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

WE THOUGHT—that is, Arthur and I thought—well, if you go across on a cattle boat or something like that, you do save a little money, yes, but if you want to have a good time, and you do not go abroad every year, why, nobody ever heard that being with a lot of cattle all the way across the Atlantic was having a good time—unless you like being with a lot of cattle—so going on a regular boat was the real way to go if you wanted to meet some nice people and have a good time.

That is the way we figured it out, and it was more expensive, yes, but if you meet some nice people, you will know them when you come back and you will have some fun with them—that is, you will have some fun with them if they do not play bridge—but they probably will play bridge, and you will not have any fun with them if they play bridge, because if there is a game today that is the curse of America, I do not think I have to explain that it is bridge that is the curse of America today, on sea as well as land.

But that is neither here nor there, and I am not a reformer and I do not want to shape other people's lives like mine, so will only say that and stop; though how people can play bridge the way some people play it, well, I just do not understand, although I am fun-loving and very jolly in a party and nobody ever says "Fowler is a wet blanket and I wish that he did not come to my house."

So will only say that on the second day out from New York I had not met any nice people, but if you go into the smoking room of the Nordic and order one bottle of stout and one bottle of ale, and say you have those two bottles in front of you, and a glass, too, why, all you have got to do is mix them half and half in the glass and you have a very nice beverage, and those two days I was doing that, and I was beginning to think, "Well, I wonder if there is any nice people that I would get up and leave this beverage to go meet," when Arthur came in and sat down.

"Fowler," he said, "I want you to come up on deck and meet a very nice girl. I think she is from a fast Long Island set."

"If she is fast," I said, "why does she not come down here and have a swig of this?"

"No," he said, "because I am not joking about this, but I am serious about it. And you will do it if you are a pal," he said.

I said, "Of course I am a pal."

"Do you play bridge?" he asked.

I said, "I am a pal who does not play bridge."

"I thought you played once," he said.

I said: "I did, but I turned square. I have turned so square that I couldn't even riffle the cards without spraying the other players with them. . . . Is that what this fast Long Island girl does—play bridge?"

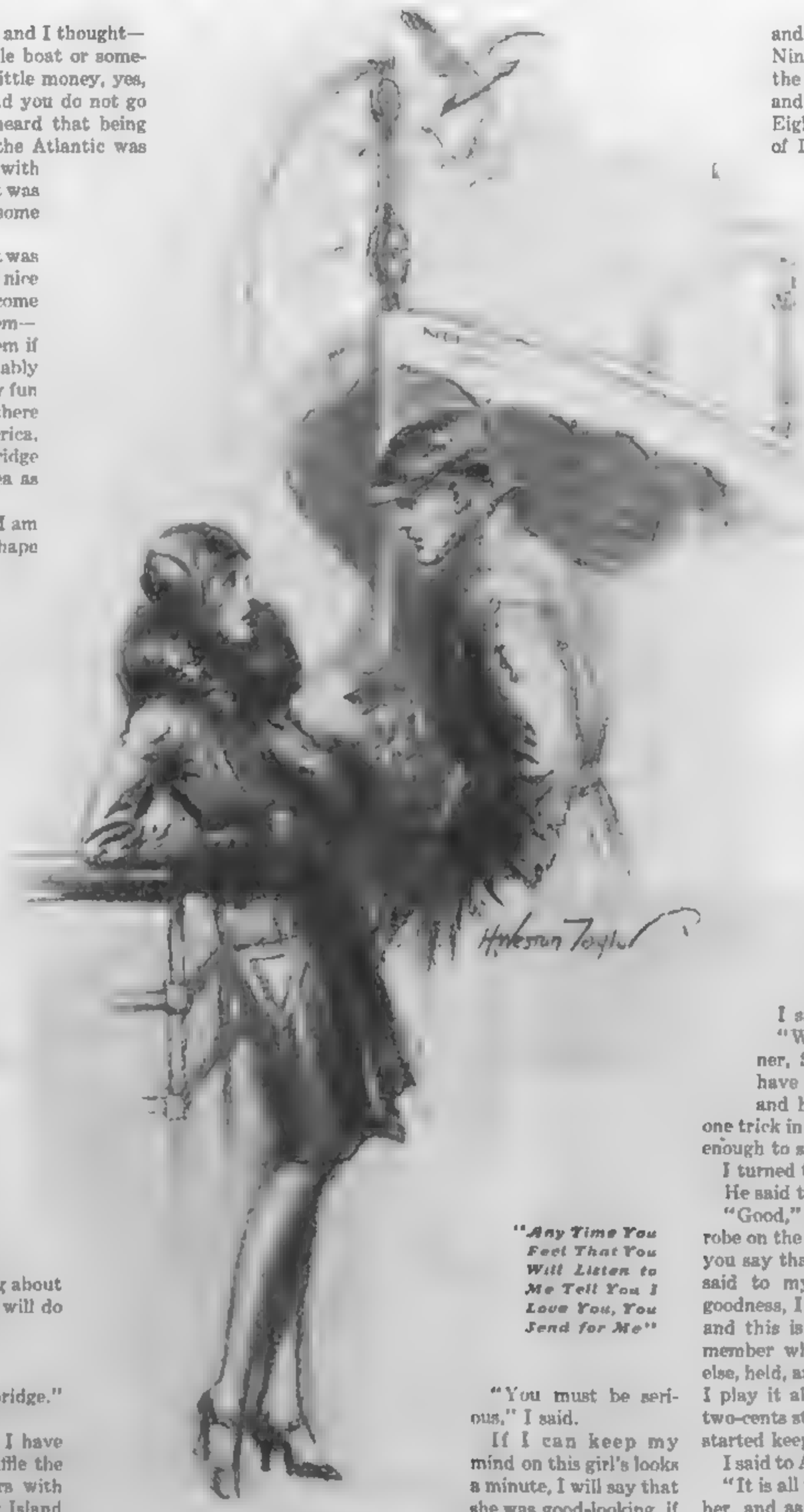
"I will not say yes or no," he said, "but come up on deck if you are a pal, and I will let you hear her talk."

"It will be a pleasure," I said, "as soon as I have quaffed this beverage."

As we went up on the promenade deck I thought, "Well, this is a ship romance and it will be a lot of fun and we will all have a good time together and get in with nice people." I thought, "Well, they will be nice people to know when we get to Paris together, and when we all get back home, why, they will invite us to week-ends on Long Island, and money will not make any difference when they see we are all right and ready for a good time and no questions asked."

"I would like to get in with a fast Long Island set," I said, "because they are notorious."

"This girl is not notorious," Arthur said, "because you can see her now from here, next to that Englishman, and you would not say that that girl is notorious, because she is not."



"Any Time You Feel That You Will Listen to Me Tell You I Love You, You Send for Me"

"You must be serious," I said.

If I can keep my mind on this girl's looks a minute, I will say that she was good-looking, if you like that kind of looks, and after all, if she was good-looking, why could she not have some sense, too; and that is what I would like to know—why a girl who is good-looking cannot have some sense and not be a bridge player, but that is a question that will not ever be answered, I suppose.

"Fowler," Arthur said, "I want to make you acquainted with Miss Myrtle Moylan, of Great Neck."

"I have heard of it," I said.

"Oh, Mr. Fowler," she said, "Arthur tells me you play bridge."

"Arthur must be a scandalmonger," I said. "I played once," and once, one time, was what I meant, and not that I played a lot of times once, one time, but just once, one time, with three people.

"Well, now, I got one for you," she said. "I just want to put this one up to you. We were arguing it down in our stateroom, and I want to put it up to you. North held the Jack, Six and Four of Spades, the King, Queen, Nine, Seven, Five, Four and Three of Hearts, and the Ace, Ten and Four of Clubs. South held the Queen, Ten, Nine and Five of Spades, the Jack and Six of Hearts, the Ace, King, Nine, Eight and Six of Diamonds, and the Jack and Six of Clubs. West held the Eight and Three of Spades, the Jack, Five and Three of Diamonds, and the King, . een, Nine, Eight, Seven, Five, Three and Two of Clubs. So East held the Ace, King, Seven and Two of Spades, the Ace, Ten, Eight and Two of Hearts, and the Queen, Ten, Seven, Four and Two of Diamonds."

I said, "Except Saturdays, Sundays, and October twelve."

She said, "What?"

Arthur said, "He's joking." He said to me, "Do not joke, because this is not a joking matter."

She said: "Well, that is how it was South dealt and bid one diamond. West bid two clubs. North bid two hearts and East two spades. South passed. West bid three clubs. North bid three hearts, and East and South passed, of course."

"They would have been saps not to."

"Of course. But West then bid four clubs, and North, you see, was up against it."

I said, "Up against what?"

She said: "Why, the question was: Should he try for game in hearts, or try to prevent West from going game in clubs? That was what he was up against, and I just said to myself, I said, 'I will ask Mr. Fowler what he would have done, because he will not have any personal feeling about it.' What would you have done, Mr. Fowler?"

I said, "I would have called for a hand of rummy for a change."

"Oh," she said, "you are an inveterate joker. But seriously, I said that North should pass, because—well, once you think of it, cannot you see how simple it would be that way?"

I said, "I am in veritably a maze of confusion."

"Why," she said with a smile, "there was his partner, South, bidding one diamond, and that should have shown him she had at least two quick tricks, and he ought to have seen he could have got at least one trick in clubs—maybe two—and that would have been enough to save the game, wouldn't it?"

I turned to Arthur. "I think so," I said, "but ——"

He said to Miss Moylan, "He thinks so, he says."

"Good," she said, and stood up and threw her steamer robe on the deck. "Come with me and I will let them hear you say that yourself." And she caught my hand, and I said to myself, "This is very ridiculous because, my goodness, I do not know what North ought to have done, and this is all very ridiculous, because how could I remember what East and West and North, or anybody else, held, and if I say I played bridge once it does not mean I play it all the time, just like if I say I have bought a two-cents stamp at the post office, it does not mean I have started keeping house in the general-delivery window."

I said to Arthur, "This is all very ridiculous."

"It is all right," he said, "because it is just a phase with her, and as soon as it gets over, why, we will talk about something else and settle down and have a good time, because she is in with some nice people."

"If developments are what I fear they will be," I said, "I do not think they will ever stop talking about it."

She dragged us to a stateroom on B Deck, and inside there were about seven people, and two of them she did not know, but had been picked up in the general merging of bridge players, the way Shriners manage to get together at a convention, so we were all introduced to one another.

Somebody said, "Will you have a cocktail?" and I said, "I do not care if I do, the way things are," and he said, "What do you mean?" and I said, "We will all find out soon enough."

One of the gentlemen said, "Well, anyway, she should have made a preëmptive bid with that hand, because it was almost a pianola."

"If she had played the penultimate," a lady said, "she would have made an extra trick."

With that, everybody drank their cocktails, and I thought to myself, "Well, this is certainly a very ridiculous

situation and I would have better stayed in that smoking room drinking that ale and stout, because they might as well be talking Basque for all the good that it does me." But they were quiet during the cocktail, and I thought, "Well, maybe I should head conversation around before I am made a public spectacle of."

I said, "Well, I see that Lundquist will take off in a day or so."

A gentleman drained his glass and said, "I beg your pardon."

Arthur said, "Lundquist, the Young Eagle, he will take off, it says in the bulletin, and he will take off to fly to America."

All of the bridge players looked at Arthur and me for a moment, and then at one another, and finally the same gentleman said, "Take off for America?"

I said, "You have heard of Lundquist, have you not?"

He said, "Oh, yes, indeed! Splendid chap!"

Arthur said, "We went to school together."

A lady said, "Really!" and then, after a pause: "What about him?"

I said jokingly, "Well, he has taken up aviation and has flew the Atlantic one way and is going to try to fly it the other way, making both ways."

The lady said, "Yes?" quite politely.

I said: "Look, Lundquist is known as the Young Eagle, and he is taking off from the Paris flying field in a day or so, and that will be history and we, maybe, will be able to see him fly over the ship, because this is the way he is flying, and that will be history, too, if we see him fly over the ship and he flies to America."

They all looked at me again, and again at one another, and then the gentleman smiled indulgently and said, "I see."

A lady said, "And very interesting too."

I said, "Maybe you would rather go back to talking about bridge again, and if so, I will not interrupt again."

They did not look at me this time, but looked around the room and at one another and out of the portholes and drank their cocktails, and then another gentleman said: "Well, anyway, I admit I was wrong in my minor tenace, but I agree with Joe that she should have made a preemptive bid."

I said to Arthur, "Maybe we had better thank these kind people and go, because I have got an engagement ——"

Miss Moylan said: "Oh, no, because you must tell them what you told me, because you have not got any personal feeling, but will make a decision without any personal feeling."

One of the gentlemen said, "What is that?"

Miss Moylan said, "Well, it was this way: Last night there was this situation: it was a question whether an effort should be made to make game in hearts after partner had indicated but two quick tricks in diamonds, or try to prevent West going game in clubs ——"

The gentleman said, "What were the hands?"

"Oh," she said, "I forgot you were not here. Well, the situation was this: North held the Jack, Six and Four of Spades, the King, Queen, Nine, Seven, Five, Four and Three of Hearts, and the Ace, Ten and Four of Clubs. South held the Queen, Ten, Nine and Five of Spades, the Jack and Six of Hearts, the Ace, King, Nine, Eight and Six of Diamonds, and the Jack and Six of Clubs. West held the Eight and Three of Spades, the Jack, Five and Three of Diamonds, and the King, Queen, Nine, Eight, Seven, Five, Three and Two of Clubs. So East held the Ace, King, Seven and Two of Spades, the Ace, Ten, Eight and Two of Hearts, and the Queen, Ten, Seven, Four and Two of Diamonds."

The gentleman said, "An extraordinarily interesting situation!"

"Wasn't it!" said a lady. "But what Clubs did West hold?"

Miss Moylan said, "The King, Queen, Nine, Eight, Seven, Five, Three and Two."

"And what were the bids?" asked the gentleman.

"Well, South dealt and bid one diamond ——"

I said, "I am sorry, but I have got to go. Miss Moylan will tell you my decision." I said to Arthur, "I do not want to drag you away ——"

He said, "Nobody is dragging me away."

I said, "I do not want you to think so."

He said, "I will go with you." He said to Miss Moylan, "I trust I will see you on deck later."

She said, "Of course!"

I said, "Well, good-by."

"Good-by," Arthur said.

They did not say anything, but just smiled, and we went out, and when I shut the door I stood there and I heard a gentleman's voice say: "Now we can thresh this matter out without interruptions. Lock the door, Myrtle, and tell us those bids again, because this is one of the most interesting things I have heard in some time."

Now, you take if I was Arthur, why that would be all. I mean, that would be the end of it, and everybody that is reading this, they could all go back out on the porch and play with the pussycat or whatever it is you do when you do not have to read any further, because there would not be anything else to read concerning Myrtle and I.

But I did not say anything to him about it then, because—well, time enough for that later, and let the boy sleep over it and he will see that he will not get anywheres mixed up with blokes like that.

So I just said, "You would be a sucker if you did not take a hint like that," and let it go at that. I said: "I forgot to tell you, when I played bridge that time—and it was not but only once—why, everybody was drunk, and if I played wrong did they care?" I said: "It was a very comical game and we all played different rules; for instance, I played rummy rules; and no wonder I did not know what Miss Moylan was talking about, because how could I learn, with everybody redoubling just for fun?"

He said, "I do not see how you could learn that way."

And I said, "I could not, and no wonder."

"But it does not matter," he said, "because it is just a phase with her, and it will wear off."

I said, "This boat stops at Cherbourg, and does not go around and around the world eight times, and how will they finish that argument without the boat goes around and around the world eight times and does not stop at Cherbourg?"

He did not have any answer to that.

But I will not tell anybody how to live, and if they will fall in love or not,

(Continued on Page 56)

"Good," She Said, and Stood Up and Threw Her Steamer Robe on the Deck. "Come With Me and I Will Let Them Hear You Say That Yourself."

THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE

"I Could Make You Sacrifice Yourself Again if I Tried—Despite My Nose and My Knock-Knees"

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VII

THE interview had terminated more abruptly than Harrison had anticipated, and it was an appalled highbrow that now emerged from the library and found himself face to face with Evelyn and Cecil and Peggy. It had seemed an interminable interview, but they noticed the expression on his pale countenance and drew their own conclusions. Harrison went straight to Evelyn.

"Go into the library," he said.

"But, Harrison ——"

"Go into the library."

"Yes, Harrison." And she went.

Ignoring the smiling glances of the others, Harrison headed for the staircase in the manner of one who has a pressing engagement.

Cecil called out, "What's your hurry? Where are you going, old sport?"

"I told you already. I've got to get my things to play squash with Mr. Monteagle."

"But say, old sport ——"

"Oh, go to hell!"

A few minutes later Harrison came downstairs carrying a suitcase.

"Look at that!" whispered Cecil to Peggy. "He's in too much of a hurry even to ring for a servant to carry his bag." Cecil was good at getting work out of other people's servants.

Harrison passed on toward the door without saying good-by.

"Are you leaving us, old sport?" There was no answer.

Harrison opened the door, made a quick exit and closed it. His suitcase contained a sweat shirt, flannel trousers and evening clothes. He had decided to go to the squash court to work off his feelings with some vigorous exercise and would dress for dinner there, thus avoiding the crowd.

Evelyn, meanwhile, had entered the presence and sat down without being asked. She sat down on a Jacobean table which had cost the old man three hundred and fifty pounds—part of the loot of their last trip to England. She took a cigarette without being asked to. Her father had begun a game of solitaire. She waited for him to lay down his cards so that she would know how to play her hand.

Mr. Monteagle often tried solitaire for relaxing his conscious mind and letting the subconscious bring up ideas to him. One had come to him. He would see if he could not use the young scientist for a scientific experiment—namely, to exterminate the parasitic pests that infested the premises and get rid of the Cecils and the Peggies once for all.

"Evelyn, my dear, I want to talk to you very seriously."

"Yes, darling, I know."

"How long are these noisy youngsters going to stay?"

"Only till over Labor Day, father. Don't you like them, darling?"

"They make me sick. They are still imitating the noises and depravities of the postwar generation, and don't even know that such things are now laughed at as quaint and old-fashioned by the real sophisticates of the newest generation. That old stuff has gone out long ago. Decency and courtesy have come back. They are nothing but a gang of grafters who are working you for what they can get out of you and making you ridiculous. . . . By the way, who is this cheeky young What's-his-name you brought in to see me?"

"Harrison Cope. He wants to marry me. Don't you dare criticize him! I love him. I can't live without him."

"I'm not going to criticize him. I'm going to criticize you. This is not the first time you've been engaged."

"But this is not the same thing at all. You can't make me forget him by sending me abroad this time. If you separate us it will kill me. I'll die. We'll both die." She flew from the Jacobean table to the arm of her father's chair and buried her face on the parental shoulder.

"Are you sure you love this young man?"

"Oh, father, I can't tell you how much!"

"And are you sure he loves you?"

"He's mad about me. But he's so poor and so proud. Your awful money! It has kept him away from me for years. It was spoiling my life. That was why I became so reckless. I wanted to forget. He thought I could not care for him. He still cannot believe it. He's an introvert. He has an inferiority complex. So he told himself that he did not love me. That was his defense mechanism. But I know him better than he knows himself. I am an extravert. And then, last night—he came. And now we know—yes, we both know now!"

Her face was still hidden on his shoulder and now she began to shake with emotion. The emotion was laughter. Everyone is fooled by someone, and his daughter was his weakness. She often drove him crazy, but he couldn't help loving her.

It seems to be the nature of fathers, even when they are abused and imposed upon by daughters. But she did not fool him this time. She talked too much for a girl in love. He decided to fool her.

"My dear," he said, "I understand and sympathize and want you to be happy. So go ahead and marry him. I don't object." The signs of emotion on his shoulder suddenly ceased. "The only condition I make is that you cut out your present friends. He doesn't like them. Neither do I. He belongs to the aristocracy of brains. You and I would like to. We're culture climbers, and he will take us up. Why, it will be the making of us! He's worth a dozen Cecils. Go ahead and marry him at once."

The girl drew back in astonishment. "Why, father!" she exclaimed.

He now observed that her eyes were dry, but they were wide open. (It will serve her right. It is time she learned her lesson.)

"Do you really want me to marry Harrison?"

"No, I don't want you to marry anybody, but you're bound to sometime, and I'd rather have you marry a nice, sensible, modest young fellow with brains than any of the fortune-hunting grafters who have tried to marry you in the past. He has ideals and energy and intellect. I'm crazy about him. . . . Now run along, darling, I've got to go to the squash court for some exercise or I won't enjoy my dinner. I'll get you those pearls you were begging me for as an engagement present."

"But, father ——"

"I'll see you at dinner."

"But, father ——"

"Run along. That's all, sweetheart." Mr. Monteagle disappeared through his secret door in the old oak paneling he had imported from England when he, like big-nosed Cromwell, was devastating monasteries over there

In the squash court he encountered Harrison. "Hello, there, young fellow! So you play this game, do you?"

"Every day that I can't play tennis. I've got to keep fit and I can't spare the time for golf."

(Will the old man reopen the subject or must I? I wonder what he said to Eve!)

"Good! Neither can I. You and I aren't old enough for golf. Tennis is the best game there is, and squash is the best substitute in weather like this. Will you take me on?"

"If you think I can make it interesting for you."

(Evidently he doesn't want to reopen the subject.)

Harrison beat him pretty badly and the host liked his guest all the better for it. Mr. Monteagle was no slouch himself. But, unlike some of his type, he preferred to play with opponents who could trim him.

"You play in very good form, young fellow." He had forgotten the young fellow's name again. His secretary always remembered names for him. "I'm afraid I didn't make it interesting for you."

"Oh, that's all right," said the highbrow graciously. "You gave me good exercise anyway."

Mr. Monteagle did not consider that very gracious, but it amused him. He opened the door leading to the dressing rooms and insisted upon Harrison's entering first. "Will you take me on at tennis tomorrow morning, if the weather is decent?"

(I'll bet I can trim this kid at tennis.)

"I'd like nothing better," said Harrison. (I'll bet he's rotten at tennis—too old and heavy.)

"Only I really ought to leave tonight after dinner. Some important things in solution in the laboratory." He mumbled this.

"What nonsense! Just when we're getting acquainted? Won't hear of it! Neither will Evelyn."

(Well, I suppose I'd better stay and get this mess cleared up.)

Harrison was the first to get under one of the showers. He heard Mr. Monteagle turning on the water in the next one.

"By the way," the old man called out from behind the partition, gasping with the shock of the cold water, "I had a talk with Eve. It's going to be all right." His great voice reverberated strangely with the faulty acoustics of the tiled room. It sounded like the voice of doom to Harrison.

Well, "all right" may mean good news. Have to let it go for the present Can't shout out these things while taking a bath.)

"Thank you ever so much, Mr. Monteagle." He was drying his back with vigorous strokes. He disappeared into his dressing room before his host came dripping out of the shower bath, but stopped dressing halfway, sat down, leaned over, stared at the floor, elbows on knees, hands on cheeks.

"What can I say? What can I do? How'll I work it?"

He could hear the old man whistling in the next dressing room. He seemed so cheerful and carefree.

"Well, how're you coming on?" Mr. Monteagle was dressed and standing outside.

"Don't wait for me, please."

"You and I better have a little talk after dinner."

"Yes, sir, we must."

"We must dope out some scheme for eradicating these rotters she runs with. I agree with you about her friends I agree entirely."

"Oh, you do?"

(Hell, he agrees with me!)

"But you'll introduce her to a lot of new friends. We'll get rid of that bunch of pups and cats and give her something better to think about. Evelyn has a good head, even if it is light—as yet. . . . See you at dinner."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Monteagle started out, stopped, came back. "By the way, ask your father to drop in at my office. I've been thinking of a way to make that merger worth while."

"Yes, sir."

VIII

MR. MONTEAGLE believed he had this little matter arranged now to his satisfaction. Eve would break the engagement or else the boy would do so, but in either case she could be made to break with her sycophants. That was the way he liked to have things fixed in business—namely, so he was bound to profit in any eventuality.

Suppose, on the other hand, what his daughter said about this strange young suitor should turn out to be true after all; and suppose what the boy believed about her attitude toward him proved to be well-founded—if neither wanted to turn the other down, that would be all right too. Meanwhile he would keep this young man under observation for a while, and then, if advisable, the turning down could be done by himself. Again all right. The youngster was now in the thick of a situation that would furnish a good test of his character, taste and sincerity. It would be interesting and illuminating to observe his actions.

In any event, Mr. Monteagle was confident that the incident could be capitalized in such a way that his daughter's social life would be reorganized. The banker was great on reorganization, but not very strong on society. Like Harrison Cope, Henry Monteagle did not think much about old families, and still less about smart ones. His was an old family, too, as American families go; but unlike the Copes, the Monteagles had never been smart. They had gone in chiefly for preaching and teaching and had not been prominent for anything except probity, piety and kindness. Therefore they had always been poor until the present generation, just as the Copes had always been rich until the present generation. But unlike most of the new rich, Mr. Monteagle failed to acquire new tastes and worldly ambitions. He still liked the things his long line of professional forbears liked; only, they couldn't indulge those tastes and he could. So many of the super rich have such simple tastes. They can afford to. It's the half rich who make our best snobs.

He had intended to keep out of what is called society entirely, but, unfortunately, he had become so successful that the weight of his gold pulled him down into it. He wouldn't go after such people, so such people went after him—went hard. It is one of the penalties of great wealth. Being utterly lacking in that sort of social consciousness, he now found his daughter pursued by many different kinds of crowds, some of them harmless, many of them objectionable and none of them very interesting to himself. He found that one had to be as wise as a serpent as well as harmless as a dove in these matters. He saw now that he ought to have made a real job of it. Heretofore he had intrusted such trivial questions to the judgment of his sister. But she was no good, and these questions were not trivial.

IX

EVELYN, after the interview with her father, had gone up to her room for a nap. She needed it. They were booked for another party after dinner. To be sure, the less you sleep, the less you weigh; but a certain amount of rest was necessary to enjoy excitement. After you passed your fatigue point, even alcohol failed to carry you up to the appreciation point.

So she didn't see any of her sophisticated sycophants until cocktail time. Cocktails were such a useful institution. They made one's house guests prompt for dinner.

"Well, what did your father say to you?" asked Cecil, smiling. Peggy began to smile too.

(Continued on Page 63)

"With the Music and All—Why, I Would Have Kissed the Cook!"

BULL TAVERN

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Now the Entity Which She Had Pictured All Her Life as Laurentha Bull Appeared to be Standing on One Side, Watching All She Did

VIII

LAURIE and her aunt, under assumed names, were occupying a suite in a hotel in New York. It was not so gorgeous as some they were to know later, but it was by no means inexpensive. They had been told that it cost nothing, that it was part of the general game, a mere drop in the great bucket of the pageant budget; but the truth was that Rex, Berry and Young were paying for the rooms, the committee drawing a line at anything beyond a marvelously complete outfit and actual traveling expenses.

The reason for the assumed names was privacy—not the pseudo privacy of an incognito discreetly betrayed at a psychological moment, but a genuine withdrawal from the public eye. The period of tacking dresses together is a trying one for all concerned and has no publicity value. It is like the grimy beginnings of a play in a hired hall, with most of the lines being read with wrong intonations. Only the dress rehearsal three weeks later can be expected to convey meaning and pleasure rather than confusion to the spectator.

But in this case privacy had another and deeper source. The Donovans, however much they may have been chagrined by Laurie's determination not to appear in public with any of them, were far from being such fools as not to see the justice and value of her decision. On the other hand they felt the need of her society, each for a different reason, and were clever and resourceful enough to find a way to attain it with security. Old Charlie loved a quiet chat with her, Rex had developed the watchfulness of a surly dog and Berry wished to keep his eye on the main chance.

Almost everyone has a distinct idea of the power of money when linked with the magic locality of Wall Street, or with a name that has become of national significance, but there are few whose idea is not ridiculously limited to that familiar property of the public mind. When it comes to the cellars, alleys, byways and purlieus of the social fabric, only those in a position to look upward from below can get an inkling of the basic truth that the power of money is as static as the old model .44 revolver. What varies—the only thing that varies—is the hand that holds the gun.

With a few million dollars, one of the well-known great, a scion of the moneyed aristocracy, can mix in on the big stock pools, influence national policies, determine the destinies of certain monster companies and demand his share in the cutting of various melons.

He can solace himself with all the expensive fruits of culture, go in for philanthropy, nurse the arts, and also live in the grand manner according to the lights of his individual tradition, breeding and education. But when he has done these things he has shot all the permissible game available.

Behold, on the other hand, the man who yesterday was a thug, a teamster, a shyster, a tug master, a bartender, a sweat-shopper, a salesman, a theater usher, a milkman, a ditcher, a race-course tout, a stockbroker's office boy, or any one of a hundred other humble and unskilled denominations, and today is a millionaire ten times over. That he did not get the gun by the royal road of inheritance makes no difference whatever in its charge, ballistics or shock delivery.

Whether he made his money illegitimately out of bootlegging or graft, or whether legitimately out of milk-dealing combines, the movies, mercantile supply of a crying need, a series of lucky hits in the theater, contracting or pyramiding on the stock market, it is identically the same gun, but the damage it can do has been increased from four to a thousandfold, according to the whims and intrinsic make-up of its various possessors.

With far less than the number of millions assigned to one of the well-known great, the man of no education and sufficient brutality can disrupt the very foundations of democracy. He is in the position of a fighter who gouges out eyes with his knuckles, hits well below the belt with his knee, stamps with an iron-shod heel and buries his teeth in the throat of his prey, as opposed to the fighter whose hands are bound with the red tape of the aristocratic rules of prize-ring deportment as laid down by the Marquess of Queensberry.

Thus it comes about that a member of the latest flight of millionaires—any one of a veritable congress of bootlegging kings—has more power in the crook of his trigger finger than lies in the combined lanyards of all the monster cannons of frenzied finance. The resulting holocaust of the so-called inalienable rights of the common people is unbelievable. Even today the mass of peaceable citizens remains in ignorance of the extent of the eruption because the humble hordes who could advertise it take pride in seeing companions of their youth and thugs of their personal acquaintance sitting in the seats of the mighty.

Boss Charlie Donovan, for instance, having acquired a habit of impatience, generally rode alone with an ex-hijacker chauffeur in a car provided with a departmental plaque which permitted it to enter fire lines and rush all red lights without question, placing him above every traffic regulation conceived by the mind of authority. Equally trivial, but significant, was his power to reach out across two states to have a fine remitted to a cousin of an acquaintance of a friend of his.

Since Berry was of coarser fiber than either Rex or his father, his power had a far wider range. There was no crime listed in any code on earth which he could not commit with impunity, with the result that he had actually lost in a short period of time the sense of distinction between right and wrong it has taken mankind countless æons to acquire. This abnormality was so unconscious that it fooled others as well as himself. He was well dressed in a rakish manner, pleasant to look upon and to talk to, reasonably well-mannered, and so soft-voiced that when he spoke of "bumping off a guy" not one hearer in a thousand realized he was referring to one of a series of actual murders in which he had taken part directly or by proxy.

It would have shocked Berry if anyone had called him a murderer on account of a few killings in the line of business, just as it would have filled him with puzzled resentment if he had been told he was a thief because of his manner of fulfilling his duty of acquiring cars for the company's rum runners. Time was when the most dilapidated ramshackle vehicle was the badge of the bootlegger, trying thus to avoid suspicion as well as to save money in case of capture. But that day long since gave way to a régime during which the contraband carriers have used none but

brand-new cars of the most powerful and expensive makes, for which they pay the nominal sum of four hundred dollars apiece.

How was it done? Once the concern had plenty of well-to-do friends, mostly started on the road to ease along the innumerable bypaths of the organization itself, the procedure became so simple Berry scarcely needed to give it a thought. He would supply one of the said friends with the four hundred dollars to cover the cost of a first payment on the installment plan and insurance against fire and theft Two of his runners would then be delegated to steal the car at an appointed time and place and instructed to go for a load.

As long as the car came back, well and good; if it was never recovered, the insurance company stood the loss; and if it was seized by the authorities, the original purchaser put in his claim and could have it returned, free of any charge to himself.

To some it may seem that the risk to Berry lay in colliding with a well-to-do friend less crooked than himself, but he had no reason to believe that such a creature existed in the sea, on earth or in the heavens above the earth. It was genuinely inconceivable, not only to him but to the entire vast stratum in which he moved, that anybody should hesitate to help rob a powerful motor concern, an insurance company, and least of all the Government.

It would be tedious to outline the steps by which the Donovans had advanced from cut liquor of the grade of rotgut to a reputation for the best stuff on the open market; or from near-beer, doctored with various forms of dynamite, to their own brewery in the center of a country estate, guarded by their own police, and from which the trucks rolled out by night over a staked route with the regularity of a train schedule.

Berry seldom seemed in a hurry except when he was on the road. He had time for everything, for more kinds of behaviorist scrapes than his father dreamed existed, as well as for business

Wherever he could pick up a telephone receiver, there was his office, and even if he moved three times in half an hour, his henchmen were so trained that they could track him down through the myriad-stranded web of invisible wires more swiftly than ever a bloodhound followed a scent.

But the simplest explanation for his apparent leisure was his capacity for burning the candle at both ends. At that trick only Young could keep up with him. With the astonishing vitality of youth, they grudged the four hours out of the twenty-four they ordinarily devoted to sleep, and at a sudden call would start out on a two-hundred-mile ride at any moment of the night or day and take their sleep by turns. Just as the division between right and wrong had become submerged to Berry, so had the markings on the face of a clock. To him, as to a dog, there were only two impulses to movement—the necessity or inclination to do something else.

Had it not been for Young, Laurie—to say nothing of Aunt Laura—would frequently have been driven to desperation, finding even Rex powerless to move his brother. But Young was never at a loss. At the first sign of distress he would go out for a few minutes in a public telephone booth and shortly after his return Berry would be bombarded with calls to action that carried him far from where he was no longer wanted, invariably dragging the rest of the company with him.

The most important reason for Laurie's temporary seclusion was to prepare the way for the proper introduction of the exalted personage to whom the Donovans referred as "our lawyer."

Mr. S. M. Shepstro, to give the name exactly as it appeared on his elegantly engraved cards, was of a type she had never before met. His clothes were faultlessly made by a good tailor, his manners were both thoughtful and punctilious, and he wore an unfailing smile on his lips, though the great brown eyes behind the lenses of his *pince-nez* remained preternaturally grave.

"I wish you to understand from the first, Miss Bull," he was saying, "that I don't usually take on the sort of business brought me by my very good friends, the Donovans."

"You're right he don't," broke in Berry. His family pride remained untouched by the evident implication; if anything, his tone expressed appreciation of a flattery. "If it hadn't been for his wanting only the best prewar, I would never of got on his track and stayed there until I landed him."

Mr. Shepstiro made a deprecating gesture with a wave of his thin white hand. "Go easy, Berry. I warn you to say nothing that might incriminate you." They all laughed in answer to the deliberate invitation. "As I was saying, Miss Bull," he continued, "the advice I give these very good friends, and the help I may be able to render you, I do not consider in the light of my regular professional services. They have been my relaxation—my amusement—and now that I have had a chance to meet you and your respected aunt, they threaten to become a pleasure."

"It's very nice of you to put it that way," said Laurie frankly

And Aunt Laura murmured "Very kind, I'm sure."

Mr. Shepstiro began to walk up and down before them, his hands thrust in his trousers pockets. "It's no use beating about the bush, Miss Bull. The moment I came in the instant I laid eyes on you—I said to myself, 'The little lady has a chance; the little lady is a winner!'"

"Hope so," said Laurie, "after all this bother."

He turned sharply to face her, admiration stirring the profundities of his solemn eyes. Quick in his judgments, he realized that with a scant half dozen words she had given him the pass key to a surprisingly matter-of-fact character. So diverse was her caliber from that of the Donovans that for a moment he lost his confident and slightly indulgent bearing.

Now he realized that while it had been proper to be patronizing with the Donovans, it was not necessarily the right thing to persist along that line with this extraordinary girl or her aunt. They lacked the insolent prejudice against his race which had too often cowed him in days gone by, but he was not such a fool as to fail to perceive a neutral poise which might be overbalanced by a single wrong move on his part. He shared with merchandising forbears a shrewd appreciation of fabrics, and what he conceded at once to the two feminine samples of the Bull family was texture.

(Continued on Page 64

"'The Little Lady Has a Chance! the Little Lady is a Winner!'"

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 22, 1928

The Dance of the Billions

FOR weeks the news of the stock market has been jumping its reservation on the financial pages and has been claiming a place of prominence alongside the big news of the world on Page One. No one who sees a newspaper can be unaware of the spectacular trading, the unprecedented volume of transactions and the soaring prices which have been witnessed.

We have had great bull markets before, but none to compare with that which followed the election of Mr. Hoover. What is it all about? Has a reasonably level-headed people suddenly gone mad with a mania for speculation and created a situation which is headed for a cataclysmic collapse, or is there some rime and reason for the wild dervish dance which has dragged into its mazes hundreds of thousands of persons of every class whose previous financial operations involved no more risk than the maintenance of a savings account or the purchase of a Liberty Bond?

The election of Mr. Hoover goes a long way to foster the belief that sound fundamental conditions and a set of sane, constructive policies promise several years of unexampled prosperity. Wage earners, merchants and corporations alike have surplus wealth that must find an outlet somewhere. Many a corporation has been pouring five or ten millions of reserves into Wall Street to be loaned to brokers at the stiff rates prevailing. The new buying element, to which direct-ticker service is available from coast to coast, has contributed mightily to the volume of stock-exchange transactions. Every class of buyer has entered the market. A quarter of the record-breaking volume of transactions has been traceable to the odd-lot houses which execute the orders of small speculators and investors.

Many keen observers who look for price recessions nevertheless feel that many stocks will remain on higher levels. They point to the fact—if it be a fact—that we have witnessed what amounts to a permanent withdrawal from the market of millions of shares of high-grade securities. The professional speculator is used to cutting his losses by accepting them quickly. The small investor who still believes in the intrinsic merits of the securities he owns may stick to them through the severest declines.

Another market stabilizer which has perhaps not yet been appraised at its full value is the investment trust. Hundreds of these organizations have sprung up all over the country. Originally set up for the purpose of offering wide diversity to small investors, some of them have attained such bulk and such importance that they have become powerful factors in market movements. The potential power of these great investing and trading combinations, whether acting independently or in concert, is tremendous, and it remains to be seen whether that power will be used constructively.

The swift and easy winnings of amateur speculators during the weeks when every active stock was climbing have produced an intoxication that is bound to be followed, sooner or later, by the morning after with all its well-known discomforts. There is something inherently unwholesome in the art of getting something for nothing over a long period, but the uncertainties of the market usually see to it that the in-and-out speculator's cycle from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves is completed within a period of two to three years. During the present turmoil it has been the outsiders and the amateurs rather than the old and seasoned investors who have been making much of the easy money. Fools have rushed in where wise men have feared to tread, and they have been rolling in profits of both the cash and the paper variety; but it remains to be seen how the two groups will fare in the long pull.

Investors who put their funds into high-grade, well-diversified common stocks, rather than into bonds and mortgages, do so in support of certain convictions: They believe in the continuance of our increase of population and the steady development of the country; in the cheapening of the production of food, power, heat, light and communication; in higher profits with lowering prices made possible by mass production, larger units and increased efficiency. Above all, they believe in the permanence of our national passion for raising our standard of living and broadening our physical advantages from year to year.

Whether or not they are overoptimistic remains to be seen; but right though they may be in respect of fundamentals, they can scarcely hope to see their theories become facts without the interruption of acute periods of adjustment and readjustment, collapses of market quotations and sundry jolts so severe that theories will be abandoned in the rush to cover. Many a fortune has been swept away from men who were right in principle but who were unable to stay with their commitments long enough to see them win through. Caution should be the middle name, the first name and the surname of every investor who sends his money into Wall Street when its doings are recited upon the first page of his newspaper.

The Voiceless City

ON NOVEMBER SIXTH last a presidential election took place, and as far as can be computed at this writing, approximately forty million men and women voted.

But strangely enough, at the very heart of the nation, in the District of Columbia, where the President, Congress and executive departments carry on their duties, all men and women are disqualified by law from voting because of the mere fact of their residence there. The men and women who live in Washington are compelled, just as if they were citizens, to pay Federal income taxes. They were required to send their sons to France, just as if they had been citizens. But neither the young men nor their parents had any voice in Congress in deciding upon the declaration of war, or will have if another war should occur, unless the Constitution be amended. In other words, they enjoy exactly the same status, when it comes to voting, as aliens, minors, criminals and insane.

The District of Columbia is the only community in the continental United States whose citizens enjoy no suffrage and have no form of representative government whatsoever. There is no locally elected body to pass laws, fix the rates of taxation and determine how the money shall be spent. It is unique in that all powers of government are vested exclusively in the United States. In all other communities government is split up among the Federal, state, county, municipal, township, ward or similar divisions. But the Continental Congress in Philadelphia had such bitter experience with dissatisfied soldiers who wanted their back pay that when the Constitutional Convention met, its members were determined that Congress should have exclusive control over the new capital. The framers were trying to prevent undue pressure being put upon Congress, and out of their provision came disfranchisement.

This did not matter in early days. Few people lived in the district except government officials and clerks, who kept their legal voting residences elsewhere. But the city now has considerably more than half a million people, and is moving steadily toward the million mark. The framers did not foresee great, rounded metropolitan entities, with vast populations engaged in all manner of business, educational and artistic occupations. It is not a healthy thing today for the nation to have at its very heart such an artificial and anomalous condition as a great wholesale disfranchisement of all classes of men and women.

There are arguments brought up against suffrage in the district which should not be dignified by a reply. It is said that people need not live there if they do not wish to, and if they desire to vote, a legal residence might be established a few miles away in Maryland or Virginia by purchasing a shack. Far more serious is the fear that suffrage might attract to the district the lame ducks of politics—the defeated congressmen—to engage in petty political activities. There is the further fear that the large negro population—about one-fourth of the total—might hold the balance of power between two parties of whites.

But without expressing any opinion concerning the complex and controversial negro problem as a whole, it should be noted that both these arguments lose much of their force when it is realized that the only serious proposal now pending is that residents of the district be permitted to vote for presidential electors, for two congressmen—to which their numbers entitle them—and possibly for one senator. This carefully worked out proposal does not include municipal suffrage. The present local government, which operates directly under the President and Congress, gives general satisfaction. Much of the detail work is done by engineer officers of the Army, and is by them efficiently performed.

It is not proposed to take away any of the power which Congress now has to govern the district. What the district seeks is representation in Congress, which it does not now possess, and the right to vote for presidential electors. It seeks to become a part of the nation politically, its present status being that of an alien. No one suggests that the suffrage be taken away from Atlantic City, New Jersey, although census figures show that it has practically the same proportion of negroes as the district has.

If all negroes of voting age were counted out, there would still be more voters in Washington than in any one of seven states. Even if all the civil-service employes, who are permitted by special laws to maintain voting residences elsewhere, were counted out, there would still be more voters in the district than in any one of eight states. If both negroes and civil-service employes together were counted out, the district would still have more voters than any one of several states, the people of each of which have two senators, at least one representative and the right to vote for President.

As the Constitution stands, Congress has no authority to grant any kind of suffrage to residents of the district. One of two things can be done. The exclusive legislation clause of the Constitution can be repealed and the district given statehood or retroceded to Maryland. This idea is not seriously entertained. The other method is to retain the exclusive legislation provision and make consistent with it a grant of national representation to the people of the district. A new state is not wanted, but a new political status in accordance with the changes of a century is imperative.

The ten-miles-square provision should be retained and a new American voting constituency created, controlled by Congress, yet with representation in that Congress; an enfranchised and liberated seat of government. It is not well to have a great body of people humiliated. It is not healthful for the country as a whole to have a totally unrepresented area at its very center, and the larger the city grows the clearer will this fact become.

FROM HIS WATCHTOWER

By Richard Washburn Child

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

BETWEEN campaign and election period to oath of office and labor period the new President of the United States has a breathing spell. Has he? He has not.

In those cases where I have had close and daily observation I have seen the men elected to the office described so often by purple orators as "the highest in the gift of this gr-r-reat people," try to hide, try to meditate, try to read, try to weigh, try to prepare. The best of them is pursued day and night. Not an adviser, not a wire-puller, not an office-seeking hound fails to pursue him even into the depths of the wilderness or South America, and would, if possible, whisper into a wet ear while he is in his bath.

The thrill of victory! There comes the sense of a certain freedom from that campaign pressure to please everyone and to say a great deal or even a little that tasted sour on the tongue. But then comes the rush of detail! The sweeping up of party débris, vague unspoken and unwritten commitments, obligations. The cautious signing on of a new crew for the next voyage of the ship of state. Eternal callers and door thumpers. The profound changes created in family life. Moving! Shall the blue-glass vase be sent back to Aunt Martha? Doorbell, telephone, mail. And above all, this thing called Party which, like the Old Man of the Sea, tries to wind its legs around one's neck.

"This election," says a senator who has returned to Washington quite hoarse, "was wanted by almost nobody and enjoyed by almost everybody. Politics never wore more make-up or was paler underneath the rouge. Politics never made more of a hullabaloo about skin eruptions or paid less attention to the organic or functional disorders of the national body. So where do we go from here?"

The President-elect may feel that way about it, and probably does.

With a fellow feeling for Will Rogers, he probably believes this minute that, joking aside, there was a good deal of nonsense in the campaign, and always will be, and that this nonsense can be indicted, tried and convicted not only on the count that it is sour and stale nonsense, and not even gay or laugh making, but also on the count that it tried to impersonate the really profound issues which never appeared prominently in the campaign at all.

The battle, so far as issues of purely political character are concerned, was more than ever an Armageddon of flower petals and blank cartridges. Enforcement of prohibition to the limits of the taxpayers' patience will work or it won't. No one proposes official nullification. No one can change the law just now. Sensible men agree that prohibition has brought merciful improvements in many respects, and hideous networks of crime and evasion and license in others. It is ridiculous for men of sense to attribute all the laxity of this age to prohibition. They have the lax age in Europe, where there is no prohibition. Time will tell. The "noble experiment" is still in the laboratory, and will be there until long after this new term of office is ended. It may be the success of the ages and it may drift into optional local enforcement, not by the interest of an administration but by the mere force of the undoubted truth that law which is localized in effect, as a personal habit with a social consequence of limited mileage area, may be enforceable only by the social will of persons and groups within small zones of preference. Law expresses social will; it never has and never may become its master. When it no longer expresses social will, it begins to fade and lives no longer as a part of living law.

One can prate to the contrary until the crack of doom, but the zone of social will still remains supreme. The only dignity the law has is the degree in which it expresses that will. The man who is making ready to take office knows this as well as you do. He knows that the two great political parties charged each other and missed any real collisions. They ran on parallel tracks or with tin swords tried to find each other in the dark of the moon.

The shrewdest political reporter I know writes me: "The two parties were split on tariff, split on bigotry, split on prohibition, split on immigration, split on local or group special privilege such as some government aid or ownership of water power or such as paternal forms of farm relief. They were split not against one another, but within! The Democratic South was high tariff to protect sugar, cotton goods, and so on, and the Republican North said, 'O. K. high tariff!' The Democratic South was anti-immigration, not maybe, but the Democratic North had

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What Has Wrecked Half the Democracies of Europe and What Menaces Our Own Today is the Power of the Organized Few to Impose Their Will on the Mass

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Children of Divorce

before I pronounce sentence?

PRISONER: Yes. My only regret is that I have only one life to give to my public.

Exit Line

LADY, since your billet-doux
Leaves me from your heart evicted,
I shall try sincerely to
Act afflicted.

Now that someone else's ring
Binds you in betrothal token,
I'll pretend my sorrowing
Heart is broken.

When my stoic eyes reveal
No emotion at your bridal,
You are free to think I feel
Suicidal.

Chivalry decrees I must
Brave the blow and then live through it.
(When you said good-by, you just
Beat me to it.)

—Carl W. Glueck.

The Author's Christmas

AN AUTHOR'S life's a tragic one,
Each Christmas Day I pine.
My friends all give me books they wrote,
But no one gives me mine!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Puppy Love

DAPHNE: Whatever happened to Betsy?

DOLLY: Why, my dear, she's married now and has three of just the cutest little dogs you've ever seen!

The Hero

JUDGE: You have been found guilty of murder in the first degree. Have you anything to say

Drawn by Frank Fogarty
Intellectual: "Huh! Think He Was a Great Novelist, Don't You? Well, Wait Till You Read My Book About Him and You'll Know He Wasn't!"

because, I mean, it's really nothing to be beautiful. Do you think it is?

HE: Well, darn few girls feel that way about it. I mean, they may know they're beautiful, but you have to tell them so.

SHE: Isn't it ridic—— I mean, I think it's frightfully vain of girls to want to have men keep telling them they're lovely looking and all.

HE: It certainly is; but you know they say a man never makes a mistake when he flatters a girl.

SHE: Well, I think that's perfectly absurd, because, unless the girl's awfully dumb or something, she must realize it's just flattery.

HE: Well, most girls are awfully dumb, especially when they're beautiful.

SHE: I s'pose they are, aren't they? I mean, I s'pose I'm terribly dumb, aren't I?

(Continued on Page 53)

Cop: "Let Me See Your License." Motorist: "Let Me See Yours." Motorist's Wife: "Don't Mind Him, Officer, He's Been Drinking"

Drawn by Hank
The Cowboy Who Played Santa Claus

Among Those Present

BASEBALL FAN *(looking at a picture)*: And who is that guy standing next to Babe Ruth?

PICTURE FAN: Oh, that's the President of the United States.

She Had Lots of Sense

SHE: I loathe having men tell me I'm beautiful, because, I mean, I'd heaps rather have them admire me for my character,

Wife: "Whatever is the Matter With You, William? You Seem So Absent-Minded"

Merry Christmas
TO ALL
AND MAY EVERY HOME IN THE LAND RECEIVE THE HEALTH AND CHEER OF GOOD SOUP EACH DAY OF 1929 !
Campbell's
CONDENSED
VEGETABLE
SOUP
Christmas Seals
Save Lives—
Buy Them

THE MIDDLEMAN

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

Finally He Turned to Me and Remarked: "It's Too Much, John. Two Million Dollars—it Scares Me!"

XIV

THE years from 1917 to 1920 probably marked the most severe test of American business that the country has ever experienced, not even excepting the Civil War period. All ordinary conditions were reversed. No effort was required to sell merchandise. Instead, the problem was to get merchandise to sell, and those fortunate enough to own stocks of commodities could pretty well name their own prices. It is no wonder that business men everywhere lost the sense of proportion and fell into an easy belief that the business millennium had arrived.

As everyone knows, the grand awakening came in midsummer of 1920, when the manufacturing plants of the country had at last caught up with demand and thousands of jobbers and retailers found themselves overstocked with merchandise they had ordered so eagerly during the flush years and for which they had paid abnormal prices. The Empire Wholesale Company came out better than many others, but I am obliged to say it was because of the good judgment of Thaddeus Carpenter rather than my own.

I succeeded him as president of the concern that year. We had taken stock the previous December, at which time the figures totaled just over $2,000,000. This was practically double our investment during prewar years. After dinner on the day the statement had been given me by our accounting department, I called on Mr. Carpenter at his home. He was well past seventy at the time and seldom came to the office; but we lived only a short distance apart, and as he seemed to like my company, I made it a point to visit him once or twice each week.

On this occasion I showed him the invoice sheets. He put on his spectacles and went over them with great care, after which he sat for a long time looking into the fire.

Finally he turned to me and remarked: "It's too much, John. Two million dollars—it scares me!"

"I don't see anything to be scared about, Mr. Carpenter," I answered. "The Empire Wholesale Company doesn't owe any money to speak of, and this inventory represents good merchandise that we're going to sell at a profit. Simply, we've done well during the past three or four years. Our assets have practically doubled."

He caught me up on this last remark. "I know our assets have doubled," he said dryly—"on paper. But what I want to know is: How much have we made by actual selling? And how much by merchandise that has just lain on the shelves and been marked up from time to time as prices advanced in the open market?"

"I can't see what difference that makes," I answered a bit impatiently. "The Empire Wholesale Company owns a stock of merchandise worth $2,000,000. That's the main fact. It doesn't matter whether we got it through regular selling operations or through shrewd buying."

Thaddeus Carpenter never passed for a particularly pious man—in fact, his inveterate love of joking often made him appear quite otherwise—but now he spoke with an almost religious gravity.

"Yes, it does matter, John," he said. "The good Lord doesn't intend life to be too easy on us. He wants us to work for whatever blessings we get. That's why I say I'm scared at this big inventory you've showed me. You know as well as I do that we haven't worked for it. We haven't earned all of it at our regular trade, which is selling hardware."

I started to argue that good judgment in buying was work, just the same as selling; he interrupted me with another question.

"You don't imagine, do you," he said, "the Empire Wholesale Company is the only concern in the United States that has a big stock on hand after all the wild scramble for merchandise that has gone on during these past few years?"

I admitted there might be some others.

"You can bet your bottom dollar," he went on, "that there are others. And a good share of them are patting themselves on the back, thinking how much money they've made. One of these days they're going to learn the difference between paper profits and real profits. My advice is that the Empire Wholesale Company should begin trying to turn its paper profits into cash—the sooner the better!"

As a result of this conversation, I made a trip in January to the Eastern manufacturing centers and visited about in New York and other big cities. I found many manufacturers, still busy catching up with past orders, were expecting a continuation of high prices, while jobbers and big retailers—men closer to the real buying public—were less sanguine.

On my return to Statesburg I called all our traveling men together to explain that we were going to start liquidating. When they went out on their territories they were given new price lists that ranged from 10 to 30 per cent less than former prices in many lines. In New York I had talked with one hardware jobber who told me of a plan he had invented—that of holding an auction sale for his customers. Following his idea, I sent out notices to all our dealers within a radius of a couple of hundred miles, informing them that on a certain date we would keep open house at the Empire headquarters and at the same time auction off many lines on which we believed ourselves overstocked.

This affair proved more successful than I had hoped. More than 100 dealers attended and practically all bought. An important feature of the plan was the fact that we did not exact cash for the auction purchases, but charged them on the merchants' regular accounts, to be settled in the usual way. We took a stiff loss on most of the auctioned-off merchandise, but it reduced our inventory, which was more important. I may add that we have held a similar sale each year since then.

By midsummer of 1920 we had our merchandise investment down to a reasonable working figure, though Thaddeus Carpenter's prediction came true to the extent that in the operation we lost a good share of our paper profits.

It was during this reconstruction period that we began to feel the competition of the Halverson Company, the New York State concern I mentioned sometime back in connection with certain price-cutting incidents. Up to 1919 Halverson's merely sent their salesmen into our territory and shipped all orders from their headquarters; but that year they opened a branch house in Statesburg,

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"I Feel It's Only Sportsmanlike to Extend You the Courtesies, Mr. Draper"

For days of feasting and festivity . . . *this original gift*

IT makes the giver play a part in all the Christmas cheer—this gift of a whole Premium Ham. There's a happy touch of originality in such a present. And how appropriate it is for that time of warmth and glow and feasting.

Premium Ham is famous for its juicy tenderness . . . its mild, fine flavor. Think of its rich aroma, its crisp brown surface, decked with cloves. And then the pink, sweet slices curling back from the knife! Mouth watering!

Now you can get a special Christmas Premium Ham gaily done up in holiday wrappings. Your dealer will deliver it to any and every address on your list. And don't leave your own family out!

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

There is satisfying economy as well as delightful richness in a whole Premium Ham. It costs less per pound bought this way, and you have left-over meat for many appetizing dishes.

A new, colorful Christmas wrapper—but the same familiar blue identification tag that tells you the whole ham or the slice is Premium.

Premium Hams and Bacon may be bought sliced, or, in order to have a bountiful supply always on hand, in the whole piece, in the original parchment wrapper. Now, in the fat the length of the side, the name Swift is branded in dots. A new protective feature.

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which was, they announced, the first step toward a chain that would eventually extend from New England to California.

Dan Halverson, the head of the firm, came to see me about this time. Though he was as old as I, he was always alluded to as young Dan, to distinguish him from his father and grandfather, who had successively piloted the family enterprise. He was a jovial, likable fellow, rather addicted to London-made clothes and fashionable sports, and I formed the opinion during this first interview that his ambition to be known as a national distributor came less from a real liking for business than from a desire to shine in a personal way. He assured me that he had no intention of trying to crowd the Empire Wholesale Company out of business.

"There's always a chance for a little concern to survive," was his remark, which struck me as a bit humorous because I happened to know our volume was as great as Halverson's, even though we didn't cover so much territory.

Young Dan's manager at the Statesburg branch was a man named Newton Allgood, who had had his training with one of the big jobbing houses in St. Louis, and I am bound to say that Allgood himself was a fair competitor, outside of the fact that in his circulars to the trade he harped a good deal on the doubtful argument that Halverson's, being a national distributor, was able to undersell a purely local jobbing house. I am inclined to believe, however, that some of his salesmen were not quite so ethical as the management. Halverson's worked their men on the quota system, which meant that each man had to turn in a certain volume of sales or lose his job; and when pressure of that sort is exerted it is asking too much of human nature to expect it to stay altogether in bounds.

Business was none too brisk anywhere during 1921, and along in December one of our salesmen told me so many of the Halverson staff had fallen down on their quotas that the firm was going to hold a pep sales convention in order to stimulate efforts for the coming year. This news was verified just before Christmas by young Dan Halverson himself, who came into my office and told me cordially that I would be welcome to attend the convention sessions. Perhaps I did him an injustice, but I had the shade of a thought that in proffering this invitation young Dan wanted to air his importance just a bit.

"I feel it's only sportsmanlike to extend you the courtesies, Mr. Draper," he said. "I don't want you to feel that a big house like ours lacks neighborliness."

I assured him that I appreciated his broad-mindedness; and, indeed, I was highly pleased, for I had heard of such affairs being staged by certain high-pressure business organizations, and I knew anything Dan Halverson promoted would not lack excitement.

The pep sales convention was held between Christmas and New Year's at the Hotel Erie. Two entire floors of the hotel were engaged for the accommodation of the salesmen and their mentors. There were about thirty salesmen from the Statesburg branch, and as many more whom Dan had brought on from the home office. Besides these, there were sales managers, assistant sales managers, a psychologist from New York City, a song leader, a couple of inspirational orators, and, last but not least, J. Wesley Dinsmore, a professional convention expert, under whose supervision the entire proceedings were staged. I regret to state that there was also a white-coated individual closeted in a room on the third floor who dispensed cheering refreshments to all delegates free of charge.

I attended two of the regular sessions—the get-together banquet that was held the first evening and the inspirational conference of the following afternoon. The banquet was arranged with great ingenuity. Across one end of the long ballroom was a table where sat Mr. Dinsmore, young Dan Halverson and other officers of the corporation, the song leader and the invited guests, including myself. Another table, that extended the entire length of the room, was reserved for the salesmen. On the wall, at the end opposite the officers' table, hung a large chart on which was printed the name of each salesman and the amount of business he had done during the previous six months. Place cards at the salesmen's table corresponded to the rank shown on the chart. The salesman who had done the greatest volume sat up next to the officers' table and the one with the smallest volume was at the foot.

This seating arrangement, Mr. Dinsmore told me, was a device of his own invention and intended especially to appeal to the pride of the salesmen. He said any salesman would work his head off to insure himself a place near the head table at the next annual banquet.

There was another feature appealing still more strongly to the salesman's pride. When the banquet was served a special waiter attended to the wants of the leading salesman, bringing him a whole turkey, a broiled lobster and other delicacies not on the regular menu, and standing behind his chair during the entire meal. As a humorous contrast, to the low salesman at the far end of the table was brought only a plate of corned beef and cabbage.

There was a short session of community singing, conducted by the imported song leader, and while this was in progress a middle-aged, black-bearded man in evening clothes suddenly appeared among the waiters. He was apparently quite tipsy, for he staggered about and interfered with the service to such an extent that the head waiter finally conducted him to a settee and sat him down. After a bit he got up again, and the same performance was repeated. There was a good deal of laughter, the general impression being that the gentleman was a hotel guest who had somehow found his way to the oasis on the third floor.

After a while he lay down on the settee and apparently went to sleep. But when the banquet was drawing to a close he suddenly got up and tore off his beard, revealing himself as a vaudeville artist who was appearing at a local theater. He went to a platform at the side of the officers' table, where he told a lot of screamingly funny stories. He announced them as drummers' yarns. Mr. Dinsmore whispered to me that this was also a feature of his own invention and vastly efficacious as a sales stimulant. Men will work harder, he said, for a firm whose officers are not above laughing and making merry with their employes.

The inspirational conference of the following afternoon was likewise held in the hotel ballroom. A lot of small desks had been brought in and each salesman sat at one of these with paper and pencil to make notes. The men from the home office were on one side and the Statesburg men on the other side of the room. Bill Garlock, sales manager at the Halverson home office, was master of ceremonies and sat on a platform at the front. The feature address was made by a Chicago man, formerly a newspaper writer, who was announced on the program as having "spoken from the same rostrum with congressmen, United States senators and governors." His subject was, The Magic of Winning Salesmanship; and though he had considerable emotional talent, I failed to detect anything in the fifty-minute oration that appealed to me as bearing to any extent on the selling of hardware. I was sitting at the back of the hall with J. Wesley Dinsmore, who appeared to have taken quite a fancy to my company, and when the speech was finished Mr. Dinsmore whispered to me that the big moment of the convention was about to arrive.

Bill Garlock made a short talk addressed to the salesmen who worked out of Halverson's Statesburg branch. He said it was a great compliment to them that the firm had held its sales convention in Statesburg and he hoped they would be inspired to greater effort by what they saw and heard. Toward the end he became a bit abusive.

"A lot of you fellows in this territory have been falling down on your quotas," he shouted, "and I'm here to tell you the house isn't going to stand it much longer. If you want to know what I think of you bozos, I'll tell you—you haven't any pep; you're dead from the neck up!"

Bill paused impressively to give this statement full weight.

"I've got a bunch of go-getters traveling out of the home office who ought to make you Statesburg guys ashamed of yourselves," he went on. "You can bet your bottom dollar that a man who works under me never falls down on his quota! I won't stand for it! I'm going to let some of them speak for themselves to show you fellows out here how we put things over!"

Mr. Dinsmore nudged me excitedly and said the peak of the convention was upon us. Bill Garlock pointed at a young man who sat in the front row.

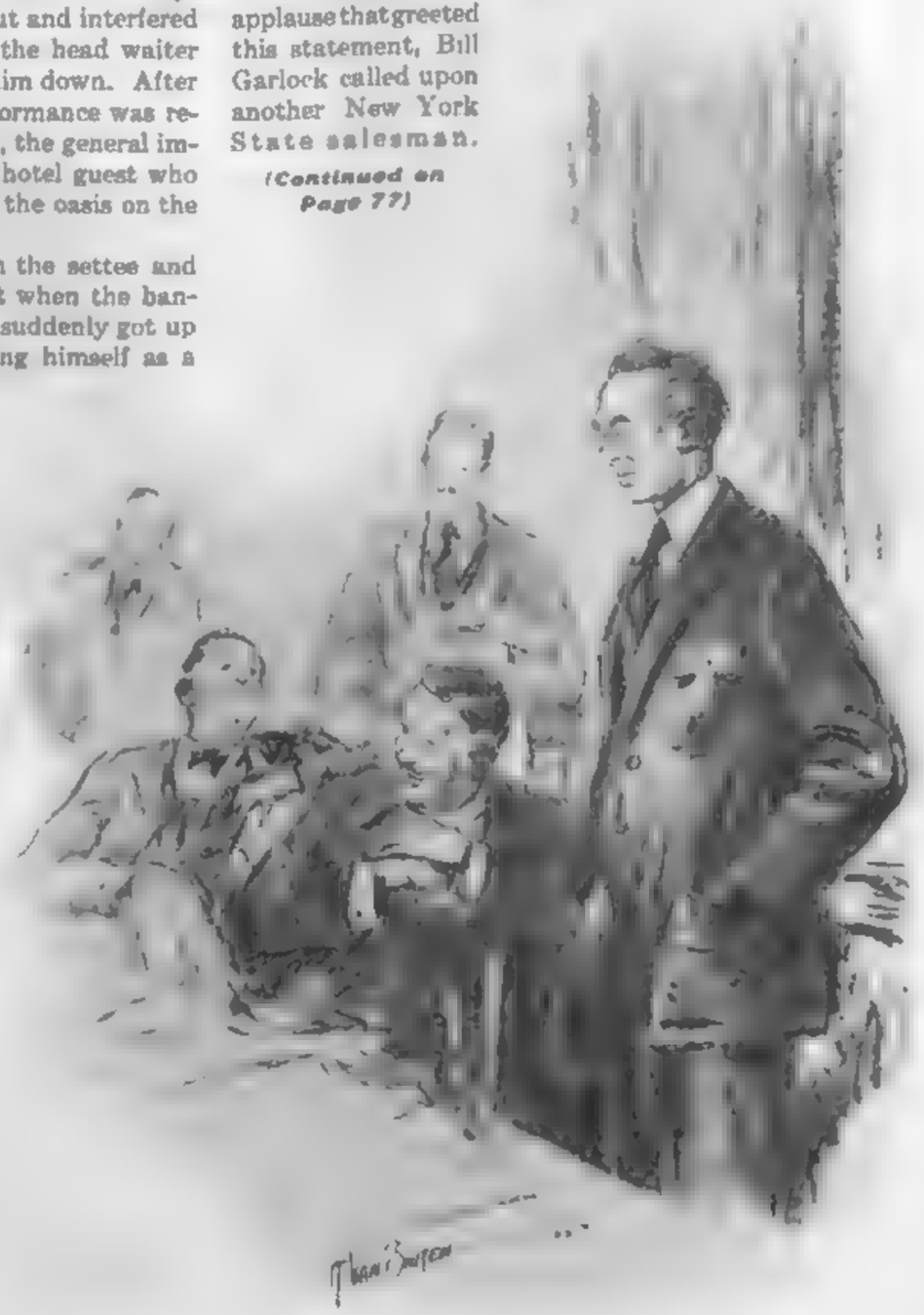
"Here's Mert Adams, who covers the St. Lawrence counties of New York State for me," he yelled. "Stand up, Mert, and tell these Western guys what you're going to do next year!"

Mr. Adams, a round-headed youth of perhaps twenty-five summers, rose from his seat and said firmly:

"They say my territory is the hardest in the state of New York. My quota is $60,000. But I've been so inspired by this wonderful sales convention that I'm going to ask Mr. Garlock to increase my quota to $80,000 next year!"

Not waiting for the applause that greeted this statement, Bill Garlock called upon another New York State salesman.

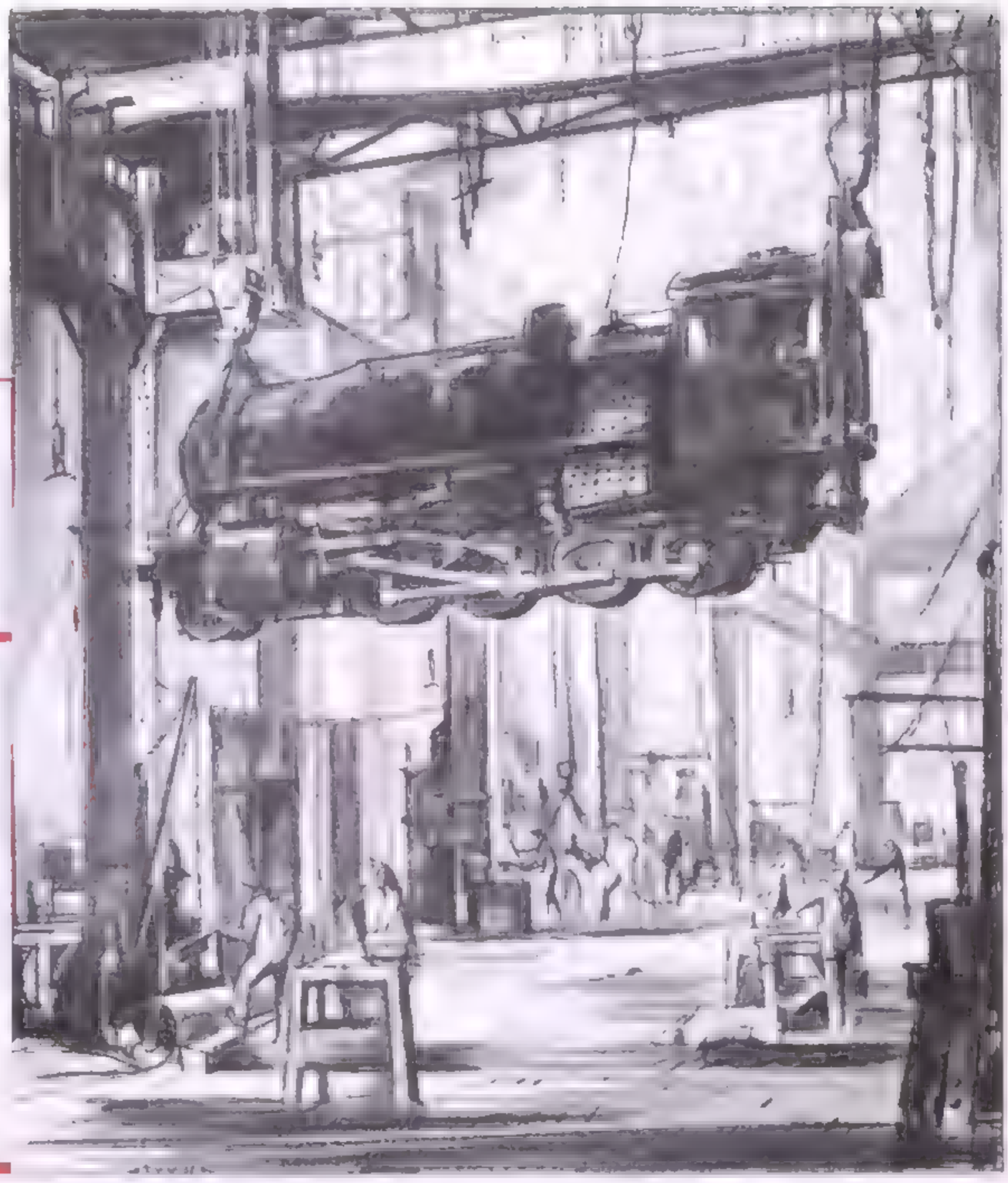
(Continued on Page 77)



"If You'll Take the Trouble to Look It Up," Mr. Garrett Responded Quietly, "I Think You'll Find I Stand About Second on the List!"

Correct lubrication is a universal means of increasing efficiency and producing other operating economies, no matter what product you manufacture.

Building a Locomotive—One of a series of industrial drawings by Earl Horter



Eight plants reduced
— maintenance costs 41%
— fuel consumption 13.7%
— oil costs 25%

Big figures that tell only part of the story

The above figures are taken from Vacuum Oil Company reports from a large cotton ginner who changed to Gargoyle lubrication. These economies paid the annual oil bill many times over.

But the sum total of all the benefits to be derived from correct lubrication in any plant is many times the mere cost of oil.

Correct oils, correctly applied, mean dollars-and-cents savings on many items of manufacturing costs; also lengthening of machine life. An increase in production efficiency is another result.

Invite your Maintenance Engineer to look into this

The field of manufacturing has become so complex that specialized knowledge is necessary in many phases of plant operation. Lubrication is one of the most important. Vacuum Oil Company engineers are lubrication specialists. From our 62 years' experience in reducing friction, we have built up a vast store of specific information about the lubrication of machinery, which general manufacturing experts cannot be expected to know.

We would like to lay this specific information before your engineers. We will send a trained man into your plant. He will make an audit of each piece of equipment and submit a report to your men covering our recommendations for correct lubrication.

We believe a memorandum to your engineers asking them to look into this feature of Vacuum Oil Company service will be more than worth the effort.

A letter to our New York office or any of our branch offices will bring an experienced representative promptly.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils

The world's quality oils for plant lubrication

Vacuum Oil Company

HEADQUARTERS: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BRANCHES AND DISTRIBUTING WAREHOUSES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

PACKARD

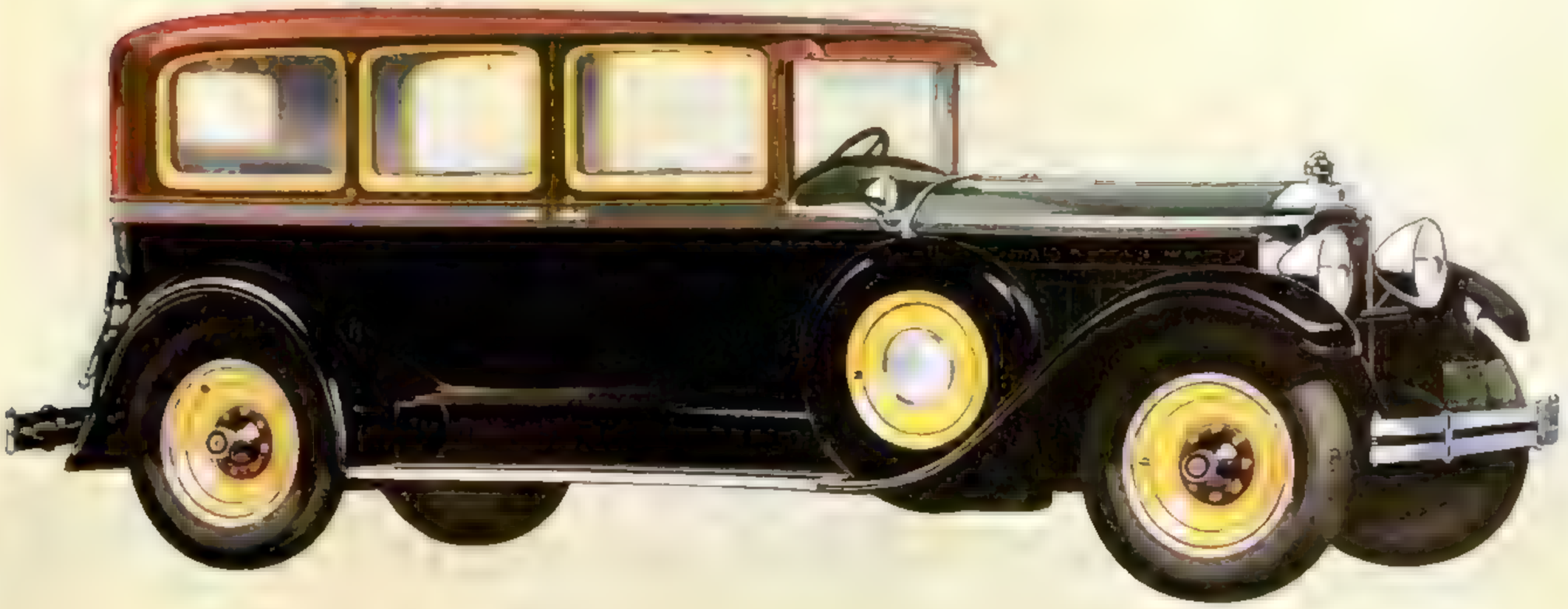
Inbred qualities of character, ability and good taste are expected from those of a distinguished family

Each Packard in a famous succession of more than a generation has won tribute from those who know and love fine things. And today's Packard Eight, heir to a priceless reputation, is the greatest Packard of them all—the fine flower of a distinguished family.

In Packard cars, built always for the discriminating, there has never been a compromise with quality. Instead there has been ceaseless research and experiment to enhance and refine the beauty, comfort and distinction upon which the high reputation of the Packard line was founded—to achieve new standards in silent, smooth and powerful operation.

Packard's growing clientele today enjoys a new and luxurious richness of design, finish and appointments—riding and driving comfort that is almost magical—performance both brilliant and dependable.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



INSUFFICIENT FUNDS

Continued from Page 5

yelling like a madman in a strait-jacket, but it fell on him pitilessly, endlessly and icily. And at last he was himself and recognized where he was and knew how to save himself. He turned off the water; the door opened at once and the bright sun shone in his face. The evil twilight was exorcised, gone.

"Ah-h," he breathed, coming forth. "Hello, Len. Did you put me in there? Ah-h, I must have been blazing."

"Feel better, Walter?"

"No. Much, much worse. But different."

"Got a head?"

"No. Just dizzy. And a wee bit sick."

"I'll mix you a drink."

"Oh, gosh, don't mention it! Oh-h. What happened, Len? The last I remember is those cocktails before lunch Anything happen?"

"Oh, no. You only set the house on fire and tried to murder some people that landed out there."

"Len, nothing really happened, did it?"

"No, everything is all right. You were just funny."

"Len, I never come out of one of those things without being scared to death. Len, I'm going to cut it out. Never again! Len, I'm on the wagon right now."

"And in the driver's seat. Forget it, old kid. It's happened before and it'll happen again. You can't help it."

"Never again, Len. And I mean it. I guess I'll go up and lie down. Oho! Who's in the house? That gang still? I wish they were to the devil. I'm not up to entertaining anybody. Make my excuses to them, like a good fellow, and tell them to please go home."

"A girl is waiting to see you. She came over in a special boat. Come up and get a shirt and trousers on you and talk to her."

"Oh, no, Len. I can't be bothered with people now. I'm fearfully low. Dying on the vine, Len. Give her whatever she wants and tell her to come back. Do, please."

"Pull yourself together, Walter. Her name is Booth. Know her? She's here about a check—a rubber check."

"Booth? I don't know any Booth. Except—and she's here about a check? Please don't tell me that Letty Booth of Golden's Corners has walked in on me here."

"That's her name, though she looks more like a live corner on Longacre Square. A bossy dame with a mane of black hair and an eye like a cop."

"I've never seen her, but now I'll have to. Do the honors while I change, Len, like a good fellow. But be careful: she's not our kind. That's the boat she came in, out there on the pier, isn't it?"

He went upstairs and changed into linen knickers and a soft white shirt. When he had smoothed his curly black hair and replaced the dark-brown taste in his mouth with a blue and antiseptic one, and taken a fresh resolution that he'd never drink too much again, it seemed to him that no one, and certainly no stranger, could divine how he had passed the time since the first silver fizzes were poured at bedroom doors that morning. He studied himself in the mirror, looking questioningly into his own dark blue and overamiable eyes. He wasn't a bad fellow. He didn't mean to go mad and to set houses on fire and to kill people. He'd shake this crowd; he'd stop this drinking; he'd read a book.

Letty Booth was a stranger to him, a mere name; by the terms of his father's will he sent her monthly a check for one hundred dollars, to Golden's Corners, near Waterbury, Connecticut. To meet her now was particularly inconvenient and distasteful; he braced himself for the ordeal.

"Miss Booth?" he said with grave courtesy, bowing as he entered the living room. The girl sat, silent and unsmiling, as he approached. She bowed slightly, but her luminous black eyes held no welcome; she did not put out her hand. He thought he understood her constraint; he had expected to find her an unpracticed country girl.

"An unexpected friend is a rare treat for us hermits on Liberty Island," he said chattily. "Eh, Len? We're a little colony of literary and artistic people fleeing the world for a season. Plain living and high thinking, Miss Booth Far from the madding crowd, as the poet puts it. I'm sorry that we weren't on the dock to receive you."

"You were."

Walter laughed slightly at that, not getting the point, but sure, from the intonation, that there was one. He glanced at the clock, which showed a quarter to eight.

"His Name is Symes Hubbard," Said Hanasyde a Minute Later. "I Don't Know of Any Relations in the City. . . . Do You, Walter?"

"You'll have dinner with us, Miss Booth, I'm sure."

"No." And at leisure: "Thank you."

This passed mere lack of sophistication. And the girl across from him was not at all constrained: she was hostile, and at ease in the attitude. "I'm sorry," he said, and waited.

"You sent me this check, Mr. Granishaw."

Walter took the slip of paper. A hazy glimpse of what had happened on the pier recurred to Walter, a shadow of remembrance as of an event as remote as childhood, as unstably impressed as a fragment of a dream. He suspected that there had been bizarre happenings; he smiled blandly and vaguely at Miss Booth.

"Look at it, Mr. Granishaw."

There it was, branded on the face of a check of his for a miserable hundred dollars: INSUFFICIENT FUNDS.

He laughed and exhibited the check to Hanasyde, who had sat silent and attentive. Hanasyde had diverted into his stomach more industrial alcohol than had Walter, but the fuel had merely energized him, made him prankish; his expressionless gray eyes—they could flame with glee were tired and his full face was lax and puffy, but he could still pull himself together and be alert and collected.

"Too bad, Miss Booth," said Walter. "I can't comprehend how the Georgean Trust Company made such a stupid mistake. I'll make it warm for the twenty-per-week clerk who did this. I know you weren't alarmed. I have on deposit in the Georgean Trust something like two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. And this is what brought you? You should have written me; my boat runs over every day for the mail. But let me, since you've come, give you the cash for this, with my profound apologies."

"I have it," offered Hanasyde, springing from his chair and trotting to the coat room.

For the first time Miss Booth seemed unsure of herself "But, Mr. Granishaw," she said with an embarrassed smile, "you have no such sum with the Georgean Trust. You haven't a hundred dollars. You haven't really."

"Be yourself," said Hanasyde in a cheery growl. He came from the doorway. "Here's your money, Miss Booth." He put the crumpled notes on a smoking stand at her elbow, sank into his chair and clasped his big hands behind his prematurely bald head, stifling a yawn.

"But I've been to the Georgean Trust," said Letty Booth, leaning forward. "I called you and was told that you were here, and that I could not reach you by telephone or wire. So I went in to the Georgean Trust in New York. And they told me that you had not enough on deposit to meet this check. I understood that they had been trying to reach you."

"You got this check on the twenty-sixth of last month, and you put it right through," said Walter tolerantly. "This is easily settled. I have my statement here for last month, rendered after this check was refused."

"And what does it show?"

"I haven't looked at it yet, I confess," said Walter with a grin, going to a secretary whereon the mail for the past week lay unopened. "We try to forget the world and its cares on Liberty Island. Careless, I suppose."

Walter found the trust company's manila envelope and slitted it. There was the usual bulky inclosure of canceled checks, and there was the statement on stiff yellow paper. He unfolded the statement and went toward Letty Booth, glancing down at the words: THE LAST AMOUNT IN THIS COLUMN IS YOUR BALANCE. He halted.

The last amount in that column, dated July 31, 1922, was $34.30.

"This is intolerable," he said angrily. And he was sorry to be angry, because it would make his head ache. "Here's the same dumb blunder in the statement!"

Len Hanasyde took the paper and studied it. "What's this check for two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars, Walter? Under date of July twenty-second. You didn't transfer your account and forget about it, did you?"

"Hardly." Walter was running through the canceled checks. They were many; his spending ran from five to ten thousand a month. This expenditure, Walter realized as well as anybody, was too great; he resolved each month to reduce it ruthlessly, and the resolution always made him feel good, like a cocktail. "July twenty-second, you say? Here it is! Here's a check ——"

His eyes rounded and his mouth opened. "I never made this check," he said slowly.

He was holding a canceled check in the sum of two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars, drawn to the order of Symes Hubbard. And his account in the Georgean Trust was his only considerable asset. Without it —— But he was sure there was a mistake. He had never drawn such a check; such a dreadful thing could not happen—not to him.

Hanasyde read aloud the printing on the back of the ominous slip: "'Pay to Megantic Bank. Pay any banker, bank or trust company, or order; all prior indorsements guaranteed, July 24, 1922, Federal Reserve Bank of New York.'" He pondered this routine stamping.

"He put this through his bank in the regular way, Walter. It's all straight. You're sure you didn't sign it?"

"Certainly! What would I give Syme Hubbard all that money for?"

"Did you give him a check at all?"

"Positively not. Well, that is ——"

"Yes, Walter? Think carefully, old boy."

"I gave him a blank check once, by way of a joke. He set it afire and lit his cigar with it. Len, I could swear that the spill he burned was this check."

"But this is it, Walter?" Hanasyde was standing beside his friend, a big arm hugging his shoulders.

"Len, I think it is. This is the check I gave him. And he filled it out for two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. Syme Hubbard did that to me.

"But, pshaw, this is all a mistake, I tell you! Look, it would leave me with thirty-four dollars in the bank—ha, ha! . . . Now, Miss Booth, don't you worry about this. I'm not worrying. Len, will you come with me? I'm going over to Rye right away and get Syme on the wire."

"Count on me all the way from the jack, Walter. And the jack, too, old boy. I'll bank you."

"Let me take you over," offered Letty Booth. She had offered no false comfort, had been still and decorous, as if in the presence of an irretrievable calamity. Her heavily molded face, which could have been dull and ugly had she been without personality, was grave with sympathy now; Walter had seen that face flaring in anger. A lady, at a venture, of intelligence and experience, emotional and willful.

The company flocked out of the dining room. "Whyn't you join the party, Wally?"

"He's got a party of his own," said Hanasyde. "He's just heard he's busted."

"Busted? What's the idea of being busted?"

"So are we all busted. Join the party, Wally."

"What did he want to ask us all down here for if he's busted? I was going up to Lake George. This is a helluva note."

"He said he just heard."

"We better have a drink on this. Wally, buy us a little drink, will you? Oh, shush yourself; don't you shush me! Supposing he is busted? Wally, buy us a drink. Williams, bring us all a drink—green chartreuse cocktails. Williams, take Wally's order."

"Let's sing," suggested the gentleman who couldn't sing, with invincible spirit. And he sang.

"Shush that!"

"Let's all drink to Wally. Come on, everybody; it's no more than right."

"Here's to Wally Granishaw!"

The liquor banished the specters of crime and poverty that had so suddenly raised their horrifying heads in the midst of the revel. The company refused to be downhearted. The house rang with song and laughter as Walter's boat left the tee.

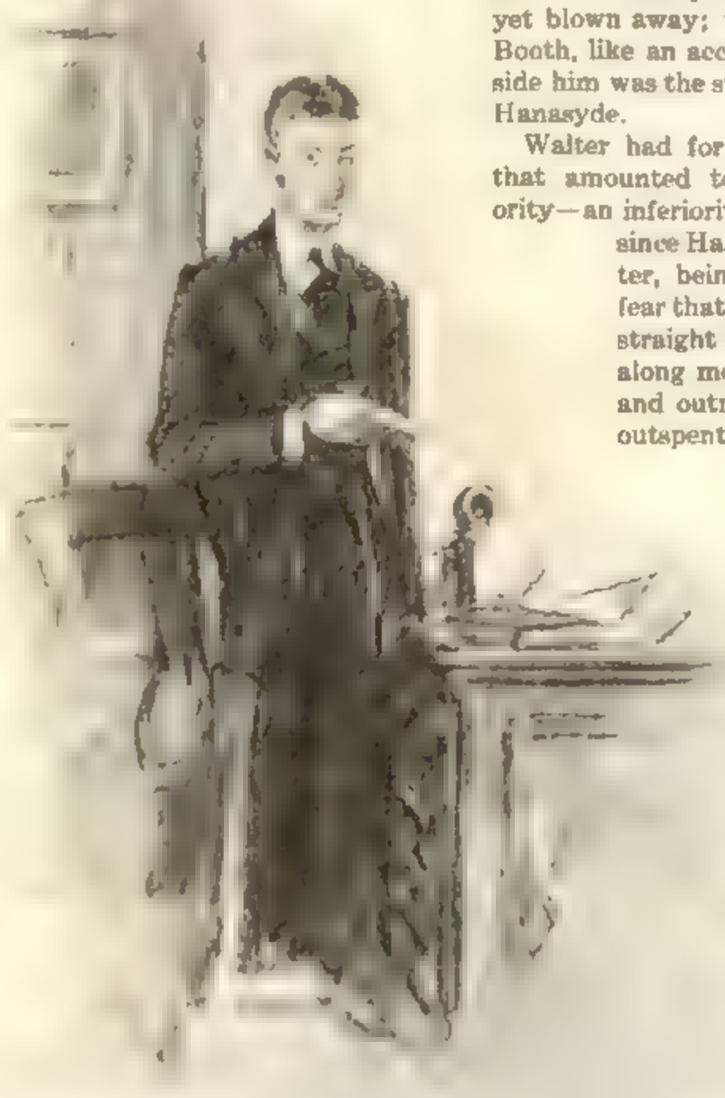
III

WALTER GRANISHAW'S father had loved money greatly; to gain it he had been thrifty, industrious, abstinent. As it gathered in his hands, all things conspired to increase his acquisitiveness. His neighbors respected him more; his church and country called on him for funds; when he married and had Walter, his love of wife and home was enlisted. When he died his money secured for him a dignified exit. Like most men, love of money was the root or fruit of all his virtues.

Walter did not love money, had even a jejune contempt for it. He was accordingly prodigal, idle and self-indulgent. He threw money away; people who were there to catch it applauded his noble spirit. When the elder Granishaw had sat down to a check book, pen in hand, he had become cold and reflective as a judge, suspectful as a dog with a bone; Walter signed blank checks as a fine gesture. The money that was good to the father was in a fair way to ruin the boy.

Walter, speeding across the darkening waters of the Sound, refused to credit that the hour for vain remorse had struck. He had so long been able to gratify his whims that they had come to seem to command events. And the atmosphere of easy money had not yet blown away; there in the bow was Letty Booth, like an accusing witness, but here beside him was the staunch and dependable Len Hanasyde.

Walter had for Hanasyde an admiration that amounted to an acceptance of inferiority—an inferiority that was not unpleasant since Hanasyde was his friend. Walter, being free from the primitive fear that stalks most men along their straight and narrow trail, rioted along merrily; Hanasyde outdrank and outrioted him. Hanasyde had outspent him. Walter had seen him under all conditions and had never seen him remorseful. And he had such *savoir-faire*, knew always how things were to be done. Of accomplishments the ability to obtain potable liquor was most highly regarded in the set that had adopted Walter; Hanasyde could get any sort, in quantity, good and reasonable. He knew his way in all the night clubs. He had got for Walter a fine new imported car at a third of its original cost when Walter said he wanted a car. More amazing in his ability than Hubbard, he didn't force his services. And he was so tolerant, so broadly indifferent to vice or virtue in an amusing companion, minding his own business so inevitably. He was the sort of chap that Walter had read about, the lordly man about town who spent like a prince and was yet as knowing and contriving as a beggar



"I'll Note Your Objection and You Can Press It When I'm Done, if You Still See Fit"

At the Greenwich landing—they had gone to the nearest town—Hanasyde paid off the boatman, forestalling Letty Booth, adding a dollar and a slap on the back. They caught a cab up Steamboat Road; as they neared the New York, New Haven and Hartford station on Railroad Avenue, he signaled for a stop, counseling Walter to go at once in to New York.

They put the girl aboard an eastbound train and returned to the other side of the tracks.

Walter had said to her, "I'll assume full responsibility for your money, Miss Booth. If this thing develops for the worst I'll make it good to you. I can probably realize two or three thousand dollars by selling out, and you'll have that to begin."

Standing on the car step, she gave him a small hand while her heavy and regular teeth flashed like foam. "If you've been robbed I can't hold you responsible. Think of yourself and not of me. Good luck to you!"

"A dead-game girl," said Hanasyde.

"Isn't she, though?" agreed Walter, brightening. "And she probably needs every nickel. There's spirit for you in a little country girl."

"Game," repeated Hanasyde. "But 'little country girl'! my beaming eye!"

They caught the 9:08 train and were in the Grand Central at ten o'clock.

They called Miss Dowler's rooming house and were told that Mr. Hubbard had not been home since the twenty-sixth of the preceding month. They called everybody who they thought knew Hubbard, but they got no word of him. He was gone.

They told their story to the lieutenant on the desk at the local police station, without causing him to catch their excitement, and then they were through for the night. Walter went to his three-room apartment in the new apartment hotel on 45th Street—three hundred dollars, once a month—and slept well. He might have lain awake and stewed over a small injury, but this was cataclysmic, numbing thought.

Len Hanasyde, always leisured, breakfasted with him in the morning, and they were at the Megantic Bank in time to push helpfully when the uniformed porter pulled ajar the gilded gates in the vestibule. They were admitted to the office of the president, who, feeling a threat, called in the cashier.

"The money was checked out by Mr. Hubbard on July twenty-sixth," said the cashier.

"All of it?"

"Two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. Mr. Hubbard had carried a small account with us—three or four hundred dollars—and that's here, I think."

Walter had nothing to say. His thoughts were pawing frantically at an empty void.

"He drew all that cash?" blustered Hanasyde. "And you didn't even ask him why? This is the helluva bank."

"It was his money, to draw as he pleased," said the president shortly. "Pardon me, Mr. Granishaw, but that must be the attitude of this bank. If you care to contest it I'll put you in touch with our counsel. It is an established principle that where one of two innocent parties must bear a loss, it falls on the one whose action invited it: there are such decisions under the Negotiable Instruments Law. You, by issuing a check signed in blank ——"

"I realize that. You're not at fault, sir."

"That's for the lawyers to argue, Walter," said Hanasyde tenaciously. "It seems to me there should have been some questions asked, if only out of curiosity."

"I do believe there was something said by Mr. Hubbard to the effect that he wanted to pay off a mortgage," interposed the cashier. "He spoke about a mortgage in rather a confidential way, and I understood that the mortgagee was nasty and was demanding cash. We had a case last year where a man had to hire a motortruck and half a dozen porters and a squad of police to bring a mortgagee his money—six hundred thousand dollars in gold." The cashier nodded triumphantly and chuckled, feeling that his was a better story than Walter's, if not so immediate.

"You gave him cash?"

"Five and ten thousand dollar notes."

"You could trace those."

"No. In the financial district, just below here, he could change them all in an hour."

They visited the Georgean Trust Company, on Fifth Avenue in the Fifties, were given plenty of sympathy, and departed laden with the same. The check had come through the regular channel; the Georgean Trust people had supposed that Walter was making a big investment and had tried to reach him to tell him that his account had been brought dangerously low. They worried greatly about Walter when he explained his plight, and they generously refused to be disquieted about themselves. That, in the blunt words of the Megantic Bank president, was their attitude.

At ten o'clock that night, Walter and Len Hanasyde were in Walter's apartment on 45th Street. They had talked themselves out and had got nowhere. Hanasyde suggested that they should drink, but Walter didn't want to drink. He wanted to nurse his sorrow. Hanasyde left him there, having done all that a friend could do. He could not have passed beyond the main hall below when Walter's telephone buzzed.

"Here's your party," he heard the operator say.

"Apartment 13–5? That you, Walter? I thought you were still out at Liberty Island. Bored by the sad sea waves, eh?"

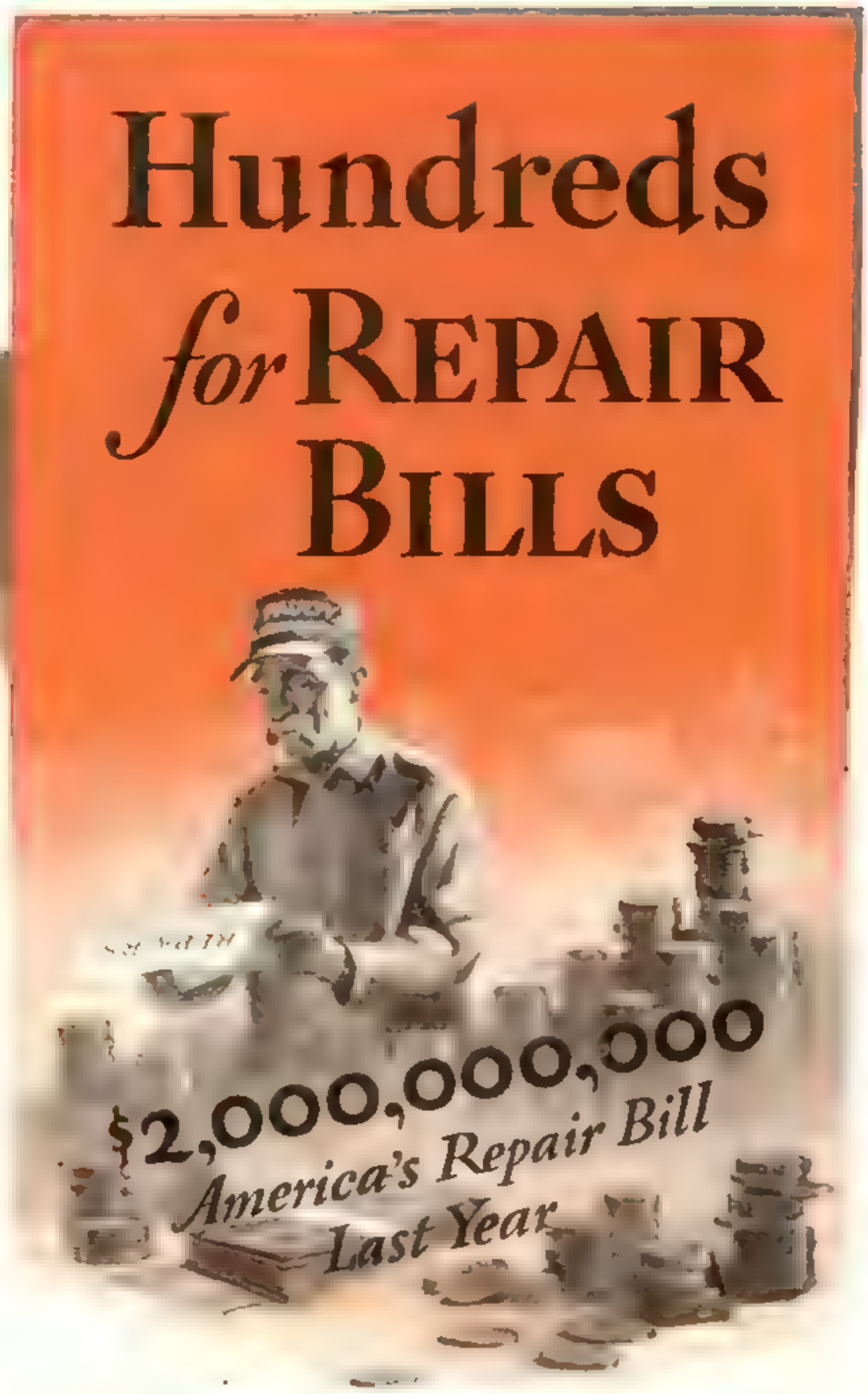
"Who ——" Walter stopped; his throat was swelling. "Is that you, Syme?"

"To a large extent. I've just got in, and you can't see me for dust." *(Continued on Page 32)*

PENNIES *for* Safety

or

for REPAIR BILLS



80% of America's Automobile Repair Bill Is Due to Improper Lubrication; *Now Needless and Unnecessary*. A service that protects you and gives you what ordinary "greasing" will NOT give you.

$8 in every $10 that goes for automobile repairs is, according to authorities, the price you pay for improper lubrication and cheap "greases."

Most squeaks in your car are due to that cause. And squeaks mean friction; the friction that makes cars old before their time.

Most gear troubles—noisy, grinding gears—are due to it. *Please note this.*

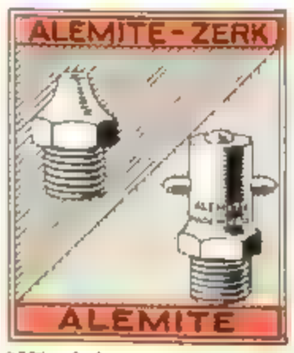
Most of the cars that go to make America's enormous junk heap are cars ruined, long before their time, by faulty lubrication.

Yet, today, with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating Systems in use on nearly all cars made, proper lubrication is simple and easy. Improper lubrication is now a needless folly. This system makes old cars run like new. It cuts repair bills almost unbelievably. It forces lubricant under high pressure to every vital chassis bearing on your car.

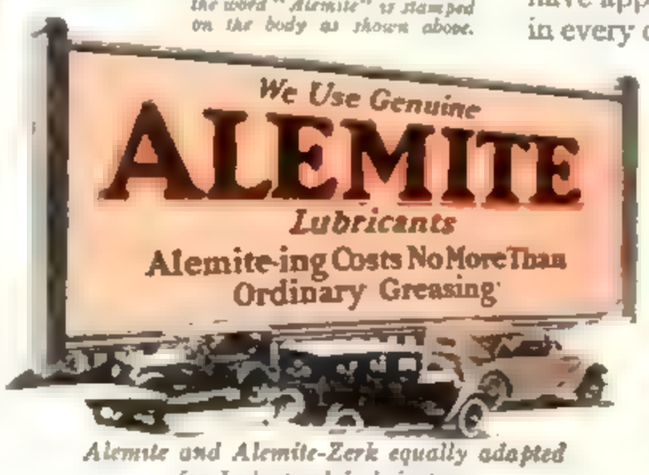
But Note This As Your Protection

As manufacturers of this system, however, we urge you to take one precaution.

Don't have your car merely "greased." Have your car ALEMITED at a genuine ALEMITE-ING station. There's a vast difference!



95% of the cars selling today are equipped with either the Alemite or Alemite-Zerk System. Both are equally efficient. In buying Alemite fittings be sure that the word "Alemite" is stamped on the body as shown above.



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For your protection and for ours, too, we have appointed genuine Alemite-ing stations in every community. Every such station has the sign shown at left. Look for it as you drive.

These dealers use genuine Alemite lubricants, especially made to stand up under high pressure lubrication. These stations are frequently inspected, and it is only the stations showing this sign that can really ALEMITE your car.

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(Continued from Page 30)

"But, Syme ——" The relief was so great that Walter was not at all angry, was submissive and thankful. "You filed out that check for two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. It was a joke, was it? I thought it was a joke!"

"Oh, you found that out, did you?" Symes Hubbard laughed comfortingly. "Then you probably want to hear all about it. Can you come right up to see me, Walter? I'll wash up and we'll go out and get a bite and have a good talk. I want to have a good straight talk with you, Walter."

"Wait for me, Syme. Wait for me! I'm coming right up!"

And Walter, the restoration of his money in prospect, gloriously assured that it was all illusion, a dream wherein he had found himself in a dark forest pursuing a glimmering path -all bright, confident morning again—poured himself a stiff hooker of Scotch in celebration. He was exulting. He would let her rip. It would be a big night. He called up good old Len Hanasyde and left word to meet him at Syme's. They would go to the Diamond Heel. They would have wine, would get all the entertainers about the table and would give them ten-dollar bills, to sing, to dance, while stingy people, common people, looked on in flattering wonder. Yip! Yip!

IV

WALTER took a cab up to Miss Dowler's select rooming house. He had been there often; he took the key from under the mat, where it was secreted for the convenience of Miss Dowler's guests and to guard it from peculiarly unsophisticated burglars, opened the door, put the key under the mat for the next comer and walked down a stair hall to Symes Hubbard's door. The door was unlocked; Walter knocked once and went in.

Hubbard had had a quiet and cheerful, if old-fashioned, apartment. The room had been the rear parlor, the family room in the days when to live behind such a brownstone front as Miss Dowler's was to be somebody in New York. The ceiling was twelve feet high, heavily molded, and colorfully decorated with fruits and flowers and obese and diapered infants with improbable wings; three huge windows, bluntly faced now with the soaring rear of the new Framingham Hotel, had looked down in their time on boarded-in, mossy and sour gardens; the brick wall of the hotel was less sightly than the departed gardens, though, perhaps, quite as fertile. The original American walnut combination bookcase and desk was still in the room, as was the looming fireplace, with its shiny brass scuttle that had never held coal, its idle firedogs and fender of massy brass, its heavy and tortured woodwork and its plate-glass mirror into which only a giant could look. A quiet and secluded room, smug, ugly in detail, not old enough to be quaint, but a room that had cost real money and that was therefore calculated to flatter the average individual of the new and needy generation of roomers. There was a big heavy wooden bed that would have given a sound night's sleep to a rhinoceros; its thick oak had been painted in pastel shades in the hope of making it look fashionably flimsy.

The master was not in evidence. Walter, gay and nervous, moved here and there about the chamber, and finally came upon Symes Hubbard. He was lying under an open window, slumped down there in one of those crowded postures that tell of unconsciousness preceding the fall, fallen unguardedly, like a man sunk in liquor, like a soldier snapped out of life while he runs, stary-eyed and open-mouthed, to the fight.

Walter fell to the floor beside him. "Syme!"

Walter did not know at once that he was dead. Walter had never seen a man who had died by violence. The open eyes did not speak to him. But understanding pressed ever more inexorably upon him. Symes Hubbard was killed between ten and half past ten o'clock in the evening of August 8, 1922, the immediate cause of death being a .45 caliber bullet in the brain, fired at a distance of more than four feet by a party unknown.

Walter ran to the telephone in the room. "Let me have the police station," he said. "Hello! . . . There's a man on the floor here who seems to be dead. He is shot in the head! . . . Yes, on West 74th Street. I'll be here."

He went back for a confirming look at Symes Hubbard, and then he turned away and would not look again. He was standing on the threshold of the room, wavering between rousing the house and waiting for the police, when the street door opened and admitted Len Hanasyde.

"Hello, old boy!" called Hanasyde, coming with cheerful bustle, with that complete self-confidence that had always won Walter.

"What's the matter?" asked Hanasyde.

"Syme Hubbard," said Walter, pointing.

Hanasyde went there. "Good Lord, Walter!"

"But, Len!"

"Oh, Lord. Was there a fight? Has anybody been here since? Oh, Lord."

"Len!"

"Better call the police, Walter. Do you want me to do it? It's no good to run. They'll know who did it. They could guess that, easy enough. Oh, this is too bad. I'll do what I can for you, Walter. You know me."

"You don't think I did it, do you?" Walter's voice was loud and rough; he was pale and his eyes were fierce.

"All right, old boy. Don't row with me. That's the right angle. Let your lawyer do the talking. I don't know that anybody would blame you."

"Len, I ——" Walter controlled himself. "I didn't do it! I found him here on the floor."

"Better say nothing at all, old boy."

"He called me up. Asked me to come around and see him. What was there to fight about? He called me up himself. That's why I called you. What would I get mad about?"

"Is the money here?"

"I didn't look."

"Let's look. There's his bag. He didn't open it yet. Close the door, Walter. We'll have some woman screaming. Here's his bag. Open it, Walter. Go ahead. Nothing stirring? Try the cabinet under that bookcase where he keeps his cigars. Maybe in this dresser! No—no, not here. Ah, let it go. If it's here it'll be found. Did you ask him for it?"

"Len, I don't want you to say that again." Walter was pale and ugly. He looked guilty, in the popular phrase. There is a popular superstition to the effect that guilty people react to an accusation differently from the innocent when innocent and guilty are accused of something that they are equally averse to admitting.

"See here, old boy." Len Hanasyde took Walter by both shoulders and looked deeply into his eyes. "It's all the same with me. Don't imagine that I blame you at all; I don't blame you in the least. You didn't do it—is that the story? K.O., I'm with you. We came in here together, understand? And found him. And called the police."

"Len, I don't want you to say that. I'm not asking you to say that, Len."

"Be yourself. Let me talk to them. You made a date to meet me here, and you met me outside, and we came in here together—and here was the condition. Walter, I'm not anxious to mix in here. But I don't want to see you get in a nasty mix either. And if you haven't a witness you're going right from here to the station house. Why, old boy, I'd arrest you myself."

"Sh-h, here they are."

"In here, officer!"

"His name is Symes Hubbard," said Hanasyde a minute later. "I don't know of any relations in the city. . . . Do you, Walter? We're friends of his. I was in Mr. Granishaw's apartment—this is Mr. Granishaw—about a half hour ago, when Hubbard called up on the telephone and asked us to come over. We came over together, and"—gesturing—"walked in here and found this."

"How did you get in the house? Who let you in?"

"The key is out there under the mat. We've been here before. He was a very good friend of ours. It's a most mystifying thing, officer. Only about half an hour ago he called up and made a friendly appointment, and we came right over. It must be that somebody was here with him at the time."

After repeating the simple story several times they were dismissed. They went back to Walter's apartment.

"I needed that," sighed Len Hanasyde, putting down his glass after a draught of whisky. "Same for you, Walter?"

"No."

Walter was looking at the painting which had apparently cost him two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars; the money had not been found. Walter glowered at the picture with growing resentment.

He had admired it on Symes Hubbard's wall and had coveted it, but its contemplation did not make him happy now. It was quite an old painting, often varnished and much cracked, the picture of a reverend old man with a square yellow beard, pouting lips indicating vanity, and pouchy eyes hinting at the Bright's disease that had probably finished the subject off. Some gone and forgotten old man, fallen forever into the abyss of time, nothing surviving of him but this wraith; and causing more trouble and fuss when so pitifully rarefied and attenuated than he had probably been able to occasion in all his long life.

Walter jerked the picture down. It was square, about three feet each way.

"Hey?" exclaimed Hanasyde.

Walter had crashed the picture down over the foot rail of his brass bed. The plaster flew and the wood splintered and the canvas buckled. Hanasyde burst out laughing.

The picture was taken away by the cleaners in the morning.

Walter sought for it when it was gone beyond recovery, offered fifty dollars reward for the return of the pieces, but never saw any part of it again. It had gone out with New York's refuse, which, in this twentieth century of the Christian era, is towed out to sea in scows and cast upon the hurrying currents at a distance from land nicely calculated to spread it over the New Jersey and Long Island beaches, equitably and without favor. Walter's belated solicitude for the wretched picture was the result of a visit paid to him by Mr. Boroslav and his attorney Ambrose Hinkle, at a time when the picture was somewhere in the hundred-odd miles between Southampton and Atlantic City.

But that night, having expended his pettish but not unnatural spite, Walter grinned, feeling somewhat better.

He visited Miss Dowler on the following day; in his nervousness lest he should return an awkward answer to an adroit question, he had not sought information as to the lost money.

Miss Dowler spoke to Walter whisperingly, with slow and stealthy looks about her. She was an elderly blonde, faded by lack of air and sunshine; some heat in the blood, or superficial itch like red bugs, had imposed on the poor lady an unprepossessing trick of scratching; while conversing with Walter she perpetually caressed her skinny forearms and neck in an unobtrusive and ladylike manner. Her eyes were sunken and shadowed with alarm. She was alone and making a skimpy living in a city that didn't care whether she made it or not, and she had the bad nerves of any social animal kept in solitary confinement.

She could tell Walter nothing new; her mind was meshed with the thought of her own predicament in having a murder committed in her best room, and she couldn't apply it to Walter's troubles. She hadn't seen Hubbard alive that night; she hadn't seen or heard anything until the police roused her.

While Walter was trying to get something out of her in the front parlor, a man carrying a black bag passed through the hall and into Hubbard's room.

He came out in a minute, walked in on them and said, "I'm going to take that coin box out of back there, lady. That ain't public any more, and you can't have a coin box back there. That's the rule, lady. We don't put the boxes in except where it's for some public use. You could call up Mr. Bailey if you wanted."

"It'll be the public room again," said Miss Dowler. "I'm going to make it back into the parlor for the house, like it used to be before Mr. Hubbard. I'm going to make that back into the parlor and make this into a room. I must have a coin box, and not have people calling up their friends in Florida for nothing."

"It used to be a public room, was it?"

"Yes, but Mr. Hubbard liked it better and I let him have it, and that's how the box is there."

"Then that will be all right. You want to get that box in a public room anyway, because you got to pay the three and a half base for it just the same; and all you took in since I was here last is this."

He exhibited two nickels.

"And one of these," he said, thrusting the offending coin at her, "is worse than no good. It is mutilating a coin, and you can get put in jail for that. Who do you suppose put that curio in?"

"There was nobody in the room since you were here," said Miss Dowler.

"I put a call in last night," said Walter. "I put in a nickel to call the police station."

"Well, Mr. Granishaw," protested Miss Dowler, "all I can say is there were only two nickels, and one of them is bad. It's certainly hard if I got to make good for that nickel."

"Let me, by all means," smiled Walter. "I assure you that I didn't put a bad nickel in the box, but I don't blame you for being suspicious. The other call, no doubt, was put in by Mr. Hubbard; he telephoned me last night."

He gave her a good five-cent piece and took the guilty coin; which financial transaction made her grateful.

He looked at the coin at his leisure. It was one of the old-style pieces with a large numeral 5; some limited genius of the sort that used to file Indian heads out of the old pennies to make pins and watch charms had painstakingly tapped the numeral into the likeness of the ancient emblem of luck called the swastika. Walter thought he had seen the coin before; but after pondering over it, he dropped it into his pocket and forgot it for a season.

Two days later Mr. Boroslav, Walter's neighbor on Liberty Island, called him up. "I am downstairs here with a friend," announced the suave voice on the wire. "May I come up and see you, Walter?"

V

"HELLO, prince," said Walter, greeting his distinguished guest in the doorway of his apartment.

Mr. Boroslav made a whimsical gesture, pursing his red lips and smiling benignly with his large gray eyes, reminding Walter mutely that Mr. Boroslav had dropped his title and was a bluff and simple democrat. "Hello, Walter, old boy!" he cried, his foreign accent making the address quaint.

He advanced to his host, walking from the knees, giving sway to his carriage; he was knock-kneed and flat-footed. He was of average height, rounded without being obese, was bald and gray, and was dressed carefully as always. He was very popular in Walter's set of good livers; he was always genial, stocked a good cellar and lived a fast life in a knowing way. "And how are you, my friend?" he said, shaking hands and scrutinizing Walter with smiling solicitude.

"Not too good, to be frank."

"And what is it, may I ask? The hangover, is it, eh? You have had again too much party?"

(Continued on Page 35)

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"You know what happened."

"No."

"But you were down at Liberty Island when that check of mine for one hundred dollars came back refused for insufficient funds? You were there in my house. You must know that Symes Hubbard cleaned me out."

"Why, no, old boy. I did not hear of this. I did hear, indeed, that Hubbard sold you my picture."

"It was yours?"

"But certainly. I brought it from Russia, and Hubbard saw it and told me he would sell it for me."

"He gave me that picture, prince. I don't understand this. You're serious?"

Boroslav glanced at Walter perplexedly, strolled away from him, found a cigarette, lit it, and looked through a puff of smoke at his host.

"Aha," he said, with a merry laugh, "you are a funny fellow, Walter! But that is why I called on you today. From what I have heard – I did not inquire"—spreading his hands and putting his head aside in delicacy—"but stories creep into one's ears somehow, do they not, my friend? I shall say that it has come to me that possibly you regret having bought the picture. It was a sudden passion with you, was it not? So I come to you as a friend. Let me sell the picture for you elsewhere. Understand me quite, I have no wish to deprive you of it."

"Why, that picture didn't amount to anything, prince. Pardon me, I didn't mean that; it was a very fine picture, but I didn't care for it any more and I destroyed it."

"You destroyed that painting?" said Boroslav slowly and incredulously.

"Yes."

"And you think that Hubbard gave it to you?"

"He certainly did."

"Ah, now I see it. Now I see it, old boy. You thought the picture didn't amount to anything, eh? Now, my dear Walter, we are friends, are we not? I would not say anything unpleasant to you, but somebody must say it. My lawyer is downstairs waiting for me. He shall come up here and make clear the situation."

"Have him up, by all means, prince."

Boroslav went to the telephone. "Will you kindly ask Counselor Ambrose Hinkle to step up here? He is there in the lobby. I thank you."

He sat down and smoked his cigarette. Walter heard the elevator door jangle and went to receive the new arrival.

Little Amby entered. He sported a Malacca cane, and was attired in patent leather pumps, a smart gray suit brightened with a cornflower, and a wide-brimmed straw hat with green silk band. His black eyes, meeting Walter's, were momentarily wide and still; Walter was being weighed and measured and catalogued in the busy brain under the slicked black hair. The lawyer had the gift for character, and that is a gift of the gods and insusceptible of explaining. He understood people.

Walter saw understanding in the lawyer's face and liked him at once, against reason; Walter felt that to know him was to wish him well. Little Amby had this confidence-breeding quality, whose possessor can lead people by the nose, and do a lot of good if that's what he wants.

The little shyster's long-enduring prosperity, incredible in retrospect, could not have been without this feeling for people. It is a feeling: to look into anyone's eyes is a nervous shock.

"My very good friend Mr. Walter Granishaw," said Boroslav, gesturing with the right hand and with the left, and bowing for both men. "And will you be so good and kind, Mr. Hinkle, as to tell Mr. Granishaw what we have been arranging in the matter of Mr. Hubbard?"

"Our idea," said Little Amby, sitting down and proceeding to dust his shoes with his handkerchief of green silk, "was to get back from Mr. Hubbard our picture or its equivalent in cash."

"But I'm sure Hubbard said that the picture was his."

"No doubt. No reflection on you, Mr. Granishaw. From what I hear of Hubbard, he liked to throw out his chest. He'd be likely to say that the picture was his, and no harm done, so long as he didn't say it to my client here. But the former ownership of the picture makes no difference to you; since we haven't got our money for it yet, we might disavow the sale and replevy the picture from you, but that would be sharp practice, and I won't countenance it. No, prince, I'll tell you candidly that the sale stands or you can get another attorney."

"Really," said Walter, "I don't see why there's so much fuss over that picture, but in any event, I didn't buy it. Hubbard gave it to me."

"That's your position, and I don't say it's not taken in good faith. Although it puts you in a position where you might tell us to find the picture as best we could"—Little Amby surveyed the walls—"and you could recover the purchase price from Hubbard's estate. Understand me, Mr. Granishaw, I'm not impugning your honesty in the premises at all. I never do that. I've tried a few cases in my time—a few hundred—and my opponent is always welcome to tell any yarn that he thinks the court is fool enough to believe. You don't feel that I'm accusing you of any unfairness, do you?"

"Well, decidedly not!"

"That's fine. That's the attitude that I maintain on principle—that we're all gentlemen until the jury comes in. Then a man's entitled to a little license in the way of cursing and misconduct. We're all human, Mr. Granishaw—I've found that out. If you think that any jury -and I'll concede that our system of filling the wheel with chaps who need the three dollars produces some juries that ought to go on the stage—is going to believe that Hubbard gave you that picture for nothing, stick to it. That's your story."

"But why not?"

"Between ourselves? Please, Mr. Granishaw. People don't give away two-hundred-and-fifteen-thousand-dollar paintings for nothing. And it may be unethical for me to divulge a client's case, but we can prove by competent evidence the giving of the check. The check itself is a pretty good exhibit."

Walter sighed warmly. "Has anybody been fool enough to tell you that that daub was worth any such money?"

"You forget yourself, Mr. Granishaw."

"Oh, I am sure that my young friend intended no offense," said Boroslav. "Walter, tell me, please, what did you value that painting at? . . . No, no, Hinkle; this is between ourselves."

"Ten dollars—twenty dollars—fifty dollars!"

"Are you a picture expert, Mr. Granishaw?" cut in Little Amby bluntly.

"No, I'm not. But you show me the experts that will say it's worth much more. . . . I'm sorry, prince."

"We have them."

"You have such experts? Can they prove it?"

"By swearing to it. That's the way all matters are proved in court, whether they're true or not. Expert testimony, Mr. Granishaw. I realize you'll have an imposing row of experts to swear your story in, but that'll be no novelty. The court will decide between the experts, by cutting for high card, or somehow. Now, don't take a personal attitude on this, please. This picture is by a well-known artist named Rembrandt—Rembrandt, prince?—very well known in the trade, and I understand it's a picture of his grandfather. My information is that the old gentleman is dead. For all I know, Rembrandt is dead, too, or is no longer available as a witness, so that neither will appear and swear to that item, but that won't affect the value of the picture, which is not merely sentimental."

"Oh, ha, ha, Hinkle, you are a very funny fellow!" cried Boroslav, getting up and lighting the cigarette that was hanging dead in Walter's mouth. "So you think Rembrandt's grandfather will not come down to your office, do you? But I do not like your menacing tone. Hear what is the latest, please. I came here today to offer my friend to buy the picture from him at what he paid for it—not I, but a rich man—and he tells to me that he has abolished the picture, destroyed it, under a sad misconception."

"Oh-h, that's bad," breathed Little Amby. "That pulls the cork out of your case, Granishaw. You can't expect the prince to annul the sale without a return of the goods. That's not business; and if it's friendship, I won't let him do it.

"However, let's first be sure that we have something to fight over! That's a principle of mine, Granishaw. Whether you're right or we're right is an academic question of interest to nobody, until we find that it means money. Let's first get the pie between us, and then we'll decide who'll put in his thumb. Let's find the money that Hubbard had."

"What can we do? That's for the police."

"Pshaw, Granishaw, the police department and my office are just like that." Little Amby held up two scrawny fingers on which diamonds winked. "You'll get somewhere if you approach the police through me."

VI

"THIS Boroslav claimed he owned that picture and that it was worth the two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars for which Hubbard filled out your check?" Letty Booth sat up suddenly, her heavy black brows contracting.

She had been listening to Walter's account of the developments in the Hubbard case—developments in which her interest differed from his in degree and not in kind. Until now her attention had been forced and fitful; other and more urgent matters had seemed to press on her. She was depressed, a mood that became her less than most; but now she was belligerent; her great black eyes shone and her heavy lips parted.

"It's not so, Walter! It's a trick to claim the money that Hubbard took from you."

"It's a pretty good trick, isn't it?" Walter smiled jadedly. "I destroyed the picture myself in a childish fit of temper, thinking it wasn't worth anything; and now I can't prove it wasn't worth what they say."

"The deuce we can't! You come with me. I can't afford to lose that hundred a month. I work too hard for my money."

They rode downstairs from his apartment.

"The Subway's cheaper and more exclusive," she said, refusing his offer of a cab when they were in the street. "All the real people ride in the Subway nowadays."

"Up in Golden's Corners too?" he smiled, getting nickels for the machine.

"I've been elsewhere. I worked for a year in a revue in vaudeville and we made New York a few times for repairs."

"You were an actress?"

"Well, that was the question," she said, with the sudden huskiness that came over her voice when she was amused. "Some said yes, and some said no. The public reserved their opinion. I couldn't find out for sure, and so I gave it up. I'm singing now—church work. Do you go to church?"

"Well, I won't say I don't go. But I'd probably go a lot oftener if they'd move Sunday morning away from Saturday night. I get them mixed up and don't find out the difference in time."

"You'll begin to notice it from now on," she said soothingly. "You have a definite appointment to come and hear me at the Church of the Well-Beloved next Sunday morning. I've made a dandy connection there, and, of course, so have they."

"Do you love singing, Miss Booth, or just your own?" he said, staring at her.

"I'd rather be modest, Walter, but it doesn't get one enough publicity. But, goodness, you'd think we had nothing in the world to worry about! Walter, you haven't lost anything lately, have you?"

The query struck him as insanely funny, jarred him into laughter. She joined him, and when they got going they could hardly stop. There was a touch of hysteria in their mirth, of course; when they thought of what they were laughing at they laughed harder than ever. The other people in the car observed them gravely.

"Oh, gosh," sighed Walter, wiping his eyes. "If you had only told that one on the stage!" He was distinctly saner for the idiotic outburst, lighter and surer; he had been sunk in cowardly self-pity, cowering under the blows of circumstance.

They left the Subway at Fulton Street and went east to Nassau, and to the little art store of Lippe Van Pelt. It was a little hole in the wall, tucked away behind an enormous stone buttress, where you could pay fifty dollars for an amateurish but original water color of some obscure English village; customers with money are so thick down that way that a man can live by selling any goods or trash if he can pick up a bargain in rent.

"Mr. Van Pelt is out," said the clerk, a fat Latin in a smock. "Hubbard? Madam means the gentleman with the Rembrandt."

"Yes," said Letty, accepting the identification.

"I do not know, madam. Pardon? Yes, we had correspondence."

"May we see it? Mr. Hubbard is dead, and we are trying to set a value on that picture." She added astonishingly: "I am his cousin."

The clerk unearthed a letter that Hubbard had sent from Chicago early in June; with the letter was a photograph, about four inches by six.

"That's the picture!" exclaimed Walter.

The letter read:

Friend Van: How are you, Van? I'm planning to be in your village by the sea in the very near future, and I'm going to drive my horses up on your front porch and shake your honest hand; errors and omissions excepted, if I shake the wrong one. Van, I have a picture here that I want you to look at; I've had an opinion or two, but none counts with me except yours. A friend who knows a thing or two tells me it's a genuine Rembrandt. I inclose a snap of it so that you may look it up and be ready.

"He brought the picture here?"

"Yes; the gentleman did."

"And?"

"If madam will consent I would rather refer her to the master. He will be here late this afternoon."

"We'll be back. But meanwhile we're going to a conference about this very picture. May we take this letter and photo?"

"Madam is the cousin? And Mr. Hubbard is dead? I believe that will be satisfactory."

"And how did you know about this?" asked Walter sharply when they had left the store. "And you told him ——"

"That Symes Hubbard was my cousin. That's how I know where he brought the picture; he told me."

"But you never told me ——"

"Walter, I had heard some unpleasant rumors about you. And when I went to see you, there on Liberty Island, the worst I'd heard seemed too good. We're going from here to police headquarters and lay this whole thing before people in the business of dealing with crooks. That's what I call your Russian prince and his lawyer Hinkle."

They reentered her esteemed Subway. Walter was satisfied with her purposeful leading.

"Symes came to see me in Golden's Corners!" she shouted above the noise of the tube. "He inquired into my affairs without any apology. You know his way. I told him about the money you were sending me under your father's will, and that I'd heard some tales about you and was worried. He told me that he'd investigate and take any necessary action, such as to have a trustee appointed for me. That's why he got in touch with you.

"He rushed out to Golden's Corners on July twenty-third. We talked about you, and he said you were a wonderful chap who

was on the road to ruin; that you wouldn't listen to advice and something radical had to be done for you. He said he had a plan whereby he would take all your money away from you and save it for both of us, and that you needed a good scare to wake you up.

"I'm sorry now that I didn't discuss his plan with him. I simply told him that I didn't know you and wasn't responsible for you, and that I wanted only to save my hundred a month. He left me with that, and went back to New York. And then payment was refused on the next check you sent me."

"You kept all this a secret."

"Walter, I went to Liberty Island and found you drunk and in the company of a fine gang. You and they made out a pretty good case for Symes. I decided to let the plan work out."

"And it did, nicely. Hubbard probably told other people the same story—that he was a good fellow who only wanted to do me a good turn—a good story to have ready if he was arrested. I don't know why he called me up, but I think he was just a thief, and a mighty mean one."

"Don't say that about him." She pressed his hand quickly. "He was a fine man, and you know it. He liked you very much and only wanted to help you. And, Walter, he didn't do you any harm, in any event. You may have got some sense now, since you've been thinking things over, but your money was certainly doing you no good when I saw you. And I like you, too, a lot, and want to help you, and I'm worrying right now as to whether I'm doing the right thing. I can't let you talk about Symes like that. You shouldn't be bitter about happenings that were so much your own fault."

"A fool and his money, I suppose," he said without gratitude.

"My dad—your father's old partner, Walter—used to say that fools and wise men both knew the value of money; wise men when they had it, and fools when they didn't. Oh, don't get sensitive now. If you ever get that money back I'm going to talk to you like a Dutch aunt."

After a short wait they were admitted to the office of Inspector Conlin, the commanding officer of the detective bureau of the metropolitan police. The old policeman listened to Walter, keeping on him a pair of deep-set black eyes that were as sympathetic as two buttons.

The inspector was hardened to tales of woe.

"How old are you, Mr. Granishaw?" he said in a growling voice when Walter was talked out.

"Twenty-nine. Old enough to know better, I guess."

"Oh, no. Some people never learn. What do you do for a living?"

"Nothing."

"Thus far, eh?" Conlin smiled merrily. "What does this man Hanasyde do for a living?"

"Nothing, that I know of. He has money."

"And what about the prince? What's his racket?"

"Oh, he has money too."

"Do you know whose money it is that these people have?"

"I don't understand you."

"Well, what about Hubbard? How much did you know about Hubbard before you handed him your wallet and told him to help himself?"

"I knew that he was a gentleman. At least I supposed so."

"He didn't even tell you that much, eh? You had to guess it. Well, mister, if Hubbard hadn't been killed I wouldn't turn a finger in this case. I can't see that any crime was committed; you handed the man a blank check and he filled it out."

"But for two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars?"

"It seems now that that was a fair price. We're more interested in Hubbard's death. Hubbard called you that night."

"Yes, sir."

"Where did he call you from?"

"From his room in 74th Street."

"He said he was in his room?"

"Not exactly. He said to come up to see him. But there's no doubt that he called from the room. I happened to be there the next day when the telephone company's collector came, and there were only two nickels in the coin box. One was my call for the police and the other was Hubbard's call to me."

"That isn't so. If I were you, Mr. Granishaw, I'd be very careful in what I say. Don't give us any guesses. If you hadn't come in here, I would have sent for you. You had a motive for killing Hubbard, and I don't know anybody else, except this young lady. How long were you there before you called the police?"

"Not five minutes."

"Four?"

"I came in and saw Hubbard and called the police."

"And how long after that was it that Hanasyde came in?"

"About —— Oh, Hanasyde came in with me."

"Now, that's a lie! We happen to know what brought Hanasyde there. Someone called Hanasyde from that room only seven minutes before you called the police. That's the telephone record."

"But I called Hanasyde from my apartment before going up to 74th Street," said Walter, paling. "The record must show that too."

"You called him from your apartment?" Conlin hesitated.

"However," resumed Walter, with sudden resolution, "the fact is that Hanasyde did not come in with me."

"You said he did!"

"I didn't want to get him in trouble. He came in a few minutes after me, and he saw at once that—he saw that ——"

"That you were the logical killer. We've seen that too. Now, what was your idea in saying that Hubbard called you from that room?"

"I thought he did, because there were just the two coins in the box." Walter stopped and sought the mutilated nickel. "Here, inspector, is the coin that Hubbard put in. I got it from the collector. Hubbard probably called Hanasyde to have him make peace between us. They were both my friends."

Conlin glanced at the coin and then scrutinized the change that had been wrought in the numeral. He put it into a pigeonhole of his desk without commenting on it.

"What do you know about this picture, miss?"

"Only that Mr. Hubbard had it and was going to submit it to Mr. Van Pelt."

"Did he say where he got it?"

"No. He said he had this wonderful old painting that he had brought on from Chicago to show to this Nassau Street dealer. Then Mr. Granishaw told us that Mr. Hubbard had given him this picture. That showed that the picture was of no great value; and when Mr. Granishaw told me about what these men had said to him, I thought at once that Van Pelt could prove the truth."

"Did Little Amby make you an offer of settlement, Granishaw? Did he say that if you would give Boroslav so and so much you could get your money back?"

"No. Well, he hinted something to that effect. He said that we'd come to an agreement after the money was recovered."

"Aha. Now, I'll tell you what to do. Sit tight until you hear from Little Amby again. If he makes you any offer to get you your money back if you'll buy off Boroslav, you agree to do it and come right here and tell me. I warn you against trying to match your wits against his. He's the slickest little blackleg in New York County."

"But if I could get the bulk of my money back ——"

"There'll be no such deal made! Understand that, do you?"

"Whatever Inspector Conlin says, Walter."

"Very well," said Walter, a bit sulkily. "I'll agree to what they ask, and I'll come and tell you."

VII

WALTER hung for several weeks in a state of suspended animation, awaiting some event that should determine whether he was still a gentleman of leisure or merely an aggravation of the unemployment problem. But no such event came to pass. He did not hear from Little Amby; when he sought encouragement from Inspector Conlin the latter had no time for him.

And Want was stalking him visibly. In other days, with credit everywhere, with creditors who could wait indefinitely for their money to oblige a friend, it had not been borne in on him that he was floating in money as the moving parts of a machine float in oil, that without the money there would be instant friction, irritation, heat and a jarring halt. Nor had he occasion to meditate upon the vital though indirect part that his money played in holding his friends, even the honest ones.

Walter met his friends going into fine restaurants and excused himself. He met them at their homes, partook sparingly of entertainment that he could not return in kind, and excused himself. Two of them, taking him aside, offered him a considerable loan, out of real kindness for him; another, kind to himself, pressed a trifling loan on him, hoping to sacrifice it and get cheaply out of a losing connection; still another friend took the bull by the horns and poured into Walter's ear a pitiful but untrue story of financial distress and asked him to lend money, pretending that Walter's disaster was all news to him.

He had had also an inadequate idea of what he owed, but his creditors rushed to aid him in this. They gave him summonses, asking for so many dollars and so many cents, with 6 per cent from the accrual of the debts. He did not answer these demands and was promptly called on by sheriff's men and by hard-boiled city marshals with executions against property, who seized everything that he admitted owning, until he told them that he had nothing more. The process servers then took after him again, and he had soon a number of appointments in the supreme and city courts, to be examined as to his property in supplementary proceedings; he was examined in all of them. A dozen times he was sworn by a judge, and handed over to his creditor, whose able and resolute lawyer took Walter off into a corner and sat him down, with a clerk or two about him to pitch in volunteer questions, and badgered him, asking him where he got the quarter to pay for his breakfast and where he proposed to sleep that night, telling him that he was welshing on an honest debt and was a nasty fellow. The lawyers were as ugly as possible, pounding him ceaselessly, humiliating him to the utmost, trying to wring an admission out of him. They were honest and decent men, but they dealt commonly with frauds and welshers and knew how to go at them. When their merciless combing found something in Walter's memory, some bit of personal property that he had forgotten, they rushed him again before the judge, who ordered him to turn that bit over or go to jail for contempt. They pushed back his coat sleeves and took his cuff links; when he opened his mouth, they looked in for gold. And the inquisitions were never concluded, he was always ordered to report another day.

Walter learned about money from them. The hungriest of the lot was the lawyer for the wealthy Wall Street gambler the good fellow who would have only good fellows about him on Liberty Island. Walter owed him rent. This lawyer worked on Walter like a wolf on a turtle, turning him over and over, striking at every chink. He nearly had Walter once, on the title to his father's mausoleum, occasioning Walter a dreadful qualm; but the mausoleum belonged to the cemetery corporation.

He gave up his apartment in the fashionable apartment house—bringing more lawyers down on him—and took a furnished room in 124th Street near Manhattan Avenue, twelve feet away from the entrance to a commercial garage. It cost him ten dollars a week, and was good value, particularly in the daytime; it was noisy at night.

"But that, Mr. Granishaw," said the landlady, "ain't no real objection to such a lovely room, because then you're fast asleep." The last patrons of the garage, and the merriest, drove in at half-past three, meeting outcoming delivery cars that roared like aroused dragons.

Notwithstanding his poverty, he had one luxury, and that of the finest; he had always a wonderful appetite. In the old days it used to cost him real money to get a half-decent appetite; he had to drink half a dozen expensive cocktails, eating meanwhile caviar with chopped onions, and anchovies, and finally whipping his stomach into a rage. But now that he had it for nothing, he thought it was worth nothing. That's human nature.

"Walter," said Letty, as they strolled from the doorway of Cosgrove's Regular Dinner House into Eighth Avenue, "we might as well make up our minds to it—we're never going to see a dime of that money again. It's no use kidding ourselves. The show's over and it's no use to sit and wait for the drop to go up again. Whoever killed Symes Hubbard got our money. It was all in cash, and the murderer is cunning enough to take his time about spending it."

"But what else can we do?" said Walter, putting away the meal ticket in which the unerring Cosgrove had shot two new holes out of a possible two.

"You could look around for a job."

"But what can I do? I never did a tap. I went through college, but, gosh, you learn nothing in college. In the past six years, since I got out, I've forgotten all I learned, at least as far back as long division. What earthly use is most of the stuff they teach in schools anyway? I've been thinking that over during the past few days—the past few nights, I mean, lying there after those blamed cars woke me up. I've been doing some heavy thinking about life, particularly mine. A lot of stuff is taught in schools because the people who know how to teach it have control of the system; that's what I think. Why don't they teach what goes on in the United States? I find I'm as green as if I just came off Ellis Island."

"Don't be a sorehead, Walter. Supposing they taught you nothing but astrology and phrenology and ——"

"Say, I could make a corking good living. Don't you fool yourself."

"No matter what they taught you, everybody else was taught the same. You weren't handicapped. See here, the old firm of Booth & Granishaw was pretty well known in the builders' supplies business; what's the matter with calling on the trade and striking it for a job? You do that tomorrow morning, and you'll begin to learn what goes on in the United States. . . . Let's take in this picture. Walter, you may be an unskilled laborer fresh from college, but you can still be a gentleman and not crowd in front of a lady. It's my treat."

Walter was taken on as a salesman by Magrath & Smohl, front-brick dealers. After cross-examining him at length, and going into conference, they resolved to take a chance on his honesty for his father's sake, and solemnly intrusted him with six bricks and a list of builders between the Battery and the Bronx River. Walter packed his six bricks around from office to office, and finally came to know the clutch pretty well, from the rare bargain in Kitanning at twenty-eight dollars per thousand to the stately wire-drawn Norman at sixty, but he never grew really fond of any of the six. Indeed, he came to look upon at least one of them with a personal hatred; it was a bright-faced court brick that always appealed to a builder when seen by itself. The builder would tell Walter to bring thirty-five or forty of the same and lay them up in a dry wall; and then the builder

(Continued on Page 38)

NEVER has the leadership of Fisher and Fleetwood been more brilliantly exemplified than in the exquisite closed bodies on the new Cadillac and La Salle chassis. The smart, distinctive Cadillac-La Salle body designs, that have created a national vogue in motor car style, have been carried to new heights of refinement and beauty. At the same time, the notable ability of Fisher to engineer unprecedented roominess and comfort into a motor car body is here more strikingly apparent than ever before.

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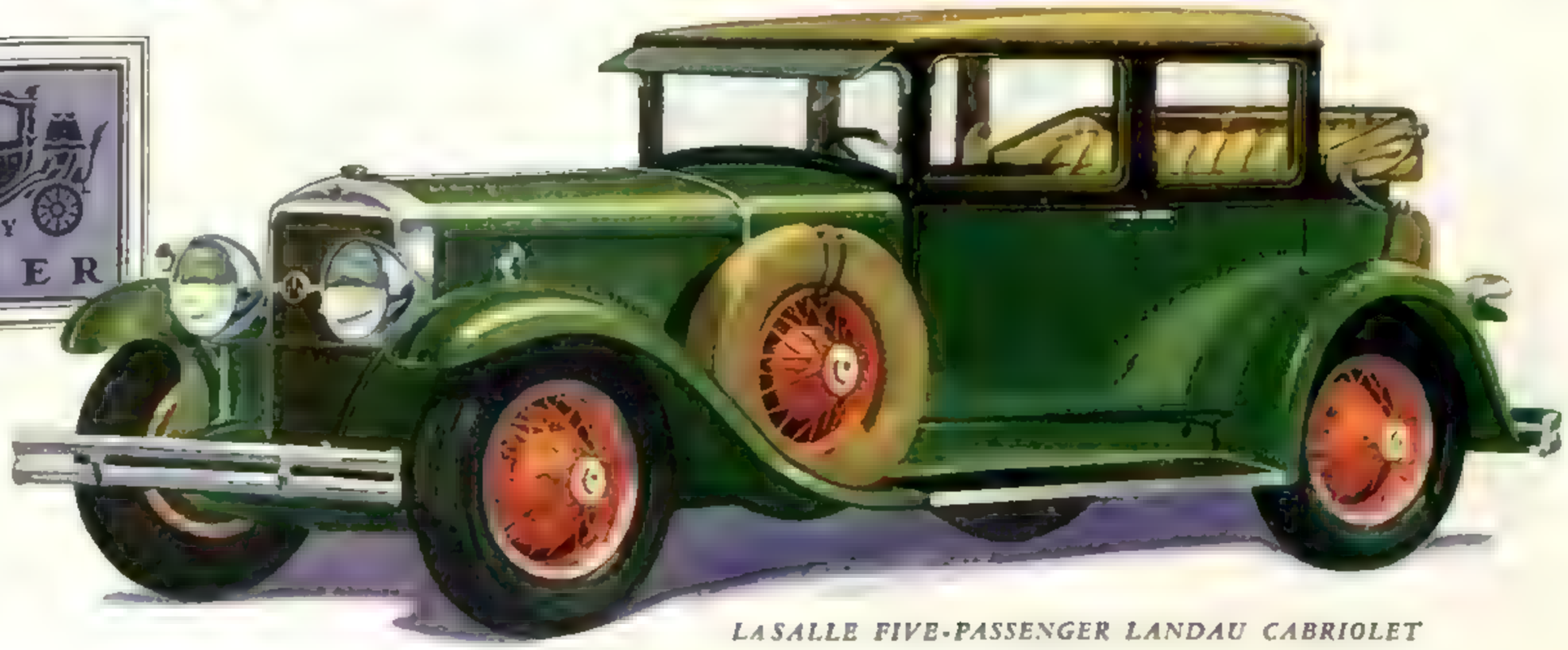

LASALLE FIVE-PASSENGER LANDAU CABRIOLET

(Continued from Page 36)

didn't like that brick either. That brick made Walter hard-handed and muscular, but not grateful.

He learned to endure the thousand slights that the worthy salesman must take. Some unsuccessful builders regarded him as a lying rogue because he wouldn't prophesy that they'd lose money if they bought his brick; Walter had to smile and smile and be a salesman. Proud builders kept him sitting around all day, with his bricks in his lap, to tell him that they had bought elsewhere. Cunning builders used him to beat down competitors; rude builders blew him out of the office with a roar. In full requital for his laborious days and nights devoid of ease he received of Magrath & Smohl thirty-two dollars a week against possible commissions, and it was no trick for a man of his experience to spend that.

He was in a new world, a world that was hardly more familiar to him than would have been a Brazilian jungle; set down raw in the jungle, as he had been set down in workaday New York, he would have learned more quickly to get a living. He had known in a general way that most New Yorkers worked; he had seen them going to and from their mysterious vocations in serried multitudes, moving like migrating nations. These myriads had given a flattering majesty to Walter's New York, had been the necessary countless mob. Walter knew these people so little that he had once been persuaded to give fifty dollars to a fund to combat the virus of Bolshevism among them.

Walter rode on rocking Elevated trains, hanging over insecure gates while ten strong men pushed on his back. He ate his beef stew and fruit salad in Moe's Coffee Pot on Eighth Avenue night after night for three weeks on end because Moe—wet, red hands on counter—was so jolly and friendly. Having no money to spend of evenings, Walter wandered the avenues for hours, listening to Socialist orators, watching the rapt faces of Salvation Army preachers, watching fakers retailing their spurious wares, studying goods and prices in countless store windows, rubbing chance acquaintances.

His former life was dreamlike. He remembered himself as he might have remembered a story; there was once a young fellow who had more money than he could spend, who would take a drove of friends to a night club and meet a check for six hundred dollars with a gay smile, who would lose a thousand on a horse race without batting an eye, who paid eighteen thousand for a speed boat and saw it wrecked in the first race, who—who once gave a blank check to a friend. That was certainly another chap from Walter Granishaw, the pinched salesman of Magrath & Smohl's front brick. Catch Walter Granishaw making such a fool of himself.

He went to church each Sunday, morning and evening, to hear Letty Booth sing. He had never been religious minded, and he did not become so now, but he liked the decorum, the conscious dignity of the proceedings. Sane and sober ways had always appealed to him; he had never come to after a party on Liberty Island and taken a slow and careful stroll, balancing his head just so, but that the sharp smell of the seaweed and the musical plashing of the clear water among the rocks under the blue sky had filled him with a love of natural things, and the sight of some steady and reliable chap at his daily task had imbued him with a wistful longing to live likewise. And then he got into another party, urged by his friends. He had no pathological craving for alcohol; he was idle and bored. His friends were drinkers and he drank; and he would never stop, resolve or no resolve, while he had those associates. Now he admired the churchmen, the hard-boiled business men becoming like little children for the day or hour, the vulgar men assuming refinement, the sensual men putting on austerity. Being a sinner himself, he did not think these men hypocrites, he knew that they were expressing genuine human instincts for betterment, were sincere if they never did a decent thing between Monday morning and Saturday night.

In the afternoon Walter and Letty would take a walk, go and view some wonder of the city other than the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Walter had paid a thumping price for a picture once, but that was no indication. Or they would go to one of the palatial movie houses on Broadway and see a better show for their eighty cents than an Indian rajah could see for a lac of his rupees. And then a dinner in some Jewish quarter, where the best value is always to be had, where the waiter was overtasked but unfailingly polite, spilling soup on one, but always saying, "Pardon me, brother. I'll get you more soup." They had, in short, all the comforts and luxuries of twentieth-century poverty—a state which is, as everybody knows who has tried both, better than that of medieval kings.

Walter, it will have been observed, was not a man of flinty temper, not the captain of his soul, taking the bludgeoning of chance and disdaining to duck a single blow. He was accommodating. He did what he had to, compromising constantly with that congeries of natural instincts and grafted principles and prejudices, modified by behavior, that was his conscience. He would have been negligible had not his pliability been the result of a real sweetness of disposition, a necessity to love and be loved. He lived by emotion and not by calculation, and would never steer strongly; his course would always be set by those he loved.

Having finally convinced his creditors—he owed about four thousand dollars all told—that they had had of him all that the state of New York would let them take, they garnisheed his salary and let him go to grow more wool. Magrath & Smohl had to pay to the first creditor in line, out of Walter's wages, three dollars and twenty cents a week; discharging his debts at that rate, and allowing for interest of two hundred and forty dollars a year on the judgments, Walter would have owed considerably more than four thousand dollars at the end of eternity. Meanwhile he sold brick.

In December, 1922, a letter came to him. It had arrived in Greenwich, where Walter received his mail while on Liberty Island, on July 29, 1922; it had been remailed at Greenwich on the day preceding its receipt by Walter. The station of original dispatch was in Buffalo; with a genuine thrill he recognized Symes Hubbard's handwriting. He tore it open at once, thus destroying any possible evidence that it had been opened before:

Friend Walter: A hurried line. More explanations when I see you.

You are probably in a conniption fit by now, thinking I have absconded with the money. However, let me say, at the risk of flattering myself, that such is not the case.

I have invested the money in first-class bonds that are as good and salable as gold dollars. And they throw off 5½ per cent. Guaranteed. I was so sure that this was the right thing that I went ahead and did it. Besides, there is a little relation of mine who is interested, as I will explain when I see you.

Unless I am delayed in returning to New York, I will be there with the bonds in two or three days.

Walter scanned this letter with acute interest, but without gratitude. Symes Hubbard's well-meant meddling had eventuated in calamity. Evidently he had brought the bonds with him and had been murdered for them. It occurred to Walter that the letter might have been opened before and that some murderous individual had been thus apprised of Hubbard's coming. He examined the envelope vainly.

VIII

EARLY in January, 1923, Walter was visited in the office of Magrath & Smohl by the courtly Boroslav. Pursuant to the instructions of Inspector Conlin, Walter endeavored to preserve toward the Russian an attitude of undisturbed and unsuspecting friendship. Walter was not a good actor, but thought he pretended excellently in this instance, the smoothness of the interview might have been due entirely to Boroslav's social adroitness.

"I have good news for you, my friend!" cried Boroslav gladly. "I think it is good news—of that you shall judge. We are in a fair way to recover the money that Hubbard had of you."

"That's certainly good news," said Walter, pretending with less difficulty.

"Let me explain to you. In the first place, you are to learn that Hubbard bought some various bonds with the proceeds of your check."

"Bought bonds, did he?"

"So it would appear. Trying to find this money of which Hubbard was robbed, I spread an offer, on the advice of the shrewd Mr. Hinkle, of fifty thousand dollars for the return, and no questions asked. It seemed to Mr. Hinkle that the robber, having his booty of bills of a very large denomination, might fear to pass them and might take rather a smaller sum that he could use without terror. Was that not good judgment?"

"I can't see the sense of that. You ask the robber to give up two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars for a reward of fifty thousand? Not much use in that, I should think. However, what happened, prince?"

"A private detective came to Mr. Hinkle. One of these follows that live between the worlds, eh? And this one's name was Saracena. He came to Mr. Hinkle, and under a pledge of honorable treatment, he said that there were these bonds, two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars in value, and that they could be had for the fifty thousand offered in reward. So that is the disposition of things. For fifty thousand dollars these bonds may be had. Would it not be wise and thoughtful to buy them so?"

"I think it's a wonderful idea. Buy them, by all means."

"Ah, as to that," said Boroslav, spreading his hands, "I have thought of two considerations, Walter. I have thought that it would not be sporting of me to buy these bonds without letting you know. And there is also the distressing fact that I have not this fifty thousand dollars. So I come to you! You shall buy these bonds. And you shall keep them in your charge until we all agree who shall have them. If it is decided that they are mine, sufficient of them shall be sold to restore to you the fifty thousand dollars."

"But where in the world would I get fifty thousand dollars?" demurred Walter.

"Have you not friends? You have wealthy friends who could lend you. This Len Hanasyde who is your good friend—is he not very wealthy?"

"I don't know if he's that rich. But let me try to find the money, Boroslav. If I can locate it I'll tell you at once. I'm ever so much obliged for giving me the chance."

"We are friends," said Boroslav negligently. "It is unfortunate that there is the difference between us, but we shall compose it on the basis of comradely affection, and not seeking to take advantage. That is your own sentiment, I make sure. See what you can do then, Walter, and let me know at my hotel."

Walter went straight from the office to police headquarters and informed Inspector Conlin that the long-anticipated strike had been made.

"Through Mr. Saracena, eh?" The old policeman smiled grimly. "I know him very well. He's a private detective all right. He's Hinkle's own private detective! Go right ahead with the deal, Granishaw. And we'll step in and take them with the bonds in their hands."

"You think they have the bonds, inspector?"

"Sure. I think they've had them ever since Hubbard was killed. We'll seize the bonds for you. And if we can't lead that gang as receivers of stolen property, or for trying to compound a felony, let me see them move to get those bonds back under Boroslav's phony claim to the picture. We know all about that picture now—where Hubbard bought it and what he paid for it. And Van Pelt is ready to swear it wasn't worth fifty dollars."

"You want me to tell Boroslav that I'll get the fifty thousand dollars?"

"Certainly. Follow the lead he's given you. Go to your friend Hanasyde and ask him to lend you the money." Conlin reflected. "Granishaw, can you keep a straight face if you're warned in advance that you might be surprised? Well, make it a point to see Boroslav in the lobby of his hotel—it's the Park Overlook. Go to the cigar counter and order a Park Overlook special, and let Boroslav pay for it. We've had a plant for him there for some time."

Walter intended to call on Hanasyde that evening, but they were to meet sooner. That afternoon, as Walter was hurrying along 42d Street with his six faithful bricks, he met Hanasyde.

"Well, well, Walter!" cried the big man, his voice running the scales. "Where've you been hiding, old boy? Everybody's asking for you. Well, you old stick-in-the-mud. Giving us all the run-around, were you?"

He was so unaffectedly glad to see Walter that Walter was touched. Few of his old acquaintances had met Walter with enthusiasm during the recent months. "Come in here and give an account of yourself, old boy," Hanasyde said. "Selling houses, are you? I see you got your samples with you."

He had brought Walter into Riegel's fashionable delicatessen and restaurant. He ordered two raw meat sandwiches at a dollar apiece. While they ate these Walter told of Boroslav's visit. Hanasyde's expressionless gray eyes hardly fluttered during the recital.

"Old son," he said when Walter was done, "the prince has got the right dope there. I'm talking common sense, and not law or morals, and I'm telling you that the easiest way out is the easiest. I've heard of this Little Amby before, and I wouldn't be surprised if he's engineering this thing, but I'm telling you to let him get away with it. He's too smart for you. You've heard of the forty thieves, haven't you? Well, my information is that Little Amby is about thirty-nine of them, and the other fellow can prove an alibi."

"What about Boroslav?"

"Frankly, I don't know. He always struck me as a square shooter, and if he says that was his picture it probably was. He might be overestimating it. But that isn't the point. If you can get those bonds—supposing they're the real thing; and we'll take care of that—it's worth it to you to pay the fifty and ask no questions. Don't try to be too clever."

"But, Len, where—where would I get the money?"

"I'll lend it to you! You can give me a note and pay me when you cash in. I've got the jack lying in the bank doing nothing, and it might as well be earning its keep. . . . What's that? Oh, forget that stuff, old boy. Say when, and I'll be there with the money, and if the deal looks safe to me it'll go down on the table."

He waved aside Walter's thanks, insisting that the loan would be made on a business basis.

"Would you be willing to come with me now and tell Boroslav?" asked Walter. "It's certainly very fine of you, Len."

They went to the Park Overlook on Seventh Avenue near 55th Street. Walter got on a telephone.

"Come up immediately, old fellow," answered Boroslav.

"I have a stranger with me here," said Walter, winking at Hanasyde. "Can you come down to the lobby, please? Thank you."

Boroslav appeared in two minutes. There was laughter over Walter's little joke. "Although I do confess he is quite a stranger, Walter! I have not seen Len almost since the summer."

"Some months," agreed Hanasyde.

Boroslav was told that Hanasyde would lend the money to rescue the bonds from the private detective, and was properly profuse and picturesque in his thanks.

(Continued on Page 43)

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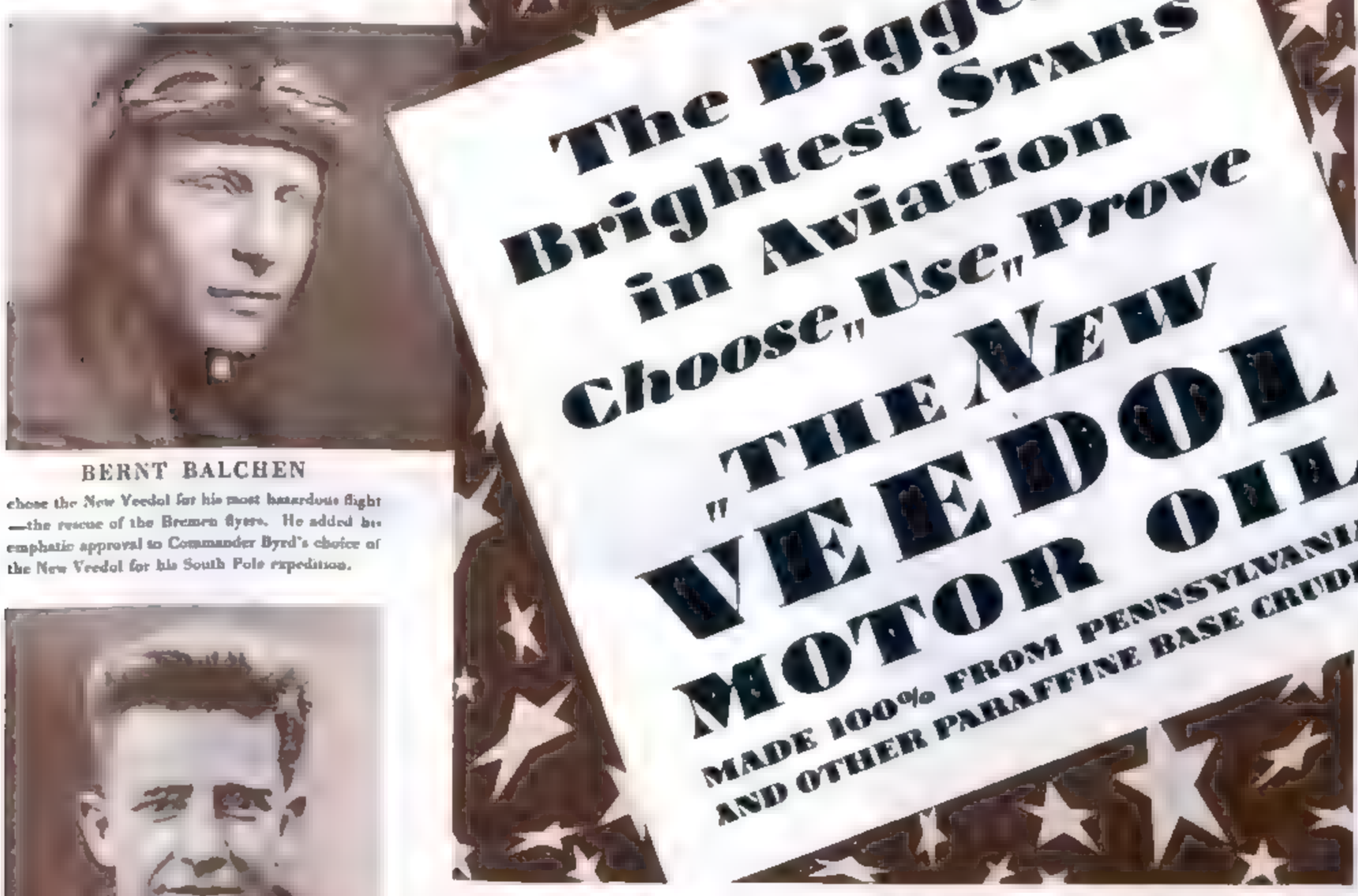

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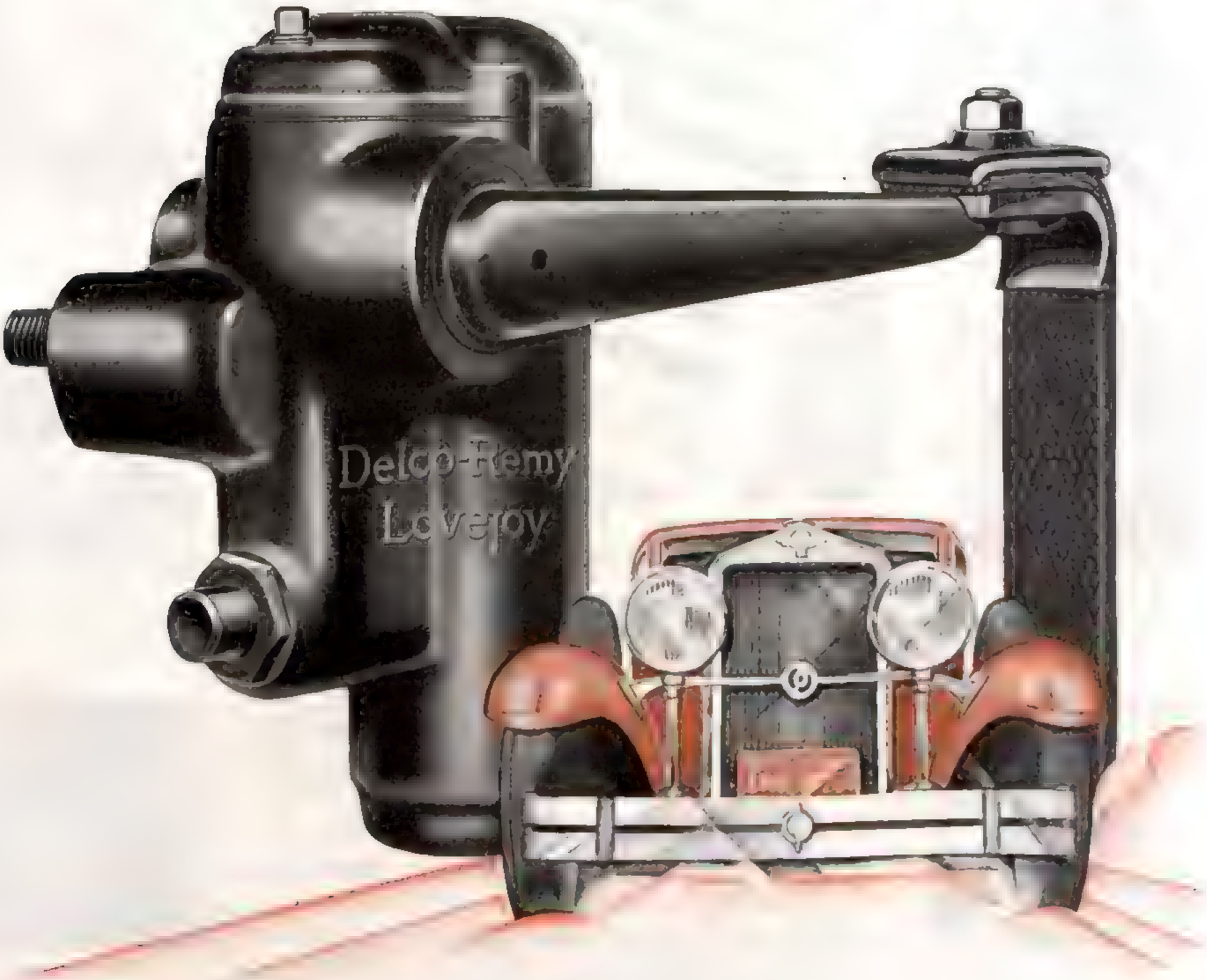

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(Continued from Page 38

Walter went to the cigar counter and called for a Park Overlook special. The clerk put the box on the showcase.

"Oh, I say, Boroslav," called Walter. "Could you lend me fifteen cents? I find I have no money with me."

"Here you are, Walter," interposed Hanasyde, throwing a dime and nickel on the showcase.

The clerk turned to the cash register. He rang up the sale, paused, and came back to the counter. "I'm afraid this isn't good," he said, handing Hanasyde a five-cent piece.

"I didn't give you that, did I?" protested Hanasyde, scrutinizing the rejected coin. It was one of the old style, but the numeral 5 had been altered into a symbol of luck.

Boroslav glanced at it; he took the coin from Hanasyde. "But where did you get this?" he cried incredulously. "I must have given it to you at one time. It is mine!"

"Yours, is it?" Hanasyde asked. "I must have had it in my pocket for months. That's a queer one."

"Pocketpiece, Mr. Boroslav?" asked the clerk.

"I have had it for years, Fred. And I thought I had lost it or spent it. How very strange this is."

Walter was afraid to look at Boroslav. The Russian dropped into his pocket the mutilated coin that had been found in the telephone box in Symes Hubbard's room—the coin that had paid for one of the two calls made from that room on the night of the murder.

IX

THE Hubbard case was broken finally as the result of a disagreement among those having guilty knowledge. These people, it seems, did not know of the honor that subsists among thieves, but regarded one another with sour suspicion; a strain being put upon their mutual loyalty, it parted like the proverbial rope of sand. An interesting quirk of this case was that the clew that seemed most indicative of guilt proved intrinsically worthless, a mere matter of accident and coincidence; and yet the suspicion aroused by it served a vital purpose.

The legal hocus-pocus by which Little Amby planned to transfer the bonds to Walter Granishaw and to receive for them fifty thousand dollars was interesting, too; stolen goods are rarely ransomed in public. The illegal deal being arranged, Little Amby directed Walter to come to his office on Center Street, bringing with him the lender Hanasyde and Letty Booth. They appeared, by appointment with the lawyer and his client, and, as to Walter and Letty, by private arrangement with Inspector Conlin, in the afternoon of Monday, January 15, 1923.

Boroslav came to them across the Palace Famenine carpet, turning his toes far out and setting down his small feet flatly, holding a long-stemmed Russian cigarette away from his mouth with grace. This man's claim to noble blood was never disproved, though a doubt was cast on it by competent evidence that he had been a waiter in Delmonico's during the year 1908, a time when princes were not common in such employment.

"An old acquaintance, and a charming one," he said, bowing over Letty's hand. . . . "Is it not the little lady who visited us one time on Liberty Island, Walter?"

"Prince Boroslav," introduced Walter curtly.

"Ah, no. Plain Boroslav, Miss Booth. Since the Great War most Americans are men of title, and I am not worthy to be confused with them. And when I call myself prince, it is expected for me to spend money largely; whereas I am very poor. But you are all acquainted with the learned and amiable Mr. Hinkle?"

"Sit down, please," grumbled Little Amby from behind his huge and brass-bound mahogany desk. "Let me have your attention."

Letty Booth seated herself by one of the tall windows that looked on traffic-burdened Center Street and the gray Tombs beyond.

"Is the money here?" asked Little Amby.

"I have it," said Hanasyde. "That reminds me—will you let me have a blank note, Mr. Hinkle?"

He took the blank promissory note that was slid across the desk. He filled it in for fifty thousand dollars on demand, making himself the payee, and tendered it to Walter for signature. Walter signed the note and gave it back.

"But where's the money?" said Little Amby. "Give it to Mr. Boroslav."

"What for?" demurred Hanasyde.

"You'll discover directly. Kindly let me manage this affair, Mr. Hanasyde. You're among gentlemen and there's no necessity for cross-questioning."

So urged, Hanasyde drew from an envelope a sheaf of bank notes, each note of the denomination of one thousand dollars, and handed it to Boroslav.

"Count it," grumbled Little Amby. "Good heavens, count it!"

"That is business, eh?" agreed Boroslav. "You will pardon me, Len, old boy." He took the imposing sheaf of notes to a table at the farther side of the room. "Fifty thousand," he announced shortly.

"There was no need of bringing cash, Mr. Hanasyde," said Little Amby. "A certified check would have done our business. We're not going to cover anything up. It will be all written down in black and white. Here's the written agreement. Let me give you the gist of it:

"Mr. Boroslav is in possession of a block of bonds of the face value and approximate market value of two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. These bonds represent money that was had from Mr. Granishaw by one Symes Hubbard at the time of the transfer to Mr. Granishaw of a certain picture called for the purposes of this agreement An Old Man in Oil. Mr. Boroslav asserts that the picture was his and was sold by his agent to Mr. Granishaw for two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. Mr. Granishaw's claim is that there was no sale, but a free gift of the picture. We're so far agreed?"

"Except as to that part that says Mr. Boroslav has the bonds," said Walter. "I understood ——"

"This is the agreement you'll be asked to sign, no matter what you may have understood, Mr. Granishaw. I'll note your objection and you can press it when I'm done, if you still see fit."

"In effect," nodded Boroslav, his head cocked to hear.

"Mr. Boroslav claims that the bonds are his, having been bought with his money. Mr. Granishaw lays claim to them in like manner. In consideration of the surrender of these bonds to him, Mr. Granishaw pays Mr. Boroslav fifty thousand dollars, and agrees to hold the bonds intact until title to them is decided. If it is decided that Mr. Boroslav owns them, he is to return the fifty thousand and receive back the bonds; if it is decided that Mr. Granishaw owns them, he shall keep them and Mr. Boroslav shall keep the fifty thousand dollars."

"And if it is decided that my friend Walter owns them, what has he got to show for his fifty thousand dollars?" asked Hanasyde.

"He gets possession during the litigation. That's a legal advantage that puts the burden of proof on Mr. Boroslav. The courts won't disturb possession if they can't decide who the rightful owner is."

"You know where the fifty thousand dollars is going, Len," said Walter in a polite undertone, jerking a thumb at an oldish man, dark and heavily built, who sat by the table. This gentleman was so unobtrusive that Walter had to look at him from time to time to know that he was still there. "It goes to the robbers! There's the private detective who represents them."

"Oh, no," denied Little Amby alertly. "There'll be no money paid to robbers—not in this office! If anybody came here under a delusion that a felony is to be compounded or condoned, let him get that out of his mind at once. That's an insinuation, Mr. Granishaw. You're paying your money for the legal advantage of possession. Let's have no misunderstanding."

"Then how did Boroslav get these bonds?"

"That's here."

"And how?"

"By mail, to his bungalow on Liberty Island."

"But when?"

"Last month. He takes that place by the year, as you may know, and he went down there last month, and there was the package of bonds. Sent him by Symes Hubbard early last August. They were lying behind his door ever since. Mr. Boroslav left the island when you did, and did not return until last month."

"And you think it's likely that Hubbard bought bonds with Boroslav's money?"

"Just as likely as that he bought them with your money! You didn't tell him to buy any bonds. You should know that Boroslav was at the island last month, because he found among his mail a letter addressed to you, and remailed it. Did you get it?"

"I certainly did. You remailed that letter, Boroslav? But I understood from that letter that Hubbard bought the bonds for me."

"We don't question your honesty," said Little Amby, "and we don't expect you to question ours. Hubbard sent the bonds to Boroslav—we can prove that. We'll leave the inferences to the court. If there was a sale, we want the price. If there was no sale, and the picture was left with you on approval, you destroyed it and we want damages in its full value. What we can't concede and can't believe as reasonable men is that he pretended to give you the picture. We're holding these bonds under an honest claim of right, and we ask you to pay fifty thousand dollars for possession of them, for the legal advantage of holding the bone of contention. If you don't want to do that, say so, and we're through here. But don't confuse the present issue by arguing the probabilities of our respective cases now. Let's get ahead. If Mr. Boroslav sent you a letter that helps your case, you should be the last to question his honesty and fairness. He is the soul of honor."

"But cannot we leave this out, if my young friend objects?" suggested Boroslav, waving his plump hands placatingly. "We all know why this is said. It is what can be called a legal fiction, is it not, Mr. Hinkle? Will it not be time enough to say all this when somebody says that the bonds came into this office in another manner—as through my good friend Saracena? . . . Walter, there is a way that lawyers say things, and agreements are so that everyone may agree not to say painful things. But we are all friends."

The desk telephone buzzed. "For you," said Little Amby to Walter. "Take it in the next room."

Walter went through the indicated doorway into a small library; on the corner of the large table that centered the room was a telephone. "Hello; Mr. Granishaw talking."

"Is Inspector Conlin there?" asked a voice that Walter did not recognize at once.

"No, certainly not," said Walter, astonished.

"I am leaving for Europe at midnight tonight," said the voice, a cultured and musical one, overmannered, drawling. "An unanticipated summons, Mr. Granishaw. I failed to find the inspector at his office and have therefore ventured to impose on your good nature. Will you kindly tell the inspector that I shall return in a matter of three weeks to a month? Though I can't perceive in what respect my presence here is essential. I've made an affidavit to the effect that I am thoroughly conversant with the picture that Mr. Hubbard bought in Stillger's gallery in Chicago and brought here, and that it was of very trifling value. A copy, and an inferior one, Mr. Granishaw. I have ventured to write to Mr. Stillger, and have from him a letter confirming my opinion and setting forth the history of the picture."

"Hello. Who are you?"

"Pardon? This is Van Pelt, dealer in art, of Nassau Street. You were here during my absence, and referred Inspector Conlin to me."

"I can't talk to you! Good-by!"

"Pardon? But, really, Mr. Granishaw. I don't appreciate this."

Walter hung up. He drew out his handkerchief and dabbed at his forehead, drawing a deep and agitated breath.

"May we proceed?" said Little Amby. "Read over this copy of the agreement, Mr. Granishaw, and we'll get our business done. Here's a copy for you, Miss Booth; you'll have to sign as a party in interest."

There was an interval of silence. During this space Little Amby's fat and sallow managing clerk Cohen entered the room with legal papers. He set them before his master and leaned over him in whispering conference.

"Just a moment," said Little Amby, staying him. "Where are the bonds?"

"Waiting," said Boroslav, going to him and handing him a packet.

The conference with Cohen was renewed. Cohen turned to leave.

"Would you mind making a fire in the grate?" requested Little Amby. His domineering manner was gone and he was suddenly solicitous for the comfort of his guests. "I fear it's chilly for you there by the window, Miss Booth."

He rose and stood beside her, testing the crazy sash for drafts. Letty said that she was quite comfortable, but he lingered, looking out. All his drive had left him; he had plenty of time.

Cohen was arranging paper and wood in the blackened fireplace under the pretentious mahogany mantel. Saracena came out of his trancelike state and knelt beside him, assisting him.

Walter, having made a fair pretense of reading the paper that had been handed him, put it on the table.

"You will sign now, if you please," said Little Amby, going to his desk. He shook a gold-barreled fountain pen and tendered it to Walter. When the agreement had been signed in duplicate by Walter and Boroslav, Little Amby folded them and delivered the copies to the respective parties.

"And here are the bonds, which, I presume, go to you," he said, handing the packet to Len Hanasyde.

Letty Booth arose and stood before the window, facing Center Street. She put both hands to her hat and removed it from her head. Cohen crossed the room silently and stood behind her.

Four men issued from the iron grille in the low doorway of the city prison; they walked rapidly across Center Street to the shabby brick house that sheltered Little Amby's law offices.

Cohen glanced at Little Amby, nodded, received an almost imperceptible signal in response, and went quickly to the laid fire. He touched a match to his piled combustibles, here and there. Flames licked over the tindery wood.

Cohen tossed the match on his fire and left the room.

Hanasyde had opened the packet that Little Amby had given him. He drew out the inclosures, glanced at them, snapped them open, and frowned questioningly at the lawyer. Holding Little Amby's eyes, he folded the inclosures and restored them to the linen envelope.

There was a hoarse cry from the street. Little Amby took a gold-tipped cigarette from an onyx box, lit it, and leaned back comfortably. His buzzer rang insistently and was silent; he had not moved to take up the telephone in answer.

The door was thrust open. "Police department," said the leader of the two men who entered, two of the men who had come

(Continued on Page 46)

Charles Goodyear, from a contemporary portrait

He walked the streets in downpouring rain in a strange garment of rubberized cloth.

He met the jeers of the world with a faith that neither disaster nor seeming disgrace could conquer.

He laid upon the altar of his work all the dear things of life—health, family, friends, fortune, happiness.

He was cast into prison for debt.

He felt himself "appointed of God."

He discovered the vulcanization of rubber.

His name was Charles Goodyear.

IN the immense and far-flung industrial structure that is Goodyear today, an army of workers labors to enlarge Charles Goodyear's discovery.

In cities that he never saw—quite possibly of which he could not even dream—and in an enterprise he did not found, his spirit abides where his name finds greatest honor.

With every passing year, the name of Goodyear rises higher, clearer.

Deservedly the greatest name in rubber in the beginning, through the work of the man, it is today no less deservedly the greatest name in rubber through the work of the institution which followed the path he pioneered.

THE name Goodyear is greatest in invention.

Look through the annals of the rubber industry's achievements, and on every important page for a quarter-century you will find record of Goodyear the institution's contribution to the art.

Goodyear invented the present straight-side tire.

Goodyear perfected the principle of cord tire construction underlying the high-mileage performance of automobile tires today.

Goodyear ingenuity fashioned the machines necessary to the production of this new construction.

Goodyear devised the All-Weather Tread, for maximum safety, traction, wear.

Goodyear pioneered the successful pneumatic cord truck tire.

Goodyear originated the Plant Analysis Plan of specifying rubber mechanical goods to the uses of industry.

Goodyear provided the indispensable rubber equipment for aeronautics in America, and itself established record after record in air navigation.

Goodyear developed SUPERTWIST, the extra-elastic, extra-durable cord fabric essential to the modern low-pressure tire.

Goodyear has just now announced the finest tire the world has ever seen—the *Super*-tire—the Goodyear DOUBLE EAGLE.

THE name Goodyear is greatest in sales.

The measure of value in rubber

The Greatest N

may accurately be gauged by volume of sales, sustained public demand being the evidence of merit.
More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.
More people walk on Goodyear rubber heels than on any other kind.
More Goodyear rubber conveyor belting is used in industry than any other kind.
More Goodyear rubber equipment is supplied to commercial aviation and for national aeronautical defense than any other kind.
More Goodyear Tires—many millions more—have been made and placed in the service of motorists than any other kind.
More rubber is used by Goodyear—nearly one-seventh of all the crude rubber produced annually on the earth, almost 50% more than is used by any other manufacturer.

THE name Goodyear is greatest in service.

There is in the Goodyear business method a fixed principle of the greatest service to the greatest number.
With the same care that it builds into its products the greatest possible value, Goodyear has provided the means to help users get all that value out.
It has covered the world with a network of branches, depots and dealer service stations for the prompt supply and expert servicing of Goodyear wares.
It has pledged its selected retail outlets to give the skilled assistance to owners that results in the enjoyment of the last ounce of usefulness built into the Goodyear product.

THE name Goodyear is greatest in usefulness.

It is a fair statement to say that none of Goodyear's success has come to Goodyear unearned.
This is a young company—eager, alert, forward-looking—one of the youngest although it is the greatest rubber company of the world.
It has come along no royal road in its march to decisive leadership, but often through trial and travail like that which Charles Goodyear himself endured.
But it has had his conquering spirit in its heart.
And it has had the devoted service of thousands on thousands of loyal men who respond to that spirit.
And it has had the trust and goodwill of the millions of people who have tested its work and word and found them worthy.
It will keep all these, because it knows whereof they spring.
In the beginning, by force of discovery, Goodyear was the greatest name in rubber.
By force of usefulness, to its own and to all people, Goodyear is the greatest name in rubber today.

Copyright 1928, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

ame in Rubber

(Continued from Page 43)

from the Tombs. "Right where you are, everybody. Afternoon, Mr. Hinkle."

"Hello, Tighe," said Little Amby cordially, greeting the intruder, a detective sergeant of Conlin's staff. "This is quite a treat. And what can we do for you?"

"You can tell that gorilla on your door down there that he'll be shot the next time he interferes with an officer in the discharge of duty," said Tighe. "Where are the bonds, miss?"

"That man has them," said Letty, pointing. Little Amby looked at her with smiling interest.

Hanasyde gave the detective the packet that Little Amby had given him. Tighe opened it. There was nothing in it but a half dozen blank legal forms—blank deeds and mortgages—of the fair market value of five cents apiece.

X

"GOOD AFTERNOON, inspector," said Little Amby hospitably when Conlin came suddenly into the private room a half hour after the arrival of Tighe and his associates. The lawyer had not left his chair; with sweet and inexhaustible patience he had looked on the ransacking of his office.

"Afternoon," said Conlin briefly, and spoke to Tighe: "Well?"

"Nothing corresponding to what we're looking for," said the detective, with a sweeping gesture that included the open safe

"And what are you looking for?" asked Little Amby, quite at ease. "I've been very patient with you when you come in here and burglarize my house. I haven't even asked you for your warrant."

Conlin picked up from the desk the sheaf of thousand-dollar notes. "Stage money, eh?"—dropping the notes after a single glance. "These are what Granishaw was giving the fifty-thousand-dollar note for. He wouldn't refuse to pay it if it was in the hands of this innocent friend Hanasyde. But you certainly intended to pass him the bonds, because that's what he was to pay the note out of. You'll have some explaining to do for having stolen goods in your office, Hinkle, but you'd better bring them out at once."

"Conlin," said Little Amby confidently, "I give you my word as a sportsman that the bonds described in this agreement are not in this office, unless they're in that envelope. I've acted here as an attorney only, taking the statement made me by my client Boroslav. If you can find any bonds here that have been stolen, I'll do all I can to assist the police."

"I don't doubt that," said Conlin. "Sergeant, put these two men under arrest." He pointed to Boroslav and Hanasyde.

"But what for?" argued Little Amby. "You might as well tell us now as before the magistrate. You have nothing here to connect me with any crime, if one was attempted."

"And where are the bonds?" cried Hanasyde. He was white with rage.

"Careful, Hanasyde," said Little Amby softly. "You have nothing to say."

"We're to go off quietly and leave the bonds behind for you, are we?" bellowed Hanasyde, beside himself. "So that's your game, Hinkle. You've euchered us cleverly, haven't you? You framed us. And you're only an attorney, are you? You won't get away with it."

"You're ruining yourself, Hanasyde," said Little Amby harshly. "If I were your attorney, which I don't admit, you'd have to leave your case to me or take the consequences."

"Gentlemen, please," protested Boroslav, spreading his hands. "Len, my good friend, do not be so violent. If there is some mistake about this money ——"

"There's no mistake here, Boroslav. We've been jobbed. It's as clear as day. We've been played for fools. He provided the queer money, and while his man Cohen walks out with the bonds, this little double-crosser brings in the police."

Little Amby sat in silence, looking steadily at the speaker. Only the widening of his eyes indicated feeling at the charge of complicity. Inspector Conlin had stood by as quietly, listening to the altercation. The detectives were searching the prisoners expertly.

Tighe handed the mutilated five-cent piece to Conlin. The inspector looked at Boroslav and then down at the coin, balancing it in his hand reflectively.

"Eh! What is that?" protested Boroslav. "It is nothing for you. It is a little token"

"It's a little token that's going to indict you for murder!" rasped Conlin, making his decision. He took a quick stride to Boroslav and thrust the coin before his eyes. "It paid for a telephone call in Symes Hubbard's room in 74th Street only eight minutes before he was found dead. You made that call."

"Oh, no—no!"

"None of that, Conlin," called Little Amby. The inspector swung toward him, glared at him, and then delayed, as if he had received a signal.

"Don't try it, Conlin," blustered the lawyer, "because it will have no effect whatever. No third degree is ever going to make that man talk. I know him. You may indict him for robbery, or even for murder, but you'll never drag from him an admission that will hurt a friend. He'll never sacrifice a friend to his own safety. If he knows anything about Hubbard's death that might injure a friend, it will go with him to Sing Sing or to the grave."

"But, my dear Hinkle," said Boroslav doubtfully, "is it a matter of murder?"

"Drag him from this office, Conlin, and subject him to every excess of police brutality, and his mouth will remain sealed. Indict him for murder in the first degree. Bring him to court and put him on trial. Prove that he had possession of the goods of the murdered man. Prove that he was the last to see the murdered man alive, in the dead of night and with the incentive and opportunity to kill. Prove that his story about the picture was a fiction, got up to explain his possession of the murdered man's property. Warn him that an accessory before the crime is a principal in the state of New York. Bring his own lawyer to advise him of the same. Tell him that he cannot be convicted of any crime in New York on his own admission, and have his lawyer so instruct him. Tell him that he'll be accepted as a state's witness and need never see the inside of state's prison. He won't betray a friend. Convict him! Send him to the death house. Let his appeal be denied and the judgment of death confirmed because of his refusal to aid the state. After dragging him through every form of ignominy, disgrace and dishonor, for himself, for his friends, his people, for everyone having any kindly feeling for him, put him to death under all the circumstances of a convicted murderer ——"

Little Amby was making his periods in an orotund voice, striking the desk, looking at Boroslav with complete approval.

"But no, I say!" cried Boroslav indignantly. "For whom shall I be so silly, Hinkle? Indeed, no. I have nothing to do with all this. And what shall Hanasyde do while I am so unfortunate? I shall positively not. See, he gave me the bonds. They came to Granishaw by the mail, on Liberty Island, many days before Hubbard's death. If they were mine or were Granishaw's, they came by the mail, I tell you, many days before Hubbard was killed. Am I a fool? He had the bonds from Granishaw's mail, I tell you."

"Who did?" snapped Conlin.

"Hanasyde!"

Conlin seized the telephone and called police headquarters. "Bring that man Rogers down to Ambrose Hinkle's office in Center Street. I mean the clerk from the Framingham Hotel in 75th Street; he's in my office. I want him here in five minutes."

He hung up. "Is that yours?" he demanded, holding the coin before Boroslav.

"Oh, yes, sir, but ——"

"You put that in the coin-box telephone in Hubbard's room!"

"But certainly not. See, I was not there that night, but on Liberty Island. Many people in my house there will say this. Everybody knows this, sir."

"Were you ever in Hubbard's room?"

"Oh, yes."

"We played cards there one night," confirmed Walter, finding his voice.

"Did Hubbard play?"

"Yes. He lost two hundred dollars that night."

"Playing for such small stakes as that?"

"It began as a five-cent game. Hubbard said he wouldn't gamble."

"He might have won this nickel?"

"He might have. He won about twenty dollars at the five-cent game. He won everything at first."

"Rogers," said Tighe in the doorway.

The hotel clerk entered, a slight and flustered man with an air of resolution.

"Rogers," said Conlin, "you told us of a guest in your hotel who had a room facing the 74th Street house where Symes Hubbard was killed."

"He wanted such a room, sir. It wasn't so desirable. He was in Room 28, on the second floor."

"He was there on the night of the murder?"

"He was. He came in and went out between ten and half-past ten, just before we heard the news. What first called my attention to him and reminded me of him was that he didn't check out at the desk. He had the room for two days, and the morning after the murder I was in that room and we were remarking that the window just across that short back yard—it's only thirty or thirty-five feet across the yard to that window ——"

"Look out!"

The staccato cry was Little Amby's; though, when Conlin turned sharply, the lawyer was not in sight. Conlin was looking into a police revolver in the grip of Hanasyde. A detective had been standing before Hanasyde; the latter had snatched the weapon from the officer's hip pocket and was already between Tighe and the doorway.

"I'll shoot," he said.

He backed through the doorway and vanished, slamming the door behind him. Tighe snatched the door open.

Little Amby ran to a window and threw up the sash. "Tug!" he shouted, as he might shout to a watchdog. "Take him, Tug!"

Walter had followed the headlong pursuit through the hallway, through the outer office and down a shaky wooden stairs to the street. He should have been more eager than the paid officers of the law, but he anticipated the capture with an indifference that lacked little of hostility; old habit was strong on him. He had been Hanasyde's friend.

He saw Hanasyde in the grasp of Tug Gaffney, Little Amby's powerful doorman. The doorman had whipped a thick left arm about Hanasyde's right forearm. The pistol was there before Tug's breast; he was bowed over, putting forth all his strength to bend Hanasyde's wrist and force the weapon from his hand. Hanasyde's heavy left fist smashed down on the base of Tug's thick skull.

The doorman swayed, but hunched his shoulders and twisted his body, swinging Hanasyde before him; while Hanasyde was off balance the doorman brought him to the sidewalk in a rolling fall. The police officers darted upon him. Walter turned away with a physical feeling of nausea. He was not glad.

He returned to the private room.

Conlin was leaning over the remains of the fire that he had just put out with water. "Too late, miss," he grumbled.

"I feel sure that the man Cohen put the bonds in the fire, Walter," explained Letty.

"Not unless the raid was tipped, miss. He might plan to take over the bonds for himself, like Hanasyde thought he did, but what would he want to burn them for? Unless he learned within the last hour that we had the goods on Boroslav; and then he would guess that you weren't coming here in good faith."

"He did!" said Walter, remembering the unfortunate exchange with Van Pelt.

XI

LEONARD RICE HANASYDE was indicted for murder in the first degree, but never went to trial. The district attorney permitted him to plead guilty to manslaughter, and he was given the limit of punishment allotted to that crime. This was good judgment, if inadequate justice; the case for the People was not conclusive.

The motive was plain: Having possessed himself of the bonds that Hubbard had mailed to Walter Granishaw, Hanasyde could not win time to realize on them unless he stopped Hubbard's mouth. The bonds were not of a sort that could be negotiated anywhere; to dispose of them required preparation and address. We may plausibly suppose that Hanasyde, uninstructed in matters of finance, did not appreciate at once the difficulty of selling the bonds.

Hubbard being dead, Walter presented the conspirators with a solution of the difficulty by destroying the picture. They could now dispose of the bonds through Walter himself, by alleging, and proving legally, that Walter had bought the picture and agreed to pay for it the price for which Hubbard had filled out the check. Asserting that the bonds had come to them innocently, they could at least make Walter pay a thumping sum for them, openly and under a claim of right. It was unlikely that Walter would give all he had in the world for a picture; it was almost equally hard to believe, as Little Amby pointed out, that Hubbard had filled out the check without authority. Walter's reckless way of life would have borne heavily against him; and it could have been urged that he had bought with the notion of reselling. It was an ingenious plan, and one that was highly suggestive of the little lawyer of Center Street. If we had the record of a trial at law, we could dispense with these surmises.

We can draw a strong inference from Hanasyde's desperation when about to be identified by the hotel clerk. We may fairly infer that the death shot was fired from that hotel room. Hubbard, coming home to a stuffy apartment, would go to his window, to throw it up, perhaps only to draw a shade. The method by which Hanasyde learned of Hubbard's arrival in the 74th Street house has never been established. It is suggested that he was passing through the lobby of Walter's apartment house when he heard Walter's name mentioned by the West Indian on the switchboard, and that he listened in at the switchboard. That's plausible, but mere surmise again; the West Indian was a stupid lout, and the investigator could learn nothing from him. It's not impossible that Hanasyde had not known of Hubbard's arrival, had gone directly to his hotel room, and had then seen Hubbard there in a bright light only thirty feet away. There is hardly a doubt that he hired that hotel room under an assumed name, with the coldly formed intention to murder.

The kink in the case that threw the police off the trail was the fact that the bonds were stolen before the murder was done. They had supposed that the murder was done to obtain the bonds, and that the murderer was therefore in the room. The hotel clerk, Rogers, had gone to the police promptly, but his hint of an ambush across the yard from the 74th Street room didn't fit into their theory and they neglected it.

Boroslav was accepted as a state's witness and was promised immunity; he is probably somewhere about the country still, asking people, with ostentatious modesty, not to address him by a near-royal title. There is no evidence approaching proof or disproof of his claim to nobility.

We may assume that the bonds were burned that day in the fireplace in Center Street. They were burned, of course, because Little Amby had just learned, through

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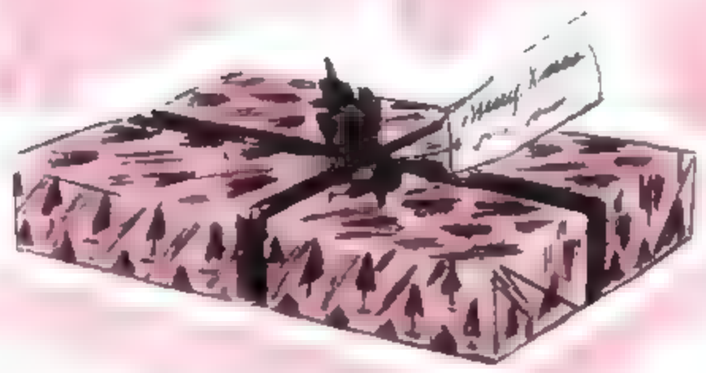

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Panatela 10¢

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PEDIGREED HAVANA FILLER

Short trips—long stops—and quick starts with an engine chilled to the crank-shaft. These are the causes of the first faint squeaks and scrapings—those hard-to-locate engine noises which so often are the forerunners of costly "Spring repairs." Take no chances. Motor oil must flow *instantly*—with the first turn of the starter. Texaco Golden Motor Oil does.

TEXACO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A safer, surer Motor Oil

Even at 45 degrees many motor oils begin to thicken and slow up—refuse to flow with the starter. At 35 degrees, cold-sensitive and sluggish by nature, their *rate of flow* becomes still lower. Then for critical seconds your cold engine grates and grinds with dry, oil-less bearings—with pistons scraping and scuffing. From freezing to zero such oils are worse than worthless—*while warming up, they cause greater wear than can possibly occur during whole hours of normal high-speed driving.*

Texaco Golden Motor Oil is scientifically refined. Clean and clear, it is *visibly* pure, free of the impurities which cause oils to clog with cold. With Texaco you can rest assured—*no matter how cold it is*—that this safer, surer motor oil is flowing freely, lubricating thoroughly, giving complete, full-bodied protection *every instant.*

Drive in today—wherever you see the Texaco Red Star with the Green T. Drain and refill. The Texaco Lubrication Chart will show you the correct grade to use.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

Make this Test

Place a bottle of Texaco Golden Motor Oil in a mixture of crushed ice and salt. In about ten or fifteen minutes the temperature of the oil will be down to about zero. See how freely it pours at that temperature. Try other oils the same way.

FULL BODY

IN ALL GRADES

TEXACO

GOLDEN MOTOR OIL

The safe oil for winter driving
flows freely at zero

That smooth, clean look about your face that only a *real* shave can give!

The House of Squibb has made an outstanding discovery in the ease of shaving after years of experiments and months of practical tests in an actual barber shop

Hot water, cold water, dull razor, sharp—they all make a difference in your shaving. But you'll realize how great a part the shaving cream plays the first time you use Squibb's. For then a dull razor appears to cut smoothly—a tender skin feels tougher—wiry hair seems softer

It took four years of experiment in the Squibb pharmaceutical laboratories to perfect this great shaving cream. Then it was tested practically for many months after that. A barber shop was established to compare Squibb's with the best creams on the market on every possible basis.

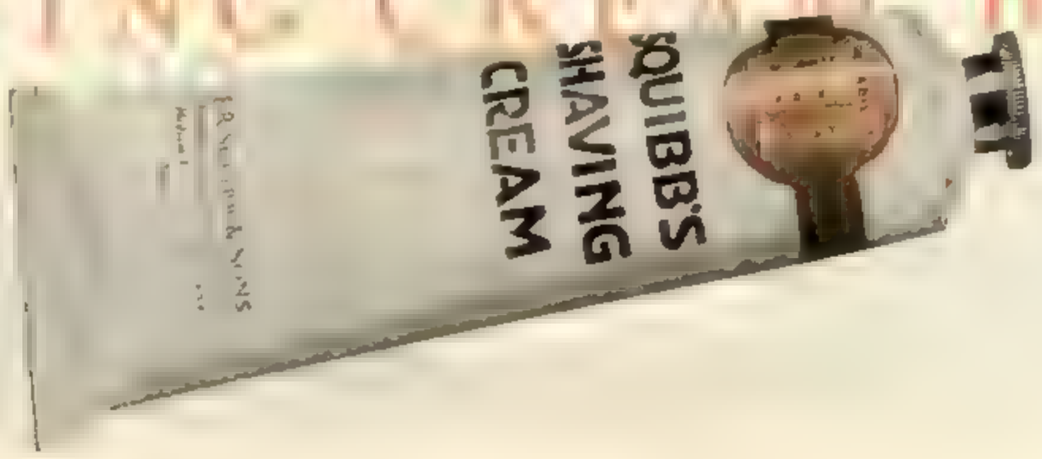
What the barber shop proved

All kinds of men came into the shop to be shaved. Stiff beards. Soft beards. Tender skins Tough skins. Many kinds of razors were employed. With hot water and cold. Microphotographs were made of the actual hairs cut with Squibb's and other creams. Squibb's was used, side by side, with them all. Day after day, it proved its superiority under every condition.

No other shaving cream could be submitted to more rigorous testing. Now, Squibb's is ready for you—with the reputation of the House of Squibb behind it. Try it. Get a tube tomorrow. Note its rich, moist lather. See what a difference it makes to your razor. You've never known how smooth and sure a blade can cut. How soothed and cool your face can feel. Try it!

For almost three-quarters of a century no Squibb Product has ever been offered for sale that did not represent a distinct improvement over all existing, similar products. It is on that basis that you are invited to try Squibb's Shaving Cream.

A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB



40 cents

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(Continued from Page 46

someone's eavesdropping on Walter's talk with Van Pelt, that Boroslav's claim to ownership of the picture had been knocked into a cocked hat, wherefore it was impossible to assert that the bonds had been innocently come by.

They were never recovered. Some charred fragments were supposed to be part of them, and an attempt was made to decipher traces of printing. The fragments were burned in the city laboratory by the noted chemist Blackhall, with the idea that the print would show when the fragments whitened to ash; witnesses clustered, staring into the glowing pot like magicians, but the few words they wrested from the elements told them nothing.

Walter returned to his six trusty bricks. He might have soured on the world and become a confidence man, or distrusted fortune and joined the Army, or simply jumped into the North River, but his ancestors stood by him and stiffened him to stand and fight. He was of good stock.

Letty Booth stood by him too. She noticed that he did not reproach her for having lost him his money; she appreciated his generosity, being a girl of experience. It is true that she had not lost him his money, was not blamable for it by any violence to sense and logic, but that would have made Walter only the angrier with her if he had been of the whining kind.

Walter did not know that he was generous—not until he asked Letty to marry him. That gave him the gratifying thrill. It takes two to make a marriage, by actual count, but if Walter could count up to two, he didn't prove it when he asked Letty to marry him.

He had been cured of most of the delusions incubated by unearned money, but he still thought that the girls who had tried to land him in his prosperous days would have angled for him as eagerly if he hadn't had a cent.

He said to Letty, across a doubtful cloth in Cosgrove's Regular Dinner House, "You know, I want you to be my wife."

"Indeed, not," said Letty decidedly. "Walter, I like you very well, and I think I would love you if you had money; but you haven't any money, Walter. You don't earn as much money as I do, and when I get married I stop working. We can't have a home and children in a furnished room."

"You'd marry for money, Letty?"

"I certainly would if you were the man."

"Yes, if I were the man. You say that. But how would I ever know that you really married me for myself?"

"Why, I'd tell you, Walter."

"And as for your working—what does it amount to? An hour or two on Sunday, and three or four weddings and funerals during the week. That wouldn't interfere with our having a home."

"An hour or two on—what about my practicing? I have to practice three or four hours every day."

"At home?" He reflected. "I guess you're right about that, Letty. We'll wait until you can stop work."

He turned the matter off lightly, suiting her apparent humor, but he was secretly hurt and resentful, and she saw it; she put her hand over his.

"Walter," she said, "I want you to prove that you're a real man. I wouldn't have married you, as you were when I first saw you, if you had ten million. I want you to prove, by earning a decent living on your own, that it was easy money was making a fool of you."

He was not mollified. He dropped his joking manner and looked at her with grimness. "If I were to quit work, Letty, would you quit me?"

"I would! Like a shot."

"Then here's where we part," he said inflexibly. "Letty, I quit my job with Magrath & Smohl this afternoon."

"Walter! What are you going to do?"

"I'm going out West to seek my fortune."

"Oh, don't talk like a fool."

"All right, I'm a fool. I can prove that, anyway." He tossed a railroad ticket to Chicago on the cloth.

"Why, you mean it! Walter, what in the world are you going to do in Chicago, or out West?"

"I told you. I'm going to seek my fortune. I understand there's plenty of easy money out there. And now that I know how you feel about it, I can tell you that I won't see you again until I have the fortune."

She was staring incredulously at the ticket. "When are you going?"

"Tonight. In an hour from now. My bag is packed in the room around the corner. Well, Miss Booth, good-by, and thanks for a pleasant time. Unless you'd like to come to the station? I'd love to have you."

She had nothing to say while they walked around the corner to the house in 124th Street next to the garage. Walter's smart English bag, relic of a departed prosperity, was there in the dingy hall.

"Good-by, Mrs. Brandon," said Walter, shaking hands with his landlady. "I'm going West to seek my fortune."

"And that's where to find it, Mr. Granishaw. My own husband done the same thing fifteen years ago."

"And did he make his fortune out there?"

"Indeed he did. Well, he never came back again, and that's proof he had money. Good luck to you, Mr. Granishaw."

Walter hailed a cab in Eighth Avenue. He and Letty started for the Grand Central Station.

"Walter," she said.

"Well?"

"You're going to do it? You're going away?"

"I certainly am."

She knocked for the chauffeur. "Turn west on Sixty-second Street!"

"What's this for?" demanded Walter. "What are we going to your house for?"

"Oh, never mind what we're going to my house for, you fool. Don't talk to me at all."

The cab halted before Letty's residence. She went in. She came out, carrying a suitcase. "Grand Central!"

She sat in silence, sunk in bitterness. "I suppose I can find work in Chicago, or wherever we're going," she said at last.

"Have you your fare?"

"Never mind. It'll be a cold day when I look to you for anything. And we may even have to get married. Oh, good heavens!"

"Married, Letty? What about the money?"

"There he goes again. Oh, what did I ever do? What did I ever do?"

"As for working after you're married," he said with immense enjoyment, "that will be entirely up to you, though I thought it was against your principles. But I do insist on paying your fare to Chicago, as my guest. In fact, I've paid it already, on the chance that you'd like to go. I got a check from Chicago this morning, Letty, for five thousand nine hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents."

The cab had halted before a red traffic light. "Read this, Letty. And tell me if your fiancé is a man of iron self-control, or what." She took the letter:

MR. WALTER GRANISHAW,
APARTMENTS
NEW YORK, N. Y.

FEB. 1, 1923.

Dear Sir: We beg to hand you herewith our check for five thousand nine hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents ($5912.50) being six months interest at 5½% on our guaranteed first mortgage gold bonds, serial numbers 347, 348, 961 and 1127. Registered in your name on the books of the company as of date.

Respectfully yours,
NORTH CENTRAL BOND & MORTGAGE COMPANY.

"I went to the Georgean Trust right away—where I used to bank—and they telephoned this North Central Company in Chicago! It seems that Symes Hubbard bought these bonds for us, Letty, and they are not negotiable at all. They can only be transferred on the books of the company by my signature. Well, since I did not buy the bonds myself, they have not my signature, and they want to be awfully careful. They say I approached them months ago with a proposition for them to buy back these bonds at a discount, but that I dropped the matter when they began to inquire. You know I never did any such thing, Letty; it was probably that crooked lawyer down in Center Street. Oh, we could handle the matter from this end all right, but I'm going direct to Chicago. I can't sit still and wait. I must be doing something."

"You got this letter this morning?" Letty's voice was cold.

"This morning!"

"And you can't wait. But you could let me wait all day, and amuse yourself with tormenting the heart out of me. I hope you have a nice time in Chicago, Mr. Granishaw."

"Letty! Be sensible, will you? Let me talk to you."

The cab had halted, obeying her signal. The driver had reached back and opened the door.

"Getting out here?"

Walter seized the door and pulled it to. "Nobody getting out. Grand Central!"

Pickens Point, at the Entrance to Pensacola Bay

I wish you all A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free

THE last newspaper man who wrote to me, made a good suggestion, namely, that I should always give advance information of pictures we have under production. He said that "advance information" is "news", and that advertising, if properly done, is "news". He is right, and I am following his suggestion. Meantime the more newspapermen who write to me, the better I will be satisfied. Newspapermen have a direct and accurate slant on Public Opinion, and Public Opinion is the moving force of the Universe. Therefore, I invite the critical and caustic and constructive comments of newspaper men.

—C. L.

"*Give and Take*" is what we know as a "hilarious farce," and is led by those two popular comedians GEORGE SIDNEY and JEAN HERSHOLT assisted by GEORGE LEWIS and SHARON LYNN. It revolves around the new-born ideas of a college graduate who comes home to run his father's factory, and in trying to establish his theoretical ideas nearly ruins the business.

Laura La Plante in "The Last Warning"

I am enthused over our mystery-picture "*The Last Warning*," starring LAURALA PLANTE and adapted from Wadsworth Camp's story and Thomas Fallon's stage hit. It is directed by Paul Leni who produced "*The Cat and the Canary*." I can also safely say that "*Broadway*" and "*Show Boat*" will be two of the outstanding pictures of this new season.

Marian Nixon in "Silks and Saddles"

"*Silks and Saddles*," a stirring story of the race-track, has a cast that must necessarily impress you. It includes MARIAN NIXON, RICHARD WALLING, MONTAGUE LOVE, SAM DE GRASSE, MARY NOLAN, OTIS HARLAN, DAVID TORRENCE, HAYDEN STEVENSON, CLAIRE McDOWELL and JOHN FOX. Watch for it.

COMING—News, as my newspaper friends say—GLENN TRYON and that charming and capable comedienne PATSY RUTH MILLER in "*The Gate Crasher*" which you will enjoy to the limit I am sure. Have you seen "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" and "*The Man Who Laughs*"? If not you have a treat in store.

George Lewis in "Give and Take"

Carl Laemmle, President

Do you want to be on our mailing list? Just say the word.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

The simplest room is lifted into beauty *by the ever-enduring charm of* REAL TILES

GLOWING COLOR—the rich texture you find in rare pottery, combined with an impenetrable strength and durability—

You build these qualities right into the floor and walls of a room when you build with Keramic Tiles—*real tiles.*

For centuries Keramic Tiles have been regarded by architects as the richest and most colorful, as well as the most lasting, of all interior building materials. Kings and emperors decorated their palaces with them. They were the luxury of the very rich.

Today they come within the scale of the simplest home. Throughout America, builders recommend Keramic Tiles for the bathroom, the kitchen, the sun-room of the moderate-priced house—because they not only have a beauty and distinction that cannot be duplicated in any other material—they are also in the end the most economical.

KERAMIC TILES LAST! What a pleasure, when you have installed beautiful bathrooms, to *know* that they will not become shabby, nor show stain or wear! To have a kitchen that will survive the hardest use of any room in the house, and still remain one of the most attractive!

Dirt, smoke, water, steam, even acid, have no effect on Keramic Tiles. Wipe them off with a damp cloth, or wash them with soap and water, and they are new again—their colors as lovely, their surface as intact, after long years, as on the first day.

If you are building a new house, or remodeling an old one, it will reward you to look into the possibilities of Keramic Tiles. The remarkably moderate prices, the profusion of lovely colors and lovely finishes that you will find, will delight you.

Whether you want your bathrooms gleamingly, immaculately white, or softly colored as a shell—whether you want a sun-room in warm-hued quarry tiles, or a dining room or entrance hall in faience—whatever the type of house you are building, you will find beautiful varieties of Keramic Tiles to meet your needs.

Let us send you our illustrated booklet, *Enduring Beauty in your Home through Keramic Tiles.* You will find in it wonderfully interesting facts about Keramic Tiles; how they are being used in beautiful homes throughout America; how you can use them in *your* home. Mail the coupon today!

ASSOCIATED TILE MANUFACTURERS
INCORPORATED

TILE-SETTING is a true craft, requiring a high degree of skill and workmanship. A competent job of tile-setting will give you results of enduring beauty—something you can regard with endless pleasure and satisfaction.

In your community there is an experienced tiling contractor, who can show you the different types of Keramic Tiles, answer your questions, make practical suggestions, and see that your tile job is efficiently and skillfully handled. Consult him if you are building or remodeling.

Associated Tile Manufacturers
Incorporated

What a pleasure to work in a kitchen that never becomes shabby . . . With Keramic Tiles, your kitchen can be made one of the most attractive rooms in the house.

SEND TODAY *for this interesting booklet!*

Associated Tile Manufacturers, Incorporated, Dept. S-12,
430 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed 10 cents—please send me your booklet, *Enduring Beauty in your Home through Keramic Tiles.*

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

KERAMIC TILES

CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMED COLUMNIST

(Continued from Page 7)

from Shakspere bloody lines and gaudy lines and odorous lines—which he would roll forth at me with flashing eyes. A violent black man with the soul of an artist, who said he could see ghosts—he should have been body servant to Benvenuto Cellini. He was just the genie to guard a box of poetry. But Henry suddenly disappeared—fired, or fatally carved at last, or something—and a new janitor named George came on. Before I ever heard of George or had an opportunity to lead him to that box and bump his skull against it and impress him with its sacred character, George carried all that poetry away and destroyed it. So I can always say that it was wonderful poetry and nobody can disprove it. All the serious verse I ever tried to do afterward was an echo or a memory of something that was in that box; but the genuine lyric feeling, which is so much a matter of the pulse, seldom survives the twenties, although something like it may be pumped up or faked.

The late Joel Chandler Harris—one of the world's great golden hearts—when I went to work as one of his assistants on a magazine which he founded, gave me something as near like a column as might be, to do what I pleased with—as many pages as I wanted every month, for verse, prose or any sort of writing that took my fancy. But still it wasn't daily, and what I wanted was a daily column. Some months after Mr. Harris died there was a reorganization, and it was suggested to me that I take a half-time job at half pay till the magazine got on its feet again. I couldn't make out whether I was being fired or not, so I said "Oh, hell!" and went away from there.

Selling in Bulk

"Here," I said to myself, "is where I go to New York and get that column of my own I've always been wanting."

When I got to New York I had $7.50 cash and my wife was ill in a hospital in Atlanta. To make the picture complete, I stepped out of the ferry station into a blizzard—it was Thanksgiving Day, 1909—and the blizzard cuddled up against my chest, which had grown used to the mild Georgia winters, and turned itself into the prettiest case of flu you could imagine. I was in no financial condition to indulge myself in the flu, and so I hunted up the only man I knew in New York and told him that the first thing I wanted was an awful lot of whisky, and the second thing was a job. I explained that it would have to be his money which we spent for the whisky, as I only had enough to buy the quinine. He was the kind of bird who never cared whose money it was; so we put in my first two days in New York curing my flu, and we really cured it. At the end of that time he said that during those two days I had got a job, and I asked him: "Where?"

"On the Herald," he said. He worked on the Herald himself, and it seemed plausible, so I sent a wire to my wife in Atlanta to cheer up, everything was all right, I'd landed a job at once, and would very soon have that daily column of my own.

When we got to the Herald that afternoon nobody knew anything about my having a job there; and not only that, but they told my friend he didn't have any job there himself any longer. It seems he had devoted himself to curing my flu too assiduously to please his employers, neglecting his reportorial work in this humanitarian task. Then I went to all the other papers in New York to find out just where this job was that he was so sure I had, but all the editors pretended that they'd never heard anything about it. The Sunday editor of the Tribune said, however, that he would pay me five dollars a column for stuff for a certain section of his paper. I went to work at once, without looking at the columns in that section.

I worked continuously for four days, and then he showed me proofs of what I had written. Those columns were wider than any other two newspaper columns I ever saw. The matter was set in five-point type, without leads. I believe you could have dropped the canonical gospels into one of those columns and still have had room for the Apocrypha and the Lives of the Saints. I was appalled. My four days' work at five dollars a column came to twelve dollars.

"I came to New York looking for a column," I told the Sunday editor, "but I don't think this is the column I was looking for."

"I don't understand you," he said.

"Give me the twelve dollars," I said, "and let me go away from here. I could work twenty hours a day on this job and still starve to death. I consider that it would be far more decent and self-respecting to jump in the river at once, while I still have bulk, rather than to wait until I get so thin I won't even make a splash. My intention in coming to New York was to make a splash of some sort."

"Lots of people," he said, "make their living off these columns."

"They must all be little people, with subnormal appetites," I said. And I went out and stood in the Nassau Street slush and thought it over. It dawned upon me then for the first time that I was starting in life all over again; that no matter what I'd been, done or written in other towns was of no particular interest to New York. I perceived the essential justice of this. New York hadn't invited my presence. I was attempting to force myself upon it and it wasn't interested. But if I could get it interested, I saw, the interest might amount to something. Interest and amuse Atlanta and other such towns, and you get friends and praise. Interest and amuse New York, and you get friends, praise and money. The cynics on the one hand, and the idealists on the other, may say what they like about money, but it has been my experience that it is a pretty good thing to have a little of it kicking around now and then. I began to like New York on account of what I intended it should do for me later.

New York's Mermaid Tavern

So I went and sent my wife a wire that New York was fine, and she had better pawn everything that I hadn't pawned in order to pay my railroad fare up here, and come on as soon as she got out of the hospital. I sent the wire from a telegraph office in the old Tribune building at the corner of Nassau and Spruce streets, and went out and stood in the slush again.

Diagonally across from me I perceived a building that interested me. It was wedge-shaped, situated in the triangle where Nassau Street and Park Row converge. There were swinging doors on the Nassau Street side, and high, stained-glass windows. I went around to the Park Row side. There were swinging doors there too. A confused and jolly sound floated out into the foggy air. Something told me, instinctively, that within this particular barroom I would find newspapermen. I am psychic at times. It was just the kind of barroom where there would be newspapermen. I don't know how I knew, but I knew. At that time, New York was a great newspaper town. The Globe, the Mail, the Post, the Press, the Sun, the Evening Sun, the American, the Journal, the Tribune, the World, the Evening World, were all down in that neighborhood, within a few blocks of one another, to say nothing of various press associations. I went in, and at a glance saw that there were at least fifteen newspapermen present. Again I say, don't ask me how I knew what they were; I just knew.

This was Lipton's. It had two or three other names, and it had been long since anyone named Lipton had been connected with it, but the old-timers never called it anything but Lipton's. Not to have known Lipton's in the old days is never to have been a New York newspaperman. I cannot think of it yet without sighs of regret and twinges of conscience. Lipton's was the training camp in which a good many battlers left their fight; I very nearly left mine there in one of the high-backed booths under the stained-glass windows. But it is so intimately connected in my mind with my search for a column of my own in New York, and my first five or six years after I got one, that I couldn't leave it out of this exceedingly personal—perhaps too personal—narrative. Lipton's was not merely an eating and drinking place. It was a tavern, and more than a tavern; it was a club, and more than a club. It was an institution. Perhaps the Mermaid Tavern in Ben Jonson's day had more and better poets in it, more famous wits and more subtle philosophers, but there are a few of us left who would tell Ben to his face that it never had any better fellows or as much fun. There is a soda fountain there now, and—but I mustn't get bitter.

Columns of Free Verse

Let the grouches say what they will, New York is a friendly place to struggling strangers, if they will only take its careless, Brobdingnagian cuffs and unconscious kicks as cheerfully as they can, laugh when they get a sock in the eye, and realize there's nothing personal about it all; that the grotesque, half-human monster is just frolicking. And it was in Lipton's, that first afternoon that my instinct led me into it, that I began to realize how helpful, friendly, comradely and kind the best type of New York newspaperman could be to the stranger struggling for a foothold. Within an hour, in Lipton's, I met two old newspaper friends who I hadn't known were in New York—Sam Small, Jr., whom I had worked with in Washington, and Wilson Burke, whom I had known in Atlanta—and within another hour I knew ten more newspapermen, and they were all eager and willing to put me wise to the game in New York—counsel which I badly needed. Before I get away from Lipton's entirely, I will—like Mr. Wegg, the literary man with a wooden leg—drop in some verses that I printed in the Evening Sun the day in 1919 when it closed forever. I was feeling a little old that day, and that feeling got into the rimes, along with some of my other feelings about the place:

"KING PANDION, HE IS DEAD"

King Pandion, he is dead.
All thy friends are lapped in lead.
—*Shakspere.*

Dreamers, drinkers, rebel youth,
Where's the folly, free and fine,
You and I mistook for truth?
Wits and wastrels, friends of wine
Wags and poets, friends of mine,
Gleams and glamours all are fled,
Fires and frenzies half divine!
"King Pandion, he is dead."

Time's unmannerly, uncouth!
Here's the crow's-foot for a sign!
And, upon our brows, forsooth,
Wits and wastrels, friends of wine,
Time hath set his mark malign;
Frost has touched us, heart and head,
Cooled the blood and dulled the eyne.
"King Pandion, he is dead."

Time's a tyrant without ruth;
Fancies used to bloom and twine
Round a common tavern booth,
Wits and wastrels, friends of wine,
In that youth of mine and thine!
'Tis for youth the feast is spread;
When we dine now—we but dine!
"King Pandion, he is dead."

How our dreams would glow and shine,
Wits and wastrels, friends of wine,
Ere the drab Hour came that said:
"King Pandion, he is dead."

Not that I ever saw much wine drunk at Lipton's; it was mostly beer and distilled liquids. And, in passing, let me remark that there's an awful lot of hooey about some of these people who are currently clamoring for light wine and beer. When they could drink wine legally and freely they never paid much attention to it. They drank whisky, and what they want now is whisky. And what I would like, personally, is Lipton's place back again. I may be wrong, and I may be licked, as far as prohibition is concerned, but at least I can be honest and say: What I want is an open Lipton's, openly arrived at, with Harry Staton and Paul Thompson singing The Flying Trapeze by the brass rail, with Frank O'Malley and Benjamin De Casseres arguing cosmic philosophy at a table, with Kit Morley or Dana Burnet dragging me into a booth to read his latest poem, and with a boy from the Sun composing room sticking his frowsled head through the swinging door and bawling with one intake of breath:

"Mr. Marquis, it's only an hour before that page has gotto be locked up, and the foreman he says, where the hell's that column of yours?—he can't find the type nowheres, he says; where the hell is it?—ain't you wrote it at all yet?—and it takes a little time to set type even if you don't believe it!—and he says some of these days you're gonna look at the paper and wonder why you ain't in it!—that's what he says, Mr. Marquis, and where the hell is it?"

On such occasions one gets up a column in thirty minutes, depending largely upon contributions; at other times I have worked twelve and fifteen hours on one of them. It was always my ambition to have the verse in my columns, whether I wrote it myself or whether it was contributed, of a better quality than that published in the current magazines. A surprising number of the best, and best-known, poets of the day used to send me stuff for nothing that they would have got well paid for if they had sent it to the magazines. They got an immediate and general response from anything in the column that was worth more to them than the money would have been, they used to tell me.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Marquis. The second will appear in an early issue.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 22)

HE: B'lieve me, you're the exception to that rule. I mean, the very fact you'd rather have a man admire you for your character than your beauty shows you've got lots of sense.

SHE: Do you honestly think I have?

HE: Yeah, you bet!

SHE: But I don't think it makes a girl popular to have sense, do you?

HE: Well, it depends. It's all right for her to have sense if she's beautiful.

SHE: Gosh, it must be wonderful to be really beautiful! I mean, not just pretty, but really beautiful.

HE: Well, you ought to know.

SHE: What do you mean, my dear? Honestly, I've never heard anything so completely cryptic!

HE: Well, you know you're beautiful!

SHE: Why, the idea! I don't at all!

HE: Well, you certainly are beautiful!

SHE: Do you honestly think I am?

HE: You bet I do! I think you're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen!

SHE: Well, I don't believe I am at all, but it's awfully sweet of you to say so!

—*Lloyd Mayer.*

BULL TAVERN

(Continued from Page 19

"You are very cool, Miss Bull, in the midst of all this excitement," he said, wishing to assure himself beyond a doubt that he had not mistaken bravado for an almost incredible self-possession.

"Am I?" said Laurie, beginning to be bored. "Won't you sit down, Mr. ——"

"Shepstiro," he prompted her as he took a chair—"S. M. Shepstiro."

"—— Mr. Shepstiro," she finished conscientiously, like a child accepting instruction.

Her naturalness made him frown. He was accustomed to look at every new acquaintance as one peers into turgid water. No mud so black that it could give him a shock, but the one thing for which he was totally unprepared was a limpidity which robbed the eye, the ear and the mind of the necessity for effort. He felt as foolish as a fencer armed cap-a-pie whose foil should encounter a visible opponent only to find that the living image lacked substance and was consequently invulnerable.

"You must forgive me for staring so," he resumed, "but I am only making sure to myself that you are right to be so cool. You have come a long ways already, many steps up the ladder, but the next step is the longest of all. There may be higher ones—one higher, anyway, and perhaps two—but there won't ever be a longer one. Now I am here, let me ask you, isn't there something you would be glad to be advised about?"

Laurie thought hard and finally her face broke into a smile. "There's one thing, but it's so silly I'm ashamed to mention it."

"Don't ever be ashamed to mention anything with me," said Mr. Shepstiro. "Do you want I should tell the boys to go out?"

"Oh, no. I meant foolish silly. It's—it's about my hair. We talked for hours and hours and there was a fight between the hairdresser and one of his assistants."

The lawyer did not smile; he accepted the problem so gravely that the boys stifled their guffaws and she herself became reassured and serious.

"A word fight or a real one?"

"Real. They talked a lot first but in the end the assistant slapped his boss."

"What was the row about? I mean it must have had two distinct sides to finish up like that."

"It did. The boss wanted to give me a bob, or dress it to look bobbed."

"That was his idea. What was the assistant's?"

"He said to dress it, but to do it so what the crowd would see would be exactly what I had then."

"You mean what you have now?"

"More or less," said Laurie, putting up an investigating hand.

"Berry," said Mr. Shepstiro without hesitation, "the assistant is probably fired. Find him. It's him we'll have do Miss Bull's hair."

"Oh, thank you!" said Laurie with genuine relief. "You don't know how glad I am to have that off my mind."

"Now let's see if there's something else I can help you about. You know that if you should sign any form of contract in advance, and it should leak out, you would immediately become ineligible?"

"No, I didn't know that."

"Hasn't anybody been after you to sign something?"

"Not so she could notice it!" said Berry with a laugh.

"We saw to that, Mr. Shepstiro," said Rex quickly. "That's what he means."

"I know what he means," said the lawyer with a touch of impatience. "Now, boys, don't get offended when I tell you I'm interested tonight only in what Miss Bull has to say. I'll listen in on you some other time."

"But I haven't anything to say," objected Laurie.

"Wrong!" stated Mr. Shepstiro, warming up to the task in hand and forgetting his recent qualms. "You have everything to say. Sometimes everything is another name for nothing, but in this case it may stand for a great deal, and you should be protected from the start, and your backers have a right to be protected too."

"My backers?"

"Yes—Rex, Berry and your brother Young."

Laurie threw back her head and laughed. "It's so funny," she explained, "going out of your way to protect those three!" She laughed again.

"I don't mean anybody's going to hit them on the head," said the lawyer, straining himself a little to laugh with her. "But everybody—all of us have rights, and they ought to be fenced off like into lots so you know where you stand, you and your aunt and the boys and—and me." He held up his hand when she attempted to speak and continued: "Let me explain. Let me show you a little. Say you should win. Inside the next month perhaps you're called on to sign ten—fifteen—fifty contracts—big ones, little ones, short ones, long ones." His eyes grew enormously luminous. "Perhaps the movies," he whispered, "perhaps the stage! Get one send-off like that and you'll be buried in contracts from letting them say what kind of face cream you use up to a thousand a week on the big time or the screen."

"What do the boys ——" began Laurie. "Where do you ——" She stopped again.

"I know—I know," said Mr. Shepstiro pleasantly. "You don't have to ask for me to tell you. The boys come in because they found you—they started you, see? And me, I come in because every time you would ask for a thousand and think it was a lot, I would ask for ten thousand—and get it. I mean I would get it so you could see it, feel it and lock it up in the bank, instead of just reading in the papers about how Miss Laurentha Bull was now drawing down a million a year—a million breaths of hot movie air!"

"I love to talk like this before anything's really happened," said Laurie. "It gives you a great feeling, like dreaming with your eyes wide open."

"Now, Miss Bull," said the lawyer, "I got to wake you up. I got to tell you that things are happening now—that they've been happening for a long time—ever since you made the Miss Hoboken grade. But all that's necessary today to fix things so you won't have to bother your head any more is for you to sign a letter to me."

"Why should we write to each other?" asked Laurie. "We're both here, aren't we? You can say what you've got to say and I'll answer you quick enough, but I'm no good at writing letters."

"You don't understand," said the lawyer, with a kindly shake of his head and holding steadfastly to the unchanging smile on his lips. "I have written it all ready for your approval." He drew out a sheet of paper and held it toward her.

"Oh, what's the use?" said Laurie, hesitating to take the letter.

"Come now, do you mind just looking at it and then I'll tell you what's the use."

She glanced through the missive, which was addressed to Mr. S. M. Shepstiro and was very short: "In accordance with the rules governing the pageant, I agree to sign no document now or hereafter without your consent."

"Anything there to be scared at?" he asked pleasantly. "Anything you don't like?"

"How should I know?" said Laurie. She folded the letter and passed it to her aunt. "Keep it for me, auntie, please."

Mr. Shepstiro leaned forward with an impulsive movement which required a visible effort to restrain. For an instant he looked like some sharp-featured breed of dog in leash, and he was all the more eager because he knew himself to be actuated only by the most honest intentions. Somebody had to put things across for this peculiar girl and he was confident that he could insure her a fairer deal than anyone else.

"Miss Bull—please—if you could sign it now. It will be just like the hair—just as big a relief to you as the hair. Trust me, Miss Bull, and I'll show you I'll get ten times as much as you could get, and more—much more—than any lawyer who doesn't know you and Young and the Donovan boys and Mr. Donovan himself. If I didn't do what was best for you, what do you think they would do to me?"

"A plenty!" murmured Young, a strange light in his eyes. "If that's what's bothering you, Laurie, I wouldn't let it worry me any longer if I were you."

This time Mr. Shepstiro did not reprove him for speaking—thanks again to his unerring instinct. He had never paid much attention to Young as the Donovans' henchman, but he had a feeling that Young, as Laurie's brother, was a quite different entity, capable of knocking him down on the slightest provocation. His lips were opening to a conciliatory phrase when Laurie forestalled him.

"It isn't a question of trusting you, Mr. Shep—Shepstiro. The reason I'm not in a hurry to sign is because I'm not such a fool as not to know that that letter would be a contract the minute the ink was dry."

In the shocked silence which ensued she left the sitting room without bothering to say good night, but Young, grinning, said it for her with emphasis: "Good night!"

IX

THE eve of the first day of the great pageant arrived and from the moment Laurie awoke she seemed to herself to step into a dream. Heretofore she had been consciously in command of her actions, but now the entity which she had pictured all her life as Laurentha Bull appeared to be standing on one side, watching all she did with an immobility that expressed neither censure nor approval. What had happened was that she had become two people quite definitely—Miss New Jersey of Hoboken, tagged by Laurie of the Barrens.

This sense of absolute division, in which the dream became reality and Laurentha merely a ghostly looker-on, gave her an uncanny turn, but at the same time helped to smooth her way. It enabled her, for instance, to place herself confidingly in the hands of Mr. Manville Jones at the outset and to yield gracefully to guidance on several other occasions when the Laurentha Bull she had always thought herself to be would have risen in instant rebellion.

It was Miss New Jersey, the champion of her state, who consented to have a send-off from the Pennsylvania Station in New York with a battery of cameras working at top speed. It was the same complacent young person who received an ovation at Newark, where she was joined by her six ladies in waiting and two more rigged out as pages. But when it came to the meeting with several other queens-apparent and their courts in Philadelphia, preparatory to embarking *en masse* on the Beauty Special, the old Laurie insisted on having a short inning.

The mayor of the great city was present to give a psuedo-official dignity to the occasion, but unfortunately the balance wheel thus provided was thrown out of gear and all but wrecked because one of the beauties had been supplied with a gang. By no stretch of poetic or any other license could they be termed ladies in waiting or otherwise. The antics of these maidens with their ear-splitting boosters' yell, uttered on the slightest or no provocation, and with their flying-wedge formation to reach their queen whenever separated from her by the milling crowd, were enough to give pause to wiser heads than Laurie's; but even she could stand aghast, not at the rowdyism but at the astonishing contiguity of hoodlum and high authority.

Each queen bee eyed the other with a sharpness and avidity that suggested sheathed claws, but the words they uttered were as pale strained honey. In one or two instances there was a bluff spontaneity and a smile which seemed to say, "Sincerity not guaranteed." But in most cases it sounded as if the ladies were speaking the set speeches arranged by their agents with an eye to what the papers would say about good sportsmanship. The result was monotony. All the girls were good sports; in print, each thought the other the most beautiful creature she had ever seen.

Emotions are free to all—free as the air—but while anybody with healthy lungs can breathe, not all are equipped to know what it is all about when it comes to the nuances of feeling. These girls had been spoken to in primer language—the only idiom most of them could understand. Each had been told that once chosen as the representative of her state or city she would have thousands of honors in which to revel, the first of which in point of time would be to wander through several shops to gather up, as freely as one plucks wild flowers, the filmiest of creations, the daintiest slippers and the most delicate of afternoon and evening wear.

That portion of the oracle had come true and each was now assured that tens of thousands would stand for hours in the expectation of seeing her saunter proudly along, that she would be dined and fêted, would dance, be entertained, enter various collateral contests, fly in aeroplanes, be the guest of country clubs, ride, swim and spend idle hours on graceful yachts with her court of lesser loveliness lolling about her.

Nothing was said of any cash returns, as the barefaced mention of money was out of bounds, but it was confidently stated that should she win the great prize she would have an opportunity to star in moving pictures. So much for the ex-officio assertions of the various committees, but all she had to do was to turn the page of the same booster journal and she would find the headline statement that the potential purse to the winner was worth at least fifty thousand dollars.

On board the Beauty Special there was a strain in most of the contestants' eyes which seemed to reflect the thought of cash rather than that of Simon-pure homage, and there were certain of the old-timers, young in years but hardened by experience in many a beauty battle, who took a wicked delight in estimating what five days of the most grueling sort of pounding would do to the fragile charms of such innocents as imagined they were embarked upon a glorious holiday.

These troopers of the vast beauty-contest field kept their knowledge to themselves, while they plied their more dangerous looking rivals with all the glib flattery they had garnered along the rose-strewn yet thorny path of the adept though strictly nonprofessional winner of various prizes in pulchritude. But even the most reticent of them could not refrain from letting it slip out that hers was the ankle modeled in marble by a great sculptor at the expense of the National Amalgamated Association of Boot and Shoe Makers as the standard for all time, or that it was her leg, in competition with all the other legs in the world, which had made Silkline Stockings famous.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Are you trying to tie FIRE'S hands with thread?

Perhaps you're a careful person. Perhaps you're careful with lighted matches and have recently had your electric house-wiring gone over. Perhaps you have even installed a sprinkler system for your factory or bought a lightning rod for your home!

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WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE

SIMPLE HONORS

(Continued from Page 15)

because that is not my business, so I went back to the smoking room, and in the smoking room they did not talk about bridge, but they talked about how many knots did your boat make on the last crossing, and was the meals as good, and they will not stop in London but a day or two days, because in London they will boil a tenderloin steak if you do not watch them, and I did not have to listen to that, but could just sit and drink ale and stout.

So I cannot tell all of the things that happened, but just some of the things that happened in what I called from the first, nothing but a ship's board romance, even if Arthur did think it was serious. I stayed in the smoking room and did not go up on deck but once or twice until the last day, so I could not see everything, but I will tell what I saw and what Arthur laughingly told me afterward.

The next day he said, "Well, what did you think of her? Is that not nice people she is with?"

I said, "If you are after a girl that has a comprehensive grasp of bridge in all its ramifications, you have got one."

"Yes," he said, "one of those gentlemen, named Joe, said she was one of the best in Great Neck at contract."

I said, "She must be a great catch."

"I will catch her," he said.

I said: "You will have to learn bridge then, because she will have wore out the deck she's got, before you will be able to make out what she is trying to say in conversation."

"I will not have to learn bridge," he said, "because when she understands that I am not joking, but that I am serious, why, she will not want to talk about bridge, but she will want to talk about what people talk about when they are in love."

I said, "Her major tenaces must have gone to your head."

"I do not know anything about her major tenaces," he said, "but I can see that even if she does act a little dizzy to unthinking people, still and all, she is a fine girl underneath it all, and I will not be misled by the way she talks."

I said, "Underneath it all she is a deck of cards, and I would not want to be married to a deck of cards, even from Great Neck."

That afternoon he had a date with her and he wanted to play deck tennis, because you will have a fat chance to talk about major tenaces if you are playing deck tennis, because you will be hit on the head, but if he did or not I do not know, because he did not come down to dinner, and when I saw him in the smoking room in the evening he had found that if you mix gin and rye you have made one of the worst drinks you ever laid lip over, and that was what he was drinking.

I said, "Well?"

He said: "Beware of the doubleton lead. A major bid should have a seven-card suit. Play your simpleton jack of spades. Establish a long suit and be penalized three hundred million billion points. Lead from the dummy, because you are a preemptive bid and I am a pianola. You are a Yarborough, and I will make a grand slam. Finesse, fellow—finesse! You have a possible winning finesse, but you are a negative double, and I am an informatory bid. Minor suits, major suits, suits with two pairs of pants. Discard the six of diamonds on the second heart lead. You have an expectancy of two and a half quick tricks, because you have a card support. Let us overbid because we have unfavorable suit distribution."

I said, "I do not understand what you are saying."

He said, "I will not talk to you because you are a preëmptive bid. Go away."

"If you will not mix gin and rye but will mix stout and ale, you will not talk like that," I said.

Arthur said, "You would give a weak hand a ruff before a ruff is necessary. Go away."

"I will bet that you are drunk," I said, "because that is not the way you talk all the time, and no wonder, but you do not know how to talk with a girl that is like this girl you have picked out; though I do not see why you have picked her out, because there are three hundred people around here, and if you was to look around, I will bet that you could find a girl that spoke English."

"Go away," he said. "You are a preemptive bid."

I said, "I am not any sucker."

"You would give a weak hand a ruff," he said.

Now, I have got a system, and say you are talking to a girl, and if you will let her talk, why, she will talk all the time, and not what you want to talk about, but what she wants to talk about, and my system is that the girl will either talk about what you want to talk about or not talk at all, and I do not know which is best—whether she talks about what you want to talk about or not talk about anything at all.

So I thought: "Well, I will show Arthur this system and he will be able to hold that baby without her talking about forcing out adverse best trumps, and he will know what she is talking about and not be in the dark all the time she is talking." So, when he was able to come to around midday I led him out on the deck, and I said, "I will walk you around the deck so you will get on your feet and be all right."

He said, "Do not let Miss Moylan see me until I am on my feet and all right."

"She cannot see you unless you are dressed up like the Jack of Hearts," I said, "because she is all wrapped up in responses, discards and echoes, and there is not a chance in the world that she will notice anybody unless they are in the game with her."

He said, "It is just a phase."

But we did see her, and she was walking down the deck with Joe, and they were coming toward us, and, well, there was not anything to do but I should say, "Hello, and how is little casino?"

She said, "Is it not a glorious morning?"

I said, "What is glorious about it? It was a morning like this that they invented bridge."

Joe said, "Really? I did not know you knew about the history of bridge."

"Well, now," I thought, "now I will use my system and Arthur will see it, and there is nobody—especially a girl—that is able to get around my system, because it is simplicity itself."

I said, "Listen, I will tell you something about bridge." I said, "Do you see that boy there?"—and I pointed to Arthur, who was leaning against the rail. I said: "Well, the way you brought up that subject of the history of bridge—just by chance, you might say—it reminds me of something that you will say is awfully interesting, and I will bet you never knew it, even if you have been playing bridge a long time, and very few bridge players know it."

She said, "Why, Mr. Fowler, what do you mean?"

They had been going to walk on, and keep on walking around the deck, like for exercise, but when I said that, they did not make any motion to go, but came closer.

I said, "First, did you ever hear of a baseball player named Babe Ruth?"

"Yes," Joe said, "I have. Why do you ask that?"

I said: "You will see. Two years ago the baseball writers were saying, 'Well, this is Babe's last year, because he is not a young fellow any more and his legs will not hold up through another grueling season, because they are too little for his heft.' If you will remember, that was the year that Babe set a new record for home runs."

"Yes," Miss Moylan said, "but what ——"

I said, "I am coming to that. Few people know it, but the Babe is a kind of student, always in public libraries looking up odd and unusual facts. He would look up the histories of things."

"Yes," Miss Moylan said, getting interested.

I said: "Well, the Babe made suckers out of the baseball writers that said he was through, and time passed on and the Yankees won the pennant and played against the Cardinals. And the series was four games long and the Yanks win all four. But what I wanted to tell you was, in the fourth game, when the Babe went out to right field, the bleacher fans all gave him the Bronx cheer, and he turned to them and said, 'I will knock you two home runs, you baboons,' and what do you think he did?"

Joe said, "What?"

I said, "He did not only knock two home runs but he knocked three—one more than he said when he said he would knock two, you baboons." I said, "How was that for service?"

Miss Moylan looked at me, much puzzled, and then she and Joe looked at each other, and then she said:

"But—but didn't he look up the history of bridge during his student investigations?"

I said, "I do not know. Maybe he did; maybe he did not. I do not know."

They looked at each other again, and then Joe said, "But we do not understand, exactly, Mr. Fowler. What has that got to do with bridge?"

I said: "Nothing. I just thought you would be interested on account of the three home runs coming in one game." I said: "Well, we have got to be pushing on, because we have got to go to the doctor in a few minutes. We hope we will see you again."

I retrieved Arthur from off the rail, and I thought, "Well, he has seen how easy that is; why, it will just be like grapes, it will be so easy, if he follows my system." And we went down to the smoking room.

I said, "Did you see me?"

"Yes," he said.

I said, "Did you see what I did?"

"Without you mean did I see you make a public spectacle of yourself," he said, "I did not."

I said: "I did not make any public spectacle of myself, because all that I did was I talked to them with my system, and if you will think it over, and you are in love with this bridge fiend, why, all you have got to do is think it over and you can use my system, because it never fails and it is simplicity itself."

Arthur thought it over, and he was not any goop, but he saw what I did, and I do not know this from first-hand—what I am going to tell now—because I am not a sneak and sneak up on people when they do not know I am there, and listen to what they have got to say in private conversation, but Arthur told me, and I know it because Arthur told me, laughingly, all about it later.

It was Wednesday, in the afternoon, and it was the finest late afternoon I have ever seen, because the sun was coming down in the west, and very large and red, and it was blue everywhere else, and calm on the water, and I was thinking, "Well, it is such a nice afternoon it is a pity that people do not come down here in the smoking room—more of them—and drink stout and ale, and not go walking around the deck."

I thought, "Well, I will go up and walk around the deck and see the lay of the land and I will see how nice it is to be in the smoking room, when the weather is so fine." So I went up and walked around, and in two deck chairs, side by side, was Arthur and Miss Moylan.

I said, "It is a nice sunset."

They said, "Hello."

I walked on, but I walked slowly, and I heard Miss Moylan say, "Your friend, Mr. Fowler, is very peculiar."

Arthur said, "He is not very peculiar."

She said, "Well, no matter. But as I was saying, when I led the seven of diamonds, she naturally assumed ——"

"Well," I thought, "I will go back down and enjoy this sunset without getting trumps in my hair."

After a while, Arthur told me, he said to Miss Moylan, "Let us go up on the boat deck and we will be able to see it better, because it is higher, and this is a sunset in a hundred, and we ought not to miss any of it."

She said: "Fine. Hold my coat, will you? And then —— Where was I? Oh, yes, I said, 'My goodness, didn't you see me play a come-on?' I said, 'Why did not you lead me a spade?'"

And while I was down in the smoking room, and everybody enjoying the sunset at one place or another, they went up to the boat deck and walked around with the wind blowing their hair and clothes, and Miss Moylan yelling what somebody ought to have played after the first trick, because Arthur would not have been able to hear what whoever it was played without she yelled, and oh, mercy me, that would have been a calamity.

Then they got in the lee of the structure and she did not have to yell, but they could see the sunset, so red and blue and clear, and she could tell about the game without yelling, and then, when there was a pause, Arthur said:

"What you have said about that ten of diamonds, why, that reminds me of something you might be interested in."

She said, "What's that?"

He said, "It is very nice up here, with the sunset and all, and the way your hair blows."

She said, "What was it that the ten of diamonds reminded you of?"

"Well," he said, taking a long breath, "that ten of diamonds reminded me of something, and I will have to tell you something else first, so you will understand when I have finished. I mean, I will have to tell you about a fellow, because he is the fellow that is in the story, and it will interest you."

She said, "What?"

"Well, this fellow was a young fellow," he said, "and at first he did not play bridge, and he would not know what you are talking about if you talked to him about bridge. That was because he did not know anybody that played bridge, and all the time he was knocking around, here and there, and he was working, because he said to himself, 'Well, if I work beginning early, why, I will have a little money, and I will spend it having a good time, because I have not met any girl that I would like to marry, and I do not know if I will marry or if I will not marry.'"

He said: "Well, this fellow, all of a sudden he got a little money, and he said to himself, 'Well, I have got a little money and I will take a trip abroad, because I have not been abroad ever in my life, and I will have some left over when I get back and will also have a good job, and I will not have any money troubles again if I do not make a sucker out of myself and try to wreck Wall Street or something, and so I will make a trip abroad.'"

She said, "Without knowing how to play cards? Gracious, but how would he get along on the boat?"

He said: "He did not think of that, because he thought he might read or talk to people about things, or do something like that. And he had not been on the boat two days before what do you think happened to him?"

She said, "He took up bridge."

"No," he said, "he—he fell in love. He did not have any notion that he was going to fall in love, but he did just the same. He fell in love with a girl on the boat, and she was a girl with nice people, and she was nice herself." He looked at her hair. "She had yellow, shining hair, and she was slender and her eyes were blue. This fellow, he

(Continued on Page 59)

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WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK AND NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

(Continued from Page 56)

would look around corners to see her pass and he would look over a book when he was reading a book, to see the side of her face when she was near. He got introduced to her and he would sit in a deck chair by her, and when she would talk he would sit and listen and think, 'Well, she certainly has got some teeth, and she certainly is a good-looking girl,' and he would wonder, 'Well, what would she say if I said I would like to marry her?'"

She said, "Did she play bridge?"

"Yes, she played bridge, and that is why I am telling you this, because you will be interested," he said hurriedly.

"Go on," she said.

"Well," he said slowly, "that kept on for days ——"

"What did?"

He said: "I mean the way he was falling harder in love with her, and she was not noticing, and he was very unhappy, and he would think, 'Well, it would seem that I am not a leper, and I can learn to play bridge, and I do not see why I cannot fall in love with her as well as somebody else could fall in love with her, because I would love her and treat her right and she could do anything she wanted to, and I would just be happy if she would notice me now and then.'"

She said, "But where is this ten of diamonds coming in?"

He said: "But don't you understand? This fellow, he was on a boat—a boat like this one—and -and he would take her up on the boat deck and he would try to tell her that he loved her. Don't you understand? Don't you understand at all?"

He said she looked puzzled and she said, "All right, he was in love with her, and he —— Well, what happened then?"

"Look here," he said, and I would say that maybe he was a little cross, and no wonder. He said: "Look here, here is this fellow, not much maybe, but honest and got some money, and maybe he is timid, and he had got to tell this girl he loves her, so he takes her up on the boat deck. Cannot you see? Cannot you see at all?"

She straightened up. "Well," she said, "I do not see how that is got anything to do with what you said at first. You said that what I said about the ten of diamonds ——"

He said: "Listen! Here this fellow and this girl is—this girl he loved—and he was trying to tell her he loved her ——"

She said, "But let me get this straight. What I said at the beginning was: Carolyn ought not to have played the ten of diamonds, but she ought to have followed ——"

He said, "Well, maybe this will tip you off—the boat this fellow and this girl was on was the Nordic—this very boat. They are on it now—this minute. You see?"

Arthur said she looked thoughtfully a moment and then said, "All I said was that Carolyn should not have played the ten of diamonds ——"

"To hell with it!" Arthur said. "To hell with it all! Do not tell me about any ten of diamonds again! Do not ever tell me about any ten of diamonds again, or any other kind of card! If you do not know it or not, I have been telling you I loved you, that I want to marry you, and I will not make a public spectacle of myself any longer, but I will only say, go back to your cards, and if you find you can put the deck up a minute and listen to something else, you will know that I love you, and any time you think you would like to hear that, any time you feel that you will listen to me tell you I love you, you send for me, but until you can, to hell with it, because I am sick and tired of cards!"

He said she just stood and looked at him with her mouth open, and she did not know what on earth it was all about, because she had not got her mind on it, so he walked away fast, forward on the boat deck, so she would not see that he had tears in his eyes, and no wonder.

He walked to the front end of the boat, and then he turned and he saw her starting down that little ladder, and he got in a panic and thought, "What on earth have I done?" and rushed after her, and he got on the promenade deck and she was gone, and he did not get any farther after her, but he went down on that deck that sticks out in front, where they play bullboard and shuffleboard and deck tennis, because he wanted the wind to blow on his eyes.

It was nearly dark then, and I do not know exactly how it all happened, because it was what the poet calls twilight, and I was in the smoking room and they was just turning on the lights, and two or three people ran to the portholes and looked out.

I said to a fellow, "What is the fuss?"

He said, "I do not know."

I said, "I do not know either."

He said, "Why do not you run up and see?"

I said, "I will as soon as I can finish up this beverage." And I did, and a lot of people were running up the deck and they were excited and I kept saying, "What is the fuss?" and they would say, "That airplane—it has fell!" I said, "My goodness, can you imagine that!"

Then I ran down two decks, because I could not see any place next the rail up there, and I got a place next the rail on this deck—B or C, or whatever it was—and out there, almost you could throw a baseball to it, there was that airplane—Lundquist's, of course—and it was flat on the water in this what you call twilight. Up on the other decks they were shouting and chains were rattling up on the boat deck where they were trying to get one of those boats unloosed to swing out.

The whistle blew and bells rang and I saw one of those round white life belts sail out and fall about as far from here to right field from where I could see the fellow stepping out of his little place onto the wing nearest us.

I said to a fellow, "That airplane, it is sinking, because that wing he has stepped on, it is sinking."

He said, "That would be funny—if he was to sink and drown, and us right here by him."

I said, "You have a peculiar kind of sense of humor if that is what you call comical."

He said, "I did not ask you for any comment."

Then this is what I saw: I was standing there leaning over the rail, like everybody else was, and I was thinking, "Well, those boys that are trying to unloose that boat, they are the slowest in the world." And while I was thinking that, I saw him dive, away up at the front of the boat, and I did not know who it was, because it was what you call twilight, but he jumped, dived, from that deck that sticks out in front, straight down into the black water.

A loud roar went up as he came up onto the surface, and no wonder, for this Lundquist—if that was him—he was waist deep in water and the airplane was going down and he was waving his hands and yelling, but you could not tell what he said; he was so far away and there was so much noise.

The fellow said, "That man is certainly a nut, to jump like that."

I said, "He is not a nut, but he is a brave fellow to jump into the ocean, and it is dark."

He said, "Maybe you are afraid he will hit his head on a stump at the bottom."

I said, "Maybe somebody will hit you on the head at the top."

The boat had stopped and I thought, "Well, I will go up in the front of the boat." And I went inside and ran up the stairs and got out on the promenade deck, on the side away from the airplane, and I was hurrying forward when Miss Moylan came flying toward me, and her eyes were big and her face red, and when she saw me she grabbed me.

She said, "Did you see him?"

I said, "Yes. Who was it?"

"Arthur!" she said. "It was Arthur! I went up to find him and I saw him, and I was running toward him and he jumped!"

I said, "Do not misunderstand him, because that was not why he jumped, but he jumped because there is somebody in the water over there."

"I know," she said. "I saw him. But I wanted to see Arthur. I want you to tell him, as soon as he can, to come down to my cabin. Will you tell him? Will you tell him, as soon as he can, to come down to my cabin, because it is important and I want to see him?"

I said, "I will tell him, but I must run, because Arthur is my pal and I must see about this."

She said, "Do not forget!"

Up there at the front it was crowded and I could not get a place next the rail, because they would say to me, "Go find your own place because you cannot have ours."

And all I could do was just run around and hope, well, hope to God that Arthur would get out and not get drowned after an aviator.

Then I heard them say that they had opened one of those doors down on the side of the boat that they put freight on and that the two of them were being hauled in, because Arthur had got Lundquist, and Lundquist much surprised, too, because he knew Arthur, but he did not expect to meet him there, and they said, "Hello," and he said, "Well, I thought I was a goner," and Arthur said, "I nearly missed this boat and I would have got the Epic, that left New York today," and Lundquist said, "Well, I am glad you made it."

Well, when I got down there to the cabin where they were, I could not get in, and I thought, "Well, this is the most ridiculous thing on earth, because I am his pal and he will want to see me, and if I know the way he feels, he will want to get a message that I have got for him, because he will be interested in it."

But it was a half hour before most of them cleared out, except the ship's doctor, he had not cleared out, and he was taking Arthur's temperature and Lundquist's temperature, and they were all right, except they were both a little weak, because you cannot go swimming around in cold water in the middle of the ocean without you get a little weak.

I said, "That was some jump."

"He is a hero," Lundquist said. "If he was not on this boat and we waited for those johns up there to unloose that lifeboat, why, I would be sitting on the bottom now"

Arthur said, "Do not say that, because somebody else would have jumped."

Lundquist said, "Yes, I could have waited for the Epic to come along about Monday and you would have jumped then."

"Well," I said, "I have got a little surprise for him." I said to Arthur: "A certain young lady—and we do not have to mention any names—she saw you jump and she said would I tell you, as soon as you can, come to her cabin, because it is important and she wants to tell you ——"

"Myrtle!" he said, leaping up.

"Miss Moylan herself!" I said.

The ship's doctor smiled. "Miss Myrtle Moylan? Why, I have seen her and she is the prettiest girl on the boat." He winked at Lundquist. "What do you think of that for luck?" he said. "When he rescues somebody it has got to be none other than Lundquist, the Young Eagle, and when he rescues Lundquist, the Young Eagle, he should have his girl—the prettiest girl on the boat—watching him and sending for him immediately! If that is not the luck, I do not know what is the luck."

"You mean Myrtle sent for me?" Arthur said.

I said, "You do not think I would lie?"

"Come on," he said.

He was out the door, and me after him for some reason, though why I should go for trysts I do not know, and we heard Lundquist and the ship's doctor laughing behind us, and we ran down the corridor and down a stair and along another corridor, and then we came to the door and we stopped

"Fowler," he said, "come in a minute and let me see, and if it is all right, you will get out"

I said, "I reckon you do not have to explain to me."

We opened the door, and the room was full of people and smoke and talk and excitement. We stood there and we waited, because we did not want to say anything, but they would say something to Arthur and then he could explain. But nobody said anything, but they all looked at us a minute, like they thought, "Well, what do you want now?"

And then Miss Moylan came over and said, "Oh, Arthur!"

One of the men who was sitting at the desk went back to a book he was reading and said, "Well, I saw it here only yesterday, and it said it was not but once in six hundred and thirty-five million times ——"

"I saw it," another man said, "but it was once in six hundred and thirty-five thousand, because I saw the same thing."

The first man said, "Well, it is here somewheres and I will find it and then we will know."

I thought, "Well, what is this, anyway, and have they got statistics on how you jump into the ocean and rescue aviators?"

But they were all watching the man with the book, and he kept saying, "It is here somewheres, because I saw it yesterday." And nobody was not paying any attention to us. "Well," I thought, "they cannot have recognized Arthur."

I said, "If you are interested, ladies and gentlemen," I said, "this is the gentleman himself."

They all looked up and said, "What?"

I said, "This is the very one—the fellow that leaped into the ocean and rescued Lundquist."

The man with the book said, "What about Lundquist?"

Miss Moylan said, "Oh, yes, I was going to tell you, but I was so excited about Joe I forgot about it. I saw him, you know."

Joe said, "Saw who—what?"

I said, "Is this cabin cut off from the world? Lundquist, the Young Eagle, the aviator, the birdman, he started to fly across the ocean, and just now he fell into the ocean right outside this boat."

A gentleman seated near the porthole said: "No!" and looked out of the port. "I cannot see it from here," he said. "But what happened then?"

I could not look at Arthur, because —— Well, if you have rescued somebody and you had thought maybe that fixed things with your girl, well, you will probably be feeling bad and show it.

Myrtle said, "I was going to tell you all, but I forgot it. But Arthur, this one" – she plucked his sleeve—"jumped into the ocean and pulled Holmquist out—that is, swam back with him."

They all looked at Arthur for a long time, and then one of the ladies said, "I will bet you got awfully wet." They kept looking at him, and Arthur got red.

"Oh, well," he said, "it was not a very long way and I knew Lundy could not swim, and I could, and when I saw ——"

"Here! Here it is!" The man with the book suddenly got to his feet, his finger marking a place in the book. "I told you I saw it here somewheres. Here it is. Listen!" He read out of the book: "A mathematical genius has calculated that this happens only once, as an average, in six hundred and thirty-five thousand times."

"I was right!" the other man said. "I was right! I said six hundred and thirty-five thousand and you said six hundred and thirty-five million."

I looked at Arthur and he looked at me, and then we both looked at Miss Moylan, because we did not get it.

I said, "I may be pretty dumb, but I do not get what all of this is about."

She said: "Why, Joe drew a hand of thirteen spades just then! Carolyn dealt and he got thirteen spades! That is what I came up to tell Arthur, and just as I got there he jumped and I did not get a chance to tell him, but I wanted him to come down here so I could tell him."

I said, "Maybe I have just gone nuts or maybe I have always been nuts, but is that what all the fuss is in this cabin?"

She said: "It happens so rarely—you heard the statistics—and Arthur knew Joe there." We looked and Joe was sitting in the middle of the cabin in the softest chair, and he was stretched out and there was a slight calm smile on his pan and he was blowing a smoke ring. The others were listening to the man read and then looking awestruck at Joe.

I said, "Well!"

Miss Moylan said, "Just think—once in six hundred and thirty-five thousand times!"

I said, "And I had to be here then!" I said: "Arthur old kid," I said, "maybe you and I had better drag ourselves out and back to that cabin where Lundquist is, because you must still be pretty weak."

"Wait," she said. "Do you not want to speak to Joe?"

"Not now," I said. "It would be best to let Arthur pull himself together so he could appear at his best for such an occasion."

I took him by the arm, because he did not look that he could walk without somebody helped him, and I opened the door softly and we tiptoed out, and there was not anybody that tried to stop us or even said, "Well, good-by," or anything, but there were remarks still going on that we could hear.

"It is calculated that it would take fifty years to deal six hundred and thirty-five thousand hands ——"

We walked on back down the corridor together, very slowly and without saying anything, but we did not go back to Lundquist, because when we came to our door, Arthur turned in, and we went in and sat down, and I sent the steward for a bottle of stout and a bottle of ale.

When it came I mixed it in a glass and I drank it, and Arthur did not say anything, but just lay in his bunk and did not say anything, but just looked at the ceiling. The bugle blew first call for dinner and I ordered another bottle of ale and another bottle of stout, and Arthur just lay there while I drank it.

Finally the second bugle blew and I said to Arthur, "Well, I think I would like a little dinner."

I turned on the light and he sat up and put his face in his hands, and then he rumpled his hair, and at last put his chin in his hands.

He said, "Fowler."

I said, "Yes?"

He said, "I have been thinking."

I said, "Yes?"

He said, "Yes. I have been thinking and I do not think that, no matter what the heart says, if Myrtle and I got married we would be happy - I mean, ideally happy."

I said, "Well, do not decide hastily, because ——"

He said: "No, there is no use arguing. I have thought it all out, and if you are going to be happily married, why, you have got to have interests that you are interested in together, and if you have not, and you cannot make them, then you will be unhappy and it will be a mistake ever to marry a girl like that."

I looked at him and his eyes were all right again.

He got up and began looking in his trunk. I drew a sigh, because I knew it was all right again.

He said, "Think I'll dress for dinner tonight!"

"You had better!" I said. "They will be waiting for you in that dining room, and if the hero does not come in style, why, they will send him back!"

He said, "You think they will say I am a hero?"

I said, "There is not one chance in six hundred and thirty-five thousand that they will not say so."

And I was right.

LULU

(Continued from Page 13)

Arthur Gunn forbore investigation. For the present moment the matter of those price lists preoccupied him to the exclusion of disaster less immediate and specific.

"I've got to step out for a moment again, if you'll excuse me." So, garbled in transmission from brain to lip, he heard his crisp sentence of dismissal; the voice, defying orders to be granite, begged supinely for Mrs. Mallow's forgiveness. She gave it graciously, her hand pulling open another drawer. Arthur Gunn hesitated.

"Please don't bother to clear up any more just now," he managed to say. In spite of the tone the speech had an ungrateful sound; Mrs. Mallow's underlip quivered and the azure sky was ominously overcast. Arthur Gunn eagerly made explanatory amends. "I don't want you to tire yourself out on that kind of work, you see. Please just"—he cast about desperately for some innocuous employment to engage the overwilling hands—"please just rest, won't you, till I come back?"

Mrs. Mallow's glance forgave him. This sort of work, she said, was like housekeeping, and, far from wearying, rested her. At the Y. W. C. A., she explained, there was only her one small room to be cared for. Again her lip trembled. Arthur Gunn fled to the basement where Hogan Flint's ferocious economy bled a profit from waste-paper by way of bin and baling press.

Fortune smiled on him. In the upper layer of loose litter he found not only the torn pieces of his price lists but the proofs of the new folder, the rough pencil drafts of three form letters and his layout for the Spanish catalogue. Instead of mollifying, however, this retrieving of disaster hardened him to stern resolve

He ascended the stairs erect and tense with purpose, his shoulders squared, his chest expanded, his underjaw forcibly protruded. He knew exactly what he was going to say the moment he crossed the threshold.

With Mrs. Mallow's back turned toward him, as she scoured at the bottom drawer from which his sacred tickler file had been ruthlessly removed, it was possible to begin to say it.

"Mrs. Mallow!" The tone, manifestly, startled her. She turned a face that was questioning and faintly reproachful to regard him over the comfortable roundness of her shoulder Instead of warning her, however, his countenance seemed to comfort and reassure. She smiled.

"My, but you frightened me," she said "You sounded just exactly like Albert Farr. That's the way he talks when he's going to make a fuss about money." The smile became gently reproachful; she exhibited a cheesecloth duster upon which, guiltily, Arthur Gunn observed heavy gray smears.

"Just *look*"—she put the word into italics—"just *look* at that dust! Inches of it!"

Arthur Gunn wagged his head penitently. Covertly, lest the sight of them hurt Mrs. Mallow's feelings by an implied reproof, he hid behind him the documents rescued from the waste bin. It was practicable, as he replaced the tickler file in the cleansed drawer, to slip the other papers in with them, undetected by Mrs. Mallow. The hoarse, discordant chorus of noon whistles gave him happy inspiration.

"Twelve o'clock," he said. "You'd better go out and get your lunch."

"Already?" She glowed softly. "I never knew time could go so fast! I'm going to love business, Mr. Gunn."

Under Gunn's fascinated gaze both hands rose to deal cunningly with hairpins; the black hat was lovingly resumed before the cabinet mirror, a bright smile bade him farewell. Not more than a minute later Hogan Flint thrust a hatted head past the door edge to issue a short-bitten invitation to lunch.

The sight of him, the snap of his voice, woke a sense of security in Arthur Gunn Here, behind him, was superabundant intelligence and decision If he himself proved unable to the task of firing Mrs. Mallow, here was a man who would do it for him, even enjoy doing it.

"Can't, today," he said, jerking his hand toward the letter basket. Flint nodded.

"New girl taking hold all right?"

Arthur Gunn's lips answered without waiting for orders.

"First-rate," he said curtly. His right hand closed. If Hogan Flint thought he could butt in on this, he had another think coming to him. Fire Mrs. Mallow, would he? Huh! Try and do it! He glowered at the closing door

By the time Mrs. Mallow came back, a little before two, he had almost overtaken his day's routine. She exhibited happily a pressed-glass vase and a tissue-wrapped bouquet of carnations. Hitherto heartily in sympathy with Hogan Flint's stern edict as to the cluttering of desks with flowers, Arthur Gunn found it impossible, under Mrs Mallow's shining self-approval, to acquaint her with a prohibition he now saw as petty and tyrannical. He filled the vase for her himself and thanked her, genuinely touched, when she placed it on his desk instead of hers.

It was a very short afternoon. Mrs. Mallow, bidding him good night, laughed flutily as she remarked again upon the magic brevity of the business hour. Arthur Gunn's assenting, kindly chuckle soured to bleak bitterness as the door closed behind her and reason regained undisputed sway.

A short afternoon, eh? Short, certainly, as to results! Even when his ingenuity invented harmless occupation for Mrs. Mallow's willing hand, her conversation didn't pause, and experiment had definitely proved that as long as Mrs. Mallow talked Arthur Gunn would listen, sympathetic, attentive. Not that her speech interested him—she could say less, he thought, and say it oftener, than any other human being—it was fear that ruled him, the absurd, idiot fear of bringing that quiver to her lip, that sudden wounded hint of tears to the blue emptiness of her gaze.

Even when she stopped talking and he could, without offense, whirl his swivel chair about to the dictating machine, he hadn't been able to get his mind firmly on his correspondence. Intuition kept telling him that turning his back on Mrs. Mallow wasn't safe; he'd looked around just as she finished putting two-cent stamps on the European letters.

Well, he could catch up by working overtime again, of course. Hogan Flint wouldn't like it, and Marta, solemnly promised his presence at this evening's dinner table and his company thereafter at the movies, would be disappointed, but these things, after all, were trivial. Beyond them sinister eventualities loomed darkly before Arthur Gunn.

At this rate he certainly wouldn't have the export work far enough advanced, by the time Paul Anderson came home, to persuade that hard-headed gentleman that there was real money in it. Anderson would scrap the whole experiment offhand, and it would be a long time before Arthur Gunn got another chance.

He might even lose his present job. Hogan Flint hadn't much use for people whose fingers, given a fair grip on opportunity's forelock, allowed it to slip through them. "In this business, Gunn, you either go up or go out." Unless Arthur Gunn made haste to be rid of Mrs. Lulu Mallow there wouldn't be much doubt as to which direction he'd be traveling.

He steeled himself. The very first thing, tomorrow morning, Mrs. Mallow would be dismissed not in the ruthless, savage manner of Hogan Flint, but firmly and finally. Farsightedly he forearmed himself. Addressing Mrs. Mallow's vacant chair, he spoke in a voice such as Hogan Flint might have employed in a mellow moment:

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Mallow, but I find that it won't be possible for me to give you the position, after all."

The ease with which he said it pleasantly astonished him. He condescended to give reasons: Experience was absolutely indispensable—absolutely. There was, besides, that office rule against employing married women. Again he was very sorry, but the decision was final.

He rehearsed it until it fell smoothly from lips that were resolute without being unkind. Convinced, he attacked his letter basket, upborne by the reflection that, having committed a creditably executive error, he was about to be even more executive in its repair.

Homing sleepily by way of the 10:15 local he decided that, as long as Mrs. Mallow would be leaving in the morning, it wasn't necessary to say anything about her to Marta. Clever as she was in most respects, he felt intuitively that Marta wouldn't understand.

II

ARTHUR GUNN held his breath. Hope, leaping in him, gave battle to a dull despair. Behind him Mrs. Mallow's soft soprano, gently reproachful, repeated the incredible remark:

"I said that I was afraid I'm not really earning my pay, Mr. Gunn. There doesn't seem to be anything for me to do."

Arthur Gunn's swivel chair revolved in the teeth of his frantic prohibition; he felt the unruly muscles of his face contort themselves in the smile that was wholly alien to his mood, heard the idiotic earnestness of his voice.

"What nonsense! Why, I'd hardly know how to get along without you!"

"You're just saying that to be nice." Mrs. Mallow shook her head. "You know perfectly well that you don't need me. There isn't work enough to keep you busy. Of course it's very pleasant for me, but I really feel that I oughtn't to stay. It—it doesn't seem quite honest."

Arthur Gunn's witless laugh mocked the rabid rage of his gagged reason.

"I never heard such nonsense," he declared. "Why, only this morning I was telling Mr. Flint that you'd be running the department if I didn't watch my step!"

"I don't see how I can," said Mrs. Mallow, sweetly stubborn, "when you won't let me even stamp the envelopes for you."

"I like the taste of the mucilage," said Gunn. "Don't you worry. There'll be plenty of work for all hands as soon as we get the foreign business under way." He paused. "If you feel you've simply got to be busy every minute, why don't you"—he cast about for inspiration; he couldn't very well suggest that the catalogues in the sectional bookcase needed another dusting, when she'd done that yesterday—"why don't you go ask the supply clerk for a couple of clean desk blotters? I've been needing a fresh one for a week."

She rose with her usual docility. Arthur Gunn, as the door closed after her, dealt sharply with the clamor of outraged common sense. Of course he'd been a purple-starred goof to pass up that chance to get rid of her. Let it go at that. A few minutes of solitude and silence couldn't be wasted on self-reproaches, however just. His blue pencil stabbed at the typed draft of the new envelope stuffer, three days overdue. If he could just get that right before she came back ——

He looked up presently, surprised to find that the task was finished. Probably Mrs. Mallow was telling the supply girl about Albert Farr and how he'd first talked her into buying bonds with the life-insurance

(Continued on Page 62)

Don't neglect your candy ration!

Read how candy saves wear and tear on body tissues — how candy can help you to your proper weight — the new knowledge of candy

Do you think of candy as a *food?* You should. Because, according to modern diet authorities, that's exactly what candy is—a food. And it should have a definite place in the diet.

Perhaps, like most of us, you love candy—and you can't quite realize that something so good can be so good *for you.* See now how candy functions in the diet.

An energy food, but that is not all

Candy is an excellent source of quick energy. It is almost ready for use as "fuel" for your body, when you eat it. It quickly becomes energy "on tap" in the tissues.

You have read how Gertrude Ederle ate candy while she swam the Channel. It was for this reason—she needed "fuel" for quick energy, and candy supplied it.

Candy, then, is a most useful part of your ration for prolonged, vigorous or intensive work.

Many candies also contain vital building and regulative elements

Proteins, mineral salts, vitamins—all are vital to health and well-being! These candies contain such elements as well as carbohydrates, or fuel-elements. Candy is an important food, and has its place in the varied diet.

And that is the key to proper eating! *Vary* your diet, balance your diet. Don't try to live off any one food—even milk, the most nearly perfect of foods, will not for long keep you alive and well all by itself.

Here is a suggestion* for your food budget:

"One fifth for vegetables and fruits
One fifth for milk and cheese
One fifth for meats, fish and eggs
One fifth for breads and cereals
One fifth for fats and sugars" (candy)

*From Dr. Henry C. Sherman's Book, "The Chemistry of Food and Nutrition," MacMillan

Candy for Dessert

Use candy as dessert to add variety to the menu, as often as you find it palatable. It is an ideal dessert, particularly when served with fruits and nuts.

Give candy to the children as their dessert—they, especially, need the energy it provides.

A Book about Candy for you

Dr. Bundesen has written for you, a book inspired by the modern ideas about diet. This book is called "The New Knowledge of Candy." It tells you all you should know about candy, from the standpoint of modern dietary science, yet it is written in everyday language. Parents, especially, should have a copy, because it treats of facts vital to child-health. To send for your copy, use the coupon below.

Who can imagine Christmas without candy?

Please send me Dr. Bundesen's Book on Candy. 10¢ enclosed.

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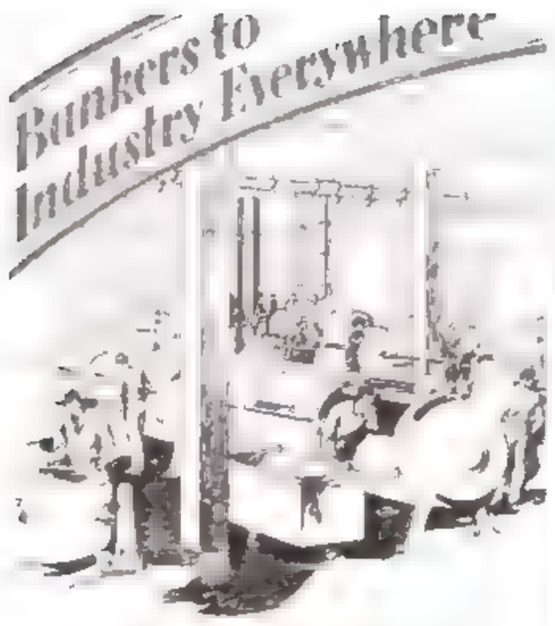
NCA

Mail Coupon to EXECUTIVE OFFICES, NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS' ASSOCIATION, 111 *West Washington Street, Chicago*



I'—— Laundries, Inc., a million dollar concern, operates a chain of power laundries in a metropolitan city. It recently purchased on the deferred payment plan two of the latest model washing machines, price $6485. By paying part cash and giving instalment notes for the balance, a new unit was modernized without impairing the chain's working capital.

The machinery manufacturer, one of the largest concerns of its kind, used C. I. T. finance service to turn the customer paper into cash and to be assured that all instalment detail would be in the hands of specialists.

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Continued from Page 60

money, instead of putting it into the King Solomon Black Sand Gold Dredging Company, that positively guaranteed 40 per cent a year, and then made a terrible fuss when he found out that she'd borrowed on the bonds and spent the proceeds. Arthur Gunn, wistfully envying Mr. Farr's noteworthy strength of character, knew that he would nevertheless regard him as a black-hearted scoundrel the moment Mrs. Mallow's voice should speak of him again. He sighed deeply and, once more stilling the mutterings of futile self-rebuke, submerged himself in dictation to the patient phonograph.

He sprang to his feet in the middle of the first letter, transfixed by panic. For at least half an hour Mrs. Mallow had been out there in the main office, where, at any minute, she might bring herself to the notice of Hogan Flint; so far, thanks to Arthur Gunn's highly disingenuous report, entirely deceived concerning her. Gunn hurried out.

The supply girl turned a nonchalantly contemptuous yellow eye upon him. Heretofore Arthur Gunn had mildly disliked her as he disliked most of the insouciant, bobbed, knee-skirted girls in the outer office, but now he regarded her almost wistfully. This, he thought, was the ideal sort of girl for a shrewd executive to hire—a girl one could enjoy firing.

"Who? Oh, you mean Lulu!" Even in the cigaretty voice of the supply girl the name had a fluty sound; the purple-smeared lips were curved almost amiably about it.

"Better go pick up the pieces. She's gone in to hit the boss for a raise; and believe you me, the way he's eating 'em alive this morning, it's no place for a lady—no place a-tall!"

For a split second Arthur Gunn felt nothing but base, selfish, cowardly relief. Hogan Flint would call him down hard, of course, for having hired Mrs. Mallow, but it wouldn't take him five minutes to solve the problem of removing her forever from the pay rolls and premises of Paul Anderson, Incorporated.

Hogan Flint wouldn't be influenced by quivering lips and swimming eyes. He'd shut that scissor jaw of his and ——

The cheap bully! That was just about his speed—getting pleasure out of making a woman cry, a woman as defenseless against that sort of thing as—as a shucked oyster! Well, he needn't think he could get by with it, boss or no boss—not while Arthur Gunn had the use of his voice and his two hands!

These hands, as Arthur Gunn bore down on the door of Flint's office, were militantly closed. They depended from arms outbent at the elbow, shoulders lifted and square. Arthur Gunn's pace quickened at the soft, rounded soprano note that came to him. Crying already, was she? Well ——

"I can't help laughing"—Arthur Gunn halted—"it's so funny! Do you know, Mr. Flint, some of the girls are actually afraid of you! They are, really! When you're just as nice as you can be—as nice as Mr. Gunn!"

"I may bark," said a buttery burlesque of Hogan Flint's voice, "but I don't bite. You did just the right thing, Mrs. Mallow, coming straight in here and asking for a better job. That's exactly how I got mine."

"It's not so much because of the money," said Mrs. Mallow, "as to keep busy. There really isn't enough for me to do, just helping Mr. Gunn in that tiny little department. But you won't let him feel hurt, will you? He's been so awfully nice to me ——"

"Don't worry about Gunn," said Hogan Flint. "He wouldn't want to stand in your way for a minute. I'll take care of him, all right."

Arthur Gunn, retreating on jubilant tiptoe, found, even in this first stunned moment of deliverance, a tempering melancholy for the crash of a fallen idol. Never again would it be possible to look up reverently to Hogan Flint.

III

"YOU hired her, doggone it!" Hogan Flint spoke not as commander to underling but as man to man. "It's up to you to fire her!"

Arthur Gunn shook his head. During these evenings since Flint had taken to working overtime in despite of his own interdiction, they had arrived at an intimate equality.

"I don't see it," he declared. "And anyway, what's the good of jawing about it, when we both know that neither of us can do it? You'd take a punch at my nose if I tried it, for that matter. I was all set to take one at yours, when I thought you'd made her cry."

"It's got to be done, all the same." Flint frowned. "If the Old Man finds her here when he gets back—pow!"

Mentally subscribing to the dismal implications of the explosive monosyllable, Gunn endeavored to speak with insincere optimism.

"He'll roar, I guess, but what of it? You've got an air-tight contract, and even if you hadn't, he's not simple enough to pass up a general manager with your record just because you haven't got the heart to kick a poor widow into the street."

Flint laughed gloomily. "I'm not worrying about getting the boot. But I happen to know that this whole trip is just a sort of trial heat to find out how I'd hold down the Old Man's job if he decides to retire. And he'll feel a whole lot like handing me the job, wrapped up in a pretty little block of stock, won't he, when he finds out I have to sneak down here every night because she won't give me a chance to do any work in the daytime? Oh, yes, he will! And incidentally it's going to please him a whole lot to find out that it was the export scheme that wished her on us, and that all you've got to show him by way of results is a lot of figures in pretty red ink!"

Arthur Gunn became considerably less philosophical.

"We've got tomorrow," he said earnestly. "Couldn't you possibly ——"

"No, I couldn't. I've quit even trying to fool myself. I've sat here, night after night, making up nice, soft-boiled ways of telling her, and in the morning butter wouldn't melt in my mouth!"

Gunn had a sudden inspiration.

"How about giving her a vacation? If she doesn't get back till Mr. Anderson's been here a week or two, and everything's running smoothly ——"

Hope dawned in the bleak eye of Hogan Flint.

"Boy," he said, "that's the pious thought that saves the family bacon. She starts tomorrow, all expenses paid and a month's salary in advance, all out of my pocket." He rose, slapping Gunn's shoulder. "Come on; we're going to celebrate by shutting up the shop and going home!"

Arthur Gunn was halfway on the journey before it occurred to him that, when Mrs. Lulu Mallow came back from her vacation, it would be to reckon with sterner stuff than Hogan Flint. His hand composed itself once more to a dour fist. Paul Anderson was the right man, of course, to deal finally with Mrs. Mallow, but he'd better see to it that there was no unnecessary brutality about it.

A barge delayed his train, in the morning, at the drawbridge. Ten minutes late at the office, he was just in time to see Hogan Flint in the act of hanging up his hat. The manager's dark glower stirred a just resentment in him—after all his overtime it was a pretty picayune business to glare like that because he came in a bit late, especially when Flint himself had barely beaten him to the time clock. He would have hurried past without speech, but Flint stopped him.

"No use. He's back a day ahead of time and she's in there with him now!"

For the immediate personal aspect of the catastrophe Arthur Gunn had no present thought. Aware that Hogan Flint's jaw and hands were purposefully shut, he discovered identical phenomena in himself.

"I won't stand for it," said Hogan Flint between his teeth.

"Me neither." It was no time for grammar. Together, militantly, they approached Paul Anderson's door. From beyond its ground-glass panel a little cooing trill of laughter came to them. They stopped.

"It's so funny," said Mrs. Mallow's creamy treble. "I just can't help laughing to think that I was almost afraid to come and ask you to let me work for you!"

"Nothing about me to frighten anybody," said a voice that bore a distant likeness to Paul Anderson's.

"Of course there isn't—that's what makes it so funny! I might have guessed, after knowing Mr. Gunn and Mr. Flint, that you'd be just as nice as they are. But you'll explain to Mr. Flint, won't you, that it's only because I'm so sure that I'll be more useful if I help you with your work? He's been so perfectly lovely to me that I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world."

"Don't worry a minute about Flint. He'll be glad to see you get ahead. He's that kind."

"And so is Mr. Gunn too. When he was trying so hard to build up a lot of foreign business to surprise you when you got back, he was perfectly splendid about letting me help Mr. Flint instead."

"What's that? Foreign business?" This, unmistakably, was Paul Anderson's own voice.

"Yes, and he was so funny about that too. He seemed to be afraid that after he'd worked so frightfully hard, you wouldn't be pleased! I told him you'd be just delighted. And you are, aren't you?"

"H'm. It mightn't be a bad notion, some ways." The tone thawed. "I'll have a talk with Gunn about it, by and by."

Soundlessly Arthur Gunn retired, a pace behind Hogan Flint. They grinned at each other, but Flint's was brief. He shook his head.

"Well, we're all right," he said under his breath, "but I don't know about the business. She'll be a whole lot more dangerous now than she was when she could only ball up my work three or four times a day. And if the Old Man can't fire her, she's here for life. It'll be expensive."

Inspiration descended again upon Arthur Gunn. He chuckled softly.

"I'll bet you a big round dollar to a thin dime that the boss gets her out of the office for keeps inside of six months. Want it?"

"It's robbing you," said Flint. "Two weeks ago you'd have bet on me to do it in six seconds."

Arthur Gunn shook his head.

"You're not old enough, for one thing," he said, "and you're married already. But the boss ——"

Hogan Flint glanced at the ground-glass door. A trill of laughter fluted faintly from beyond it, a jovial rumble blending with the lighter sound. Thriftily Hogan Flint repocketed his dime.

THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE

(Continued from Page 17)

Evelyn looked from one to another for a moment and then she also smiled. "The pearls are to be mine," she replied.

"Don't you love it?" said Peggy.

Cecil related the amusing incident of Harrison's quick exit with his suitcase. "It seems he beat it for home," said Cecil.

"Yes? Well, it seems he beat it back again," said Evelyn. Harrison appeared at the other end of the room, looking rosy and well as a result of the exercise and his cold shower. "You see, Peggy, he couldn't keep away from me."

He was closely followed by Mr. Monteagle and Evelyn's colorless aunt. They usually dined out when Evelyn had house parties. They had done so the evening before. A hush fell over the room. Despite their bad manners, most of them were afraid of their host. They resented his dining at home. He ought to know better. So inhospitable of old people to cast the blight of their presence upon a perfectly congenial crowd of young people. Parents always spoil the home. They ought to be debarred from it.

"Will you come out to dinner?" said the plaintive aunt. That was about all she ever said. At any rate, it was the only thing they ever listened to from her.

They would have to listen to the old man, however, this evening. He was going to talk. He was going to enjoy himself for once. Well, why shouldn't he have a good time at his own dinner table? It was his house. He paid for these parties. Perhaps he felt the holiday spirit. He was extraordinarily affable. To Evelyn he seemed suspiciously so.

"He's up to something!" she said to herself.

"Well, I was badly trimmed at squash," he announced beamingly to the table. Cecil did not hear. At least he did not want to. "Cecil, did you ever get up against Harrison?"

(So the little highbrow has been playing with the old man, after all!)

"No, sir, I don't play squash."

"He used to," said Harrison. The amused smile had come back.

"I don't care much for indoor games."

"Then how about some tennis tomorrow morning, old top?" Harrison suggested. He seemed affable too.

"The little runt!" thought Cecil. "He's stuck on himself because the old man let him play with him." To Harrison he replied, "I expect to sleep until lunchtime."

"Oh, that's all right," said Mr. Monteagle genially. "He can take you on in the afternoon. He's promised to give me a set in the morning. Or would you rather sleep, Harrison?" he added.

"No, thanks. I'm not going to the party tonight. I'm a workingman. I came out here for rest and peace." (Peace!)

"Oh, so you're not going to the Prangs' dance?" asked Evelyn. "They'll be so disappointed."

"No, I'm fed up with dancing. It doesn't agree with me."

"Good!" said the old man. "Then we can go over those plans I was telling you about for the indoor tennis court. I want your advice as an expert." Mr. Monteagle hadn't told him about them at all. Harrison also wondered what the old man was up to.

(He's certainly trying to be nice to me. Look out for him!)

"The damn little runt!" This time Cecil said it aloud—not very loud—in Peggy's ear.

She didn't know what it was all about either. Her hard, voracious eyes were darting around the table to find out. The little highbrow looked superior; Evelyn looked amused but uneasy. Her father was not an old dub like most fathers.

They discovered what it was all about just before they arose from the table. Mr. Monteagle spoke a low, earnest word to the butler and a few moments later there arrived some of his best champagne, which he had had brought up from the cellar and iced an hour before. It was not the ordinary champagne he usually allowed Eve's guests to have. It was a shame to waste a grand vintage upon the unsophisticated palates of these young sophisticates, but this was a grand occasion. He observed Cecil, still murmuring to the one called Peggy, pick up his glass with the impious indifference of a member of the new generation accustomed to guzzle bootleg stuff.

"Wait a minute, Cecil, wait a minute!" the host called out in smiling reproof. "You don't know what you're drinking, and you don't know what you're drinking to. Daughts, will you tell them, or shall I?"

Evelyn particularly loathed being addressed as Daughts. She had told him many times never to call her that, especially before others. But she was too excited and alarmed to think of that now.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she replied.

"Neither does Cecil," said Mr. Monteagle. "That's the trouble with you kids. You are so pitifully ignorant of the only two things that interest you—love and liquor. No wonder you always look so unhappy. You're out for a good time in life and don't know the technic. You think all you have to do is to let yourself go and not give a damn. But you have to give a damn. Having a good time is an art." He arose to his feet.

(What's he going to do now?)

"Well, dear friends, you will all have to hear about it sooner or later anyway, so I want to propose a little toast. I want you all to rise and drink it standing."

Harrison saw what was coming. He sprang to his feet.

"No, Harrison, you are not to rise—not just yet. You mustn't drink your own health, you know. It isn't done." He cleared his throat and raised his glass. "Here's to my dear daughter and her brilliant young scientist. He has searched for the truth and found it—in Evelyn. He has asked her to marry him, she has promised to do so, they have my warm approval, and I take great pleasure in making this preliminary and confidential announcement of their engagement to you, her dearest friends. So all up and drink with me to the happiness of Evelyn and Harrison." He turned to the lovers. "Bless you, my children!" Then he drained his glass.

Except for a nervous titter or two, the toast was drunk in silence, as if to the memory of the dead. Then followed a little tentative applause on the part of those who wanted to do the correct thing. Everyone was looking from Evelyn to Harrison. Fortunately for appearances, the unhappy lovers had had time to prepare their faces. Their pale amazement was interpreted as ordinary embarrassment. Harrison had decided not to protest. How could he? Chivalry, like all the old stuff, was the bunk, but he couldn't disown the girl before the whole crowd. And Evelyn had muzzled herself by what she had said to her father.

Meanwhile the rest of the table were waiting in expectant silence for the customary response. They were still looking from Evelyn to Harrison and from Harrison to Evelyn. Some of them glanced at Cecil too. All of them were thinking "Two hundred millions!"

Someone down at the end of the table cried "Speech, speech!"

Evelyn, being a girl, recovered the more quickly of the two. She was not going to make a speech, but she had to make a bluff. Without rising, she laughed and dropped her eyes like a modest maiden, then raised them again to Harrison and said, "Well, darling, as long as they all know now—here's how." She drained her glass too. She needed it.

That broke the strain. There were louder cries of "Speech, speech!"

"It's up to you, Harrison," said Mr. Monteagle. He had not the remotest idea what the young man would say. He was watching the scientist closely. No one knew what was going on back of those eagle eyes.

Harrison rose to his feet and to the occasion quite well for a highbrow who loved the truth, hated his betrothed and intended never to marry anybody.

"Well, friends," he began, and corrected himself—"Evelyn's friends, words cannot express my emotion at this moment. No one knows, not even Evelyn, what I feel; but Mr. Monteagle understands and he will excuse me, I am sure, for not attempting to voice my sincere sentiments on this, the most momentous occasion of my life." Then he sat down and the dinner broke up and everyone gathered around the happy pair to congratulate Harrison and offer best wishes to Evelyn.

"That boy's all right," said Mr. Monteagle to himself.

"What's the big idea?" asked Cecil in the car on the way to the party.

"Oh, well, it's the only way I'll ever get those pearls," Evelyn answered in her casually amused manner.

"Don't you love it?" asked Peggy. Evelyn was always so original. So was Peggy, for that matter.

"But do you mean to say your father has fallen for that little runt?"

"Father adores him."

Cecil thought it over. "Well, your father would."

"What could you expect of the older generation?" asked Peggy, looking amused like Evelyn.

"Rather a joke on you, my dear," said Cecil to Evelyn.

"Yes? On you too. Father says he's worth a dozen Cecils. In fact, I think that's what appeals to him most. I can marry Harrison if I cut out my wild young friends."

"How long are you going to let the engagement stand?" Cecil asked.

"Until I get the pearls. Then I'll break it myself. It never pays to trust other people to do things for you."

Cecil smiled and took her hand. "Whenever you need me to help you break the engagement, I will always be around, my dear." He put his arm about her.

"I wouldn't be so sure of that," said Evelyn.

"I'm willing to help," said Peggy. "I think it would be cute to be engaged to a highbrow for a while. I've never tried it." She had said that before, she remembered now. But no one heard her.

"Thanks for your kind offer of aid, Cecil, but you're all to be kicked out after tomorrow. So I'll have to attend to this all by myself. Isn't it pathetic?"

x

THE next day was Labor Day, but, despite its name, Cecil decided to do a piece of work, all the same. For that reason he rose before luncheon, after all.

Evelyn was down early too - before half-past twelve, and for the same reason. Each wanted to see Harrison.

"He's still playing tennis with my darling daddy," said the girl. "Let's go out and watch them."

Harrison was playing very good tennis. Cecil couldn't stand it. "Let's wake up the crowd and all go down to the lake and swim," he said.

"Wait till this afternoon," said Evelyn, "and we'll get Harrison to come too." That suited Cecil. Harrison was not a magnificent figure in a bathing suit.

At the conclusion of the match, as the two players were exchanging mutual compliments, they approached the two spectators on the bench under the marquee and picked up their sweaters.

"I was just telling your young man, Daughts, that if certain plans of his father's and mine go through—as I believe they will—Harrison ought to be able to get a pretty good place in the bank."

Harrison was amazed, but he had learned to control amazement by this time. The old man had said nothing of the sort.

"Something will have to be done about this," said the young scientist to himself.

And —"Something will have to be done about this," said Cecil to himself. But he didn't have a chance to do it until after luncheon.

He found Harrison observing a regiment of ants going over the top of the garden wall

"What do you want to see me about?" asked Harrison without looking up at him. "I made a date to play with the pro this afternoon, but if you insist I'll take you on and give you love-fifteen a game."

"I don't want to play tennis with you," said Cecil. "I think I'd better tell you something." He smiled down with amusement at the little highbrow. "You're probably pretty good in your laboratory, Shorty, but you don't know your way about out here."

Harrison continued to regard the ants with interest. "Must be great to be sophisticated, Cecil. Quite a man of the world now, aren't you?"

Cecil was still smiling condescendingly. "So you really think you're going to marry Eve."

Harrison could not very well say, "Not if I can help it." He replied, "So you really think Eve is going to marry you."

"Old sport, the whole thing was begun as a joke, and you seem to be taking it seriously. Before you arrived I happened to remark to the crowd that you had never been kissed, and Eve, being an obliging hostess, volunteered to amuse us. Peggy and I saw it done. I'm bound to say you were rather amusing."

The highbrow was small but quick. And during the past twenty-four hours he had had considerable practice in controlling his features. Now he understood their grins and the exchange of glances. That explained it all. They had been having a lot of fun laughing at him behind his back. He was a highbrow, a runt, an outsider. He ought never to have come here. Inwardly he was quivering with humiliation, but outwardly he showed Cecil his amused, superior smile.

"So you thought I wasn't on, did you? You and that little cat, Peggy, were hiding behind the hedge like a couple of peeping Toms. I knew it all the time. I hope you enjoyed it. Personally I shouldn't care to see another man kiss my girl, but there's no accounting for tastes."

Cecil was surprised, but still seemed to enjoy it. "Why, that whole scene was staged by Evelyn herself to win a little bet from me, and that's all there is to it."

Harrison's chagrin at being made ridiculous by Evelyn changed into rage at Cecil, but he managed to control that too. The superior smile turned into a sneering laugh.

(I'll show this bootlicking snob his place.)

"Oh, no, Cecil, that isn't all there is to it. It didn't turn out the way you expected it to at all. She's engaged to marry me now, and the old man approves. That's what's worrying you. The joke is on you, old top."

Cecil did not look worried. He wore the patronizing smile of one having inside information. "Think she'll stay engaged to you, Shorty?"

Harrison hoped not, but he could hardly say so. Besides, who of this crowd would believe him? . . . Two hundred millions! . . . Cecil had turned to leave.

"Oh, so you're going to cut me out, are you?" Harrison called after him. "Isn't that too bad!"

Cecil turned back. His patronizing smile burst into a laugh, as if he couldn't hold in any longer. "Well, if you must know it, little one," he said, "she's merely playing you in order to work the old man for some pearls. When she gets them she'll ditch

(Continued on Page 67)

HUPMOBILE

C E N

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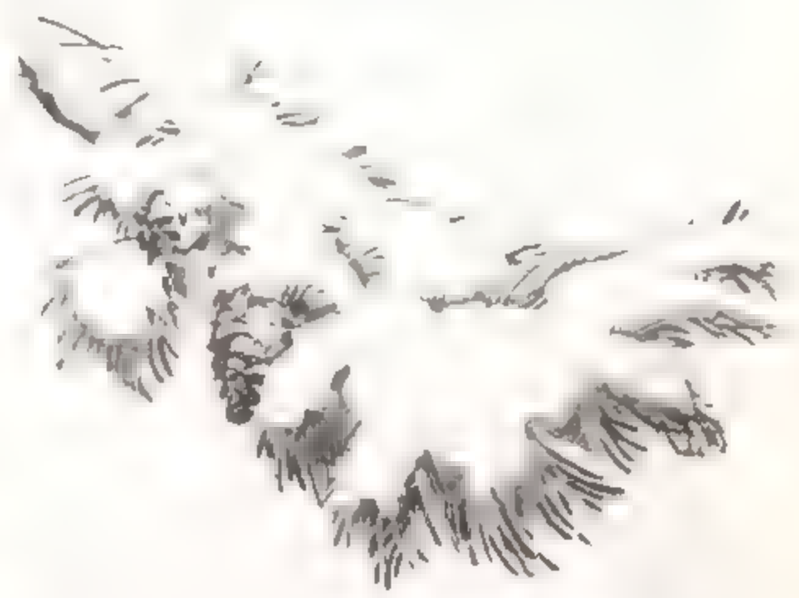

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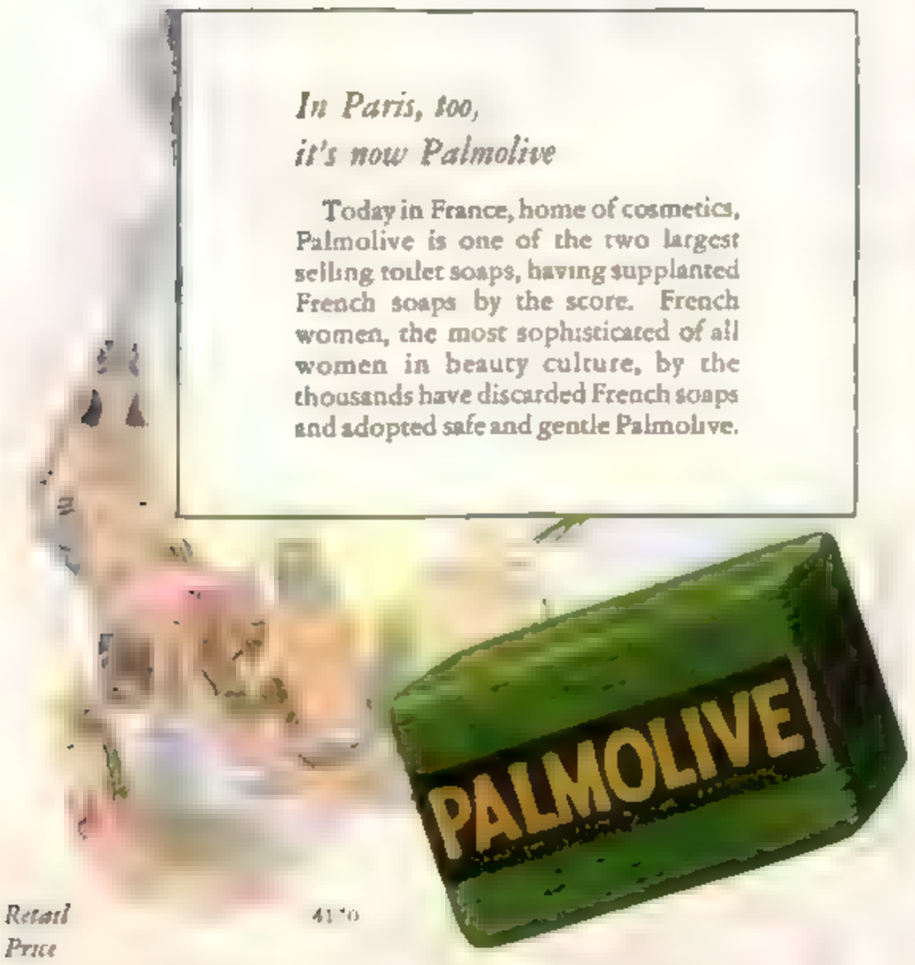

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(Continued from Page 63)

you. Meanwhile take it seriously if you want to—makes no difference to me."

"That's a lie and you know it." Then to himself Harrison said, "Look out! Keep your head!" He was easily convinced that the girl had merely been amusing herself at his expense, but would she make a monkey of him merely to get something that she wanted out of her father? He wasn't going to believe anything so rotten.

"All right, you'll find out soon enough," Cecil replied, "but don't say I didn't warn you."

The little highbrow could not endure his big classmate's patronizing manner. Regaining his outward poise, he remarked, "Old top, you're sore at losing out. Serves you jolly well right for betting against me. But I'll give you a chance to win your money back, if you like. I'll bet you the same amount that I'll marry the girl within a month."

Cecil's laugh was his loud one. "What an absurd bluff!"

Harrison quite agreed with him, but he only said, "Then why don't you call my bluff?"

"Oh, very well, since you insist. I'd just as soon take a hundred dollars away from you as not."

"You're on," said the highbrow, and turned his attention to the regiment of ants, as if no longer concerned by Cecil's disclosures.

Evelyn joined them. "Let's go swimming," said the man who was well built. He knew that Harrison wouldn't care to swim and he wanted to talk to Evelyn alone.

"Go and find Peggy and the others," she commanded. "Harrison and I will join you down at the boathouse." Cecil obeyed.

XI

EVELYN hated to hurt such a nice boy, but she had made up her mind that, although it would cost her the loveliest pearls she had ever seen, she would put an end to this little comedy of hers before it became a big tragedy for him. She would do it as painlessly as possible.

"Let's go through the woods." She said it in such a pleasant way, looking guileless and sweet.

The woods suited Harrison, for he, too, was making up his mind to take a decisive step. . . . (She's laughing at you! You ought to have known how a girl of her sort would feel about a little highbrow like you. You've been a complete ass. But why did she put it over the old man? Pearls? Could she be so low? Looks awfully like it. This is what I get for saving her face at the dinner table. No more girls in mine. They're rotten poor sports. Well, she'll never try to make a fool of me again.)

As they passed down through the lower garden he began: "You darling! You are so beautiful—too beautiful."

"Not yet," she said over her shoulder as she eluded him. "They may see us."

He sneered behind her back—she had an awfully nice back—and thought of the bet. "Why should you mind being seen now?" He meant the hedge. She thought he referred to their being engaged.

In the shadow of the woods, with the dappled sunlight glinting through, he began again: "You are so beautiful—too beautiful."

"You are repeating yourself," she said, smiling. She was a little disappointed in him. She thought he could do better than that.

"But I want to repeat myself," he said. "I didn't know—I never guessed that I could ever feel this way about a girl. You don't know—you can't guess—how I love you, how I love everything about you," he added, hating everything about her and himself.

She liked his voice when he said things of this sort. In fact, she enjoyed flirting with this keen-eyed, quick-thinking little fellow more than she had anticipated. But the thought of marrying him—that was more than amusing. It was ridiculous.

"Are you really to be mine, darling—all mine? How can I ever make myself worthy of this great gift?"

His voice had begun to shake as it did that first night in the garden, but this time he was not taking her in his arms. He seemed shy and sweet. He was such a dear. She felt not only sorry for what she had done but even more for what she would now have to do. He deserved a better fate. She wished it weren't so necessary to break with him at once. She decided to let him have one more kiss—she owed him that much—and then she would gently and kindly tell him that she was awfully sorry but she had changed her mind.

"Harrison," she said softly, and put her hand on his shoulder. He took her in his arms and held her close. She liked it. She wanted to stay there. "This is becoming a habit," she said, and arranged her lips for their customary occupation.

And now, just as he seemed about to behave in the customary way, he suddenly drew his head back, looked her straight in the eye and said, "Oh, hell!" Then, laughing in her face, he remarked quite casually, "Say, listen, kid, I'm awfully sorry, but I can't keep this up—not even to win a bet. I'm sick of kissing you." He pushed her aside and turned his back.

She didn't get it for a moment. She took in only one word. "Bet?" She repeated it. "Bet?"

He ignored the query. "It wasn't so bad the other night when I couldn't see your face. I hadn't seen any girls for so long that there in the moonlight, with the music and all—why, I would have kissed the cook!"

She was getting it now. She had been staring at him. "What? What is this you're saying to me?" He was laughing—laughing at her!

"Simply that I made a bet that I could get engaged to you, but, poor as I am, I prefer to lose the money. I can't go through with it, that's all. I've kissed you so often that I'm fed up."

She had wanted a new sensation. Well, she had one. The power of speech left her. She could hardly breathe for a moment. Both these functions came back now. She began to breathe hard. But she spoke with difficulty. She stamped her foot. It made no noise on the soft ground.

"Go away!" she said like a frightened child. "Go away!" She was making motions with her hands, trying to wave him out of her sight.

"Fine!" said the little highbrow. "That's just what I've been working for."

She opened her mouth like a drowning person gasping for air. "Go away!" she said. "I never want to see you again!"

"I know. That's great. I was so afraid you'd want me to come back. I was wondering how I could get out of it."

"Ah, here you are!" It was Mr. Monteagle's deep, cavernous voice. "I thought I'd go swimming too. . . . Oh, I see. I've interrupted something tender and idyllic. I'm sorry."

Evelyn had turned her back. She couldn't speak to her father or face him. She could never face anyone in the world again.

"Mr. Monteagle, you wouldn't kick me out," said Harrison, "so your daughter is doing it. I'm not going swimming. I'm going to pack my things and leave."

Mr. Monteagle intercepted him and smiled with indulgent amusement. "What nonsense! Lovers' quarrels don't mean anything."

"Oh, but this one does," said Harrison. "She doesn't love me any more. She never will again. But that's all right—suits me. I'll go."

Mr. Monteagle laughed. "Oh, no, I don't want you to go."

Evelyn now turned around. Her face had been scarlet and was now white. "But I do!" she cried. "Father, this man ——" But she could say no more.

"You see? She does," said Harrison with the smiling manner of "I told you so."

"—— this man has insulted me."

Harrison nodded in agreement. "I have insulted her."

"Oh, that's all right," said the old man. "She probably insulted you first. She often insults me."

"I never want to see him again."

"She never wants to see me again."

"She often says that to me too."

Again the girl tried to stamp her foot. Everything and everybody in the world was against her. "Father, you're to order him off the place at once. I don't want him here."

"But I do. And it's my place, you know. Come on—come on, we'll go down and have a nice swim and then you'll change your clothes and your mind and forget all about it."

The indignity of her father's attitude, the futility of her fury, paralyzed her. He was treating her like a child. She could not make him understand. She shook her head. "I do not care to swim," she said.

"Neither do I," said Harrison.

"Then I will," said Evelyn.

Harrison turned toward the house.

"Oh, come on," said Mr. Monteagle, "and watch Evelyn swim. She's a beautiful swimmer." He took the young man by the arm. Evelyn had gone on ahead—had run on ahead. "You mustn't mind her tantrums," he said. "You'll get used to them. It's much better for you to know about these things before you marry her than to discover them afterward. Don't you think so, my dear?"

Evelyn was out of hearing now—or pretended to be.

XII

THE dressing rooms were in the boathouse, which was designed like a Greek temple, symbolizing motorboats. Fleet-footed Evelyn and her pursuers arrived just in time to enjoy a magnificent view of Cecil, posed on the higher springboard, looking as much as possible like a Greek god for the delectation of the girls. Cecil was one of those stalwart young men who look fine in all athletic costumes, even a baseball suit, but who never make the teams. That's all right; they make a good impression on the girls all the same, while small and envious men like Harrison consider them yellow.

He now made a perfect dive of the swan variety, but this excellent performance was really more for Harrison than it was for the girls. Cecil stayed under for an alarmingly long time, then rose to the surface, shook the water out of his ears and glanced at Harrison as much as to say, "Don't you wish you could do that?"

Harrison did, most fervently, but he couldn't. He couldn't swim at all. In order to teach him when an infant, his father had tossed him into deep water, but that only taught him how people feel when drowning. He had never lived down that horror. Of course he called it a complex.

Harrison did not even paddle around in the shallow water as some of the neighbors' children were doing. The highbrow believed in the well-known principle: "If you aren't built that way don't show yourself in a bathing suit." He knew how he would look draped in the man's size one proffered by the boatman who looked after such matters for the Monteagles. He was spindly and knew it. He was not badly proportioned, but failed to appreciate that. They seldom do when they are spindly.

Evelyn had gone to her dressing room and was now thinking things over while she was changing.

As much as is possible for any human being in this world, she had always had her own way. And it is said that this is less impossible for certain of our American girls than for any other beings, human or otherwise, that ever inhabited this planet. Never in her life before had anyone rebuffed her. Her father did not care to, the rest of her small world did not dare to. And now she who had gayly tossed aside dozens of real men, including at least two ancient—and therefore honorable—titles, had been flouted, laughed at, insulted by an insignificant youth who knew nothing about the ways of the world or how highly that world rated her.

The shock of it was profound. She had not yet recovered from it. Perhaps she never would. Maybe she, too, would acquire, thus late in life, one of those inferiority complexes she was fond of observing in others. At any rate, while putting on her bathing suit she began putting on a defense mechanism. She was not going to allow this impudent little nonentity to go unpunished for his audacity. By the time she had come out to join the others she was glad that her father had intervened.

Evelyn, like Cecil, dived and swam well, but, unlike Cecil, she did not even glance at the highbrow sitting on the pier, smoking a cigarette.

Finally her father, swimming out to her, said, "Really, my dear, you oughtn't to neglect your guests so—especially when you're engaged to them."

Evelyn, sitting on the float some distance from the shore, made no reply. She was dabbling her feet in the water and pretended not to listen.

"Take Harrison out in one of the canoes. Nothing makes a more romantic picture than a canoe with a nice young man softly paddling while a beautiful girl faces him, stretched out under a parasol and trailing a hand idly in the water. Oh, but you don't have parasols any more, do you?"

She kept on dabbling in silence.

"And I suppose you're the better paddler of the two," her father went on imperturbably. "Only I'm not so sure you can paddle your own canoe over these waters as you seem to think," he added with a smile she misunderstood.

She wondered why her father couldn't break that atrocious habit of punning. All old people were queer. Sometimes she could hardly stand her father. But she had to. He held the purse strings.

"All right, have it your own way, only do show him some attention. He's the finest boy you've ever been engaged to and I've grown so fond of him."

True, but even so the youngster made him rather tired. Monteagle had listened to some of his talk at the table. He was a show-off, too, when with his contemporaries—merely a different variety. Were all young people little fools? He was afraid so. He had been one himself. Even his own daughter was. Sometimes he could hardly stand her.

She put an end to this silly conversation by silently springing up and diving off the float. An idea had come to her. Show the little highbrow some attention? She would!

Using the crawl stroke—she did it powerfully and gracefully—she approached Harrison, sitting on a deck chair on the edge of the boathouse pier. She smiled up at him as if nothing had happened.

"You look so exclusive and superior up there."

"I am," he replied, also as if nothing had happened.

She clambered up but stood at a safe distance, as if in fear of dripping on him. He turned and looked her over as he reached in his pocket for a cigarette. She was in a one-piece bathing suit, about twenty-two inches long over all. Then he turned his attention to lighting his cigarette. He flicked the match into the water and suppressed a fake yawn. It was too obvious why she had stood at a slight distance. She had a beautiful body and knew it.

"How would you like to take me out in a canoe?" she asked with apparent enthusiasm, as if a delightful thought had just occurred to her. Well, one had.

He wondered what her game was. "Thanks, I'm not much good in canoes."

"Oh, but I am. I'll take you down to the end of the lake where no one can see us."

(Does she think I'm afraid?)

"That will be swell," he said, and jumped up.

The boatman carried the canoe out from the basement under the dressing rooms and the mutually hating lovers embarked, Evelyn in the stern at the paddle and Harrison stretched out amidships, thus reversing the

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old-fashioned picture her father had suggested. But then, as Evelyn mused as they glided down the lake in silence, everything seemed to be reversed in this odd affair. She had been the pursuer from the first. He had repelled her.

"So you're not going to marry me, after all," she began. "How unkind!" Harrison made no reply. He was more perplexed by her light, airy sarcasm than his easy smile indicated. "You were only trifling with me all this time, and I never suspected it."

Still no reply. This was a new form of dueling to him.

"It's a terrible experience for a poor defenseless girl, Harrison, being dazzled and deceived and then scorned by a great strong man like you."

That thrust reached him, pierced him, hurt. But he did not show it.

"Is there no hope for me, Harrison? No hope at all?"

The highbrow tossed his cigarette butt overboard and heard it sizz. "Oh, I have nothing against you," he remarked in a considerate manner, as if she had meant what she said, "except your looks. I think you might be quite interesting if you'd only let yourself alone and be natural once in a while for a change, instead of trying to be snappy. It doesn't suit your style, my dear. You're too big. Leave that for Peggy and the other petites."

He could hurt, too, when he tried. "No hope—no hope!" she said, as if musing aloud. "How can I bear it? I don't even interest him."

"Besides," he went on, "it's such old stuff, all that shrill strenuosity. The funny old-fashioned postwar generation ran that line out long ago. It is not done any more—not that way. But you and your crowd haven't even caught onto that fact yet." That ought to hurt!

She smiled. (So father got it from him.)

"You don't think you could ever learn to love me?" she asked, resting her paddle across her knees and leaning forward.

"Not in that bathing suit; your legs are terrible. The more I see of you, kid, the less I like you. You modern man-eaters make a great mistake in the way you dress and undress. You think it makes you desirable. It only makes you disillusionizing. They managed these things better in your father's day."

"In the 90's. How quaint! I thought you were a modern scientist and loved to search for truth."

"Right! We prefer to search. We don't like it revealed."

She paddled in silence for a moment. "So you've found out the truth about me, have you?"

"Enough of it for me—yes."

"Do tell me more about it. I would adore it from you."

(She thinks she's so superior that she can amuse herself with me, eh? All right, we'll see.)

"Well, kid, you'll probably never hear the truth from anyone else, so why not?" He hesitated and changed his mind. He knew that he could hurt, but he didn't like to now. He was no longer angry. They were both feeling sorry and ashamed by this time. Of course they would not acknowledge that, but each felt a tendency to talk seriously. Both fought against it. "But there are also some rather nice things about you," he added judiciously, "if you'd only let them come out."

"I take it that you don't refer to my legs. I've let them come out."

"Oh, I could learn to forgive and forget your legs by looking at your eyes."

"You're not doing so now, Harrison."

He laughed and looked up at her eyes again. "Your legs fascinate me. They're so grotesque, like gargoyles."

She knew that they were not really so bad. In fact, they were pretty good, but she never could understand why anyone looked at female legs. And yet they did. They certainly did, even in these enlightened days of revealing the truth.

She smiled and said with mock eagerness, "Talk about my eyes."

"I'd rather talk about your ideals."

"Oh, so I have ideals, have I? That's quaint too. Tell me about them. I'm sure you're going to do me a great deal of good."

"They're on about the level of a shopgirl's. In fact, I should say that you had everything a shopgirl admires and envies."

"Except for my nose and legs?"

"But of course I respect them more, because they work for a living and so can't think about sex quite all the time."

"But you, Harrison—you never think of anything but science, do you? For example, the other night in the garden when you kissed me?"

"You kissed me first. What else could I do? I was brought up always to sacrifice myself for the ladies."

"I could make you sacrifice yourself again if I tried—despite my nose and my knock-knees—only you would upset the canoe."

He smiled and said nothing while she paddled on toward Rocky Point. The smile and the silence shouted derision for a hundred yards or so. "Say, Eve, not that I care a damn, but just as a matter of curiosity, wouldn't you really like to be respected once in a while instead of merely wanted?"

"No, I'd rather be wanted. I'd rather be beautiful than anything in the world. Every woman would, only they aren't all as honest as I am. You see, I have the scientific spirit myself, Harrison. I should think that would appeal to you."

"If you had ever read anything besides Freud, you'd know that the greatest sirens in history have not, as a rule, had great beauty but great brains."

"That's me. You've just told me I haven't much beauty, and even father tells me I have brains. Go on."

"Then why don't you buck up and amount to something more than an expensive parasite? So many of you can be that. It's so dull. You have a fairly good mind, only you don't know how to use it, even for playing the game of sex—the only thing you're interested in. You're a mere amateur." This was going pretty far and he glanced at her to see if he had gone too far. But she still looked detached and amused.

"Oh, you're going to reform me, are you? How sweet of you! After you reform me will you marry me?"

"Oh, I've no doubt I could stand kissing you now and then if I'd shut my eyes and make up my mind to it. But to keep it up all my life—no, not for—how many millions is it? I never can remember figures."

"Yes, I might as well give up hope. What kind of a wife would you like to have?"

"Not any, thank you."

"Quite so, but you'll get married all the same. Professors always do. Someone who works and will darn your socks?"

"She would have to speak my language, be interested in my job or a similar one of her own, know how to photograph, run a typewriter, make slides—do all sorts of things that you couldn't understand."

"But if you married me you could hire dozens of secretaries and assistants to do such things."

Harrison laughed. "That is so like you and your sort. Hire everything done for you and miss all the fun of making things. That's what we're here for. The real zest of life comes from doing things, not having things."

"How instructive you are, professor!" She was smiling and twinkling. "I wonder if you know what I'm going to do—to you."

He had unintentionally slipped into seriousness. He had overemphasized his scorn. He felt rather ridiculous.

"Besides," he went on, "what would I do with a dozen secretaries—for example, on a scientific expedition to the desert, where every extra mouth to feed means that many more pounds to carry? It would be bad enough to have only one, but if I married her, she'd have to be a scientist and a collaborator."

"Where in the world could you find such a wonderful woman?"

"Right over there," he said, and pointed to a small but charming cottage on the edge of the lake, now in full view as they rounded the point which hid them from the rest of the party.

"Oh, so you've found her already. Congratulations."

"She's the wife of one of the men in the American Museum of Natural History. She is one of the loveliest women in the world. But you and your silly sort aren't even aware of the existence of her sort."

"Oh, but I am. I've seen her often. She's utterly charming. She comes over here to swim. She has beautiful, symmetrical legs."

"Never mind her legs. She has a beautiful mind."

"Oh, Harrison, naughty, naughty, and a married woman too!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Serious as that, is it? No wonder you're ashamed of yourself for kissing me!" She laughed and turned the canoe around with a deep stroke of the paddle which made the little craft tip over dangerously. She continued to laugh, and finally stopped paddling, leaned forward and seemed to shake with mirth. He waited, watching her closely and wondering what her next move would be.

"Oh, this is too delicious!" she said, looking up at him, her elbows on her bare knees—her knock-knees—"and all this time you, like father, thought I really meant it!" She laughed again and resumed paddling toward the float where the others were still swimming. "You insignificant nobody, did you actually have the effrontery to think that I would ever dream of marrying a little boy like you?"

The effect was not what she had counted upon. Perhaps she had held off her climax too long.

"It would have been awful if you had," he replied quite calmly. "You're almost an inch taller than I am, and I'd look like a mere appendage. I never could have stood it. Think of going through life dragged about by a great big strapper like you! You really mean it? I'm free? You don't want me?"

Again the amused laughter. "Want you? Oh, I love it!"

"You darling!" he said. "I can't tell you how relieved and happy you're making me. Why, I could almost kiss you for that—if I weren't afraid of upsetting the canoe. And that wouldn't do, because then I'd have to rescue you and therefore marry you, just as if I were a great strong silent man, like Cecil, and you were a beautiful shrinking maiden, like—well, I don't know any of 'em except in old-fashioned stories. You modern amazons aren't given to shrinking, especially when you want to get kissed in the moonlight."

She poised the paddle in the air as if she thought of striking him. Harrison pretended to ward off the blow and smiled at her. "Don't pick on me. Take a man of your own size." They were almost abreast of the swimmers now and she lowered her voice.

"Do you want me to tell you the truth?" She was still laughing with the enjoyment of the situation. "You love the truth so. I am going to tell you why I kissed you the other night."

"I wouldn't trouble myself if I were you, Evelyn. I know already. It was because, although you are still only a crude amateur, you are enough like a professional to kiss a comparative stranger for a hundred dollars."

"What's this? What do you mean?"

"You won your bet because you could stand me and I lost mine because I couldn't stand you. You made yourself so common and disgusting that I get sick at my stomach every time I look at you. Yes, I know all about it, my dear. The peeping tomcat you planted in the hedge has given you away."

Again he had proved too clever for her. There is only one answer to mental superiority and that is physical superiority—if you have it. The girl sprang to her feet

and deliberately upset the canoe. The highbrow, who couldn't swim, found himself struggling in twenty feet of water with his tweed sport suit helping to pull him down, while Evelyn struck out for the float with her long, powerful crawl stroke.

Rather than call to her for help, Harrison thought he would prefer to die; and came near doing so, even after instinct had broken through his highly civilized but rather suicidal inhibitions. It was Evelyn's father who, shouting, called her attention to their guest's plight. It did not take her long to rescue him and drag him to the float, looking like a drowned rat.

Cecil joined them and they soon got the water out of Harrison's lungs and took him to the boathouse. They laid him on a couch in the sun room and Cecil was sent up to the house for dry clothes and brandy.

Evelyn was more frightened than her father. She felt not only remorse for what she had done but horror at the thought of what she might have done. So she was bending over and ministering to him rather tenderly for an Evelyn, when the little fellow opened his eyes.

It was clear that he wanted to say something to her, but he was still choking and gasping. He managed to smile and nod. She wondered what the nod meant. All the party had gathered about as if it were a death-bed scene by the time he recovered the power of speech. Apparently he had recovered his spirit, too, for he looked up into her face and, with his usual assured and rather superior smile, said, "Don't worry, darling; you saved my life, so now I'll have to give it to you. I'll marry you, after all."

She alone could appreciate the mockery of that speech.

"Why, of course," said the old man. "Come on, Cecil. They had a lovers' quarrel. They want to be alone."

"Are you all right?" Evelyn asked him when the others had started back to the house. She could not deny that he was a good little sport.

"Sure I am," said the highbrow. "You'd better go and change, kid. You're shivering. See how your knock-knees are knocking."

She waited a minute and looked at him as if to say something more. But after all, she had nothing more to say. She couldn't hit a man when he was down. So she went to her dressing room.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OF ULTIMATE ANTIQUES

Continued from Page 9

china. It had the unmistakable bright surface of Staffordshire china. The value of splatter ware finally declined. It isn't, in itself, gracious or beautiful. The peacock and the schoolhouse of some splatter are mildly engaging—that is, they would be engaging if it were provincial American china. During the period of its fame I searched for it with a sense of adventurous excitement; I bought all I could discover at varying, but never inconsiderable, prices; and when I came on nine perfect green splatter cups and saucers I was almost humble in the face of my superlative good fortune. I have them still—decent green cups and saucers made in England for colonial, more properly export, trade.

Of First Consideration

The difference between the dealer in antiques and the collector is, in reality, far greater than their similarity. It is wider than either recognizes. And here, as well as throughout this paper, I mean the measurably honest difference. I am not now concerned with actual manufactured lies. The difference resides in the fact that while many forms of antiques have only a temporary interest, a fleet value, the value of money is permanent. It is quite the same to a dealer if he sells samplers or pink-luster china; the return from both is identical. It is money. All that concerns him is to make certain that, when the sale of samplers reaches a period, an interest in luster takes its place. He is, therefore, under the necessity to find and support a constant sale of varying antique objects. In reality, he is not unlike a dressmaker, who profits from changes in style. If a style in dress becomes old-fashioned there will be a demand for other dresses. When a given antique loses its charm for collectors there will be a demand for a fresh object of interest.

In this manner, when the supply of samplers is exhausted, when the price of samplers has reached its reasonable—often an unreasonable—limit, a whole available world of pink-luster china is available, at a moderate cost, for the dealer. In reality, samplers, the best samplers, are valuable now, and luster china, other than historic or what is called silver or rose resist, has practically vanished from sight. At one time a Sunderland china that looked as though it had been glazed in crushed strawberries was considered to be comparatively priceless. At one time but no longer. Luster china, like cup plates, will probably return to the esteem of collectors. But that, again, the collector cannot wait for nor depend upon. It is a fact valuable only to the dealer.

Sunderland china, actually, is beautiful, but beauty is not the only, it is not the first, consideration in antiques. The first consideration is definitely historic. A pitcher without grace commemorating the opening of the Erie Canal is more desirable than an ingratiating general example of the same ware. Beauty is secondary; it can, in especial cases, even be dispensed with. A Pennsylvania dower chest, clumsy in form and practically useless, painted with a grotesque eagle, signed and dated, is, without the slightest pretension to beauty, highly regarded. The mark on American pewter is the sole measure of its charm and proportions.

Dealers, then, are under the necessity of constantly discovering—and furthering—new interests. New things to collect. Fortunately for them, the collector is a singularly credulous individual. He wants to believe that antiques are rare and lovely and characteristic. His attitude is one of constant hope. The collector begs dealers to tell him that they have something of unique excellence. He is, speaking generally, convinced before the dealer speaks. Collectors are known to one another; they see one another in the antique stores on Madison Avenue, in Richmond, and at the sales over the Pennsylvania countryside; one collector usually hears exactly what another collector has bought, and that enormously engages him. A collector perpetually wants a better example of an object bought by a second collector. That represents his ideal of accomplishment. A fact with which all dealers are acquainted. A valuable piece of knowledge. Mr. Haydon, who has a priceless collection of Windsor chairs, Mr. Place is told, has bought a set of Hitchcock chairs with the original stenciling.

A set of Hitchcock chairs with stenciling far more original than Mr. Haydon's is then offered to him. Mr. Blaine, who collects walnut furniture, is informed that Mr. Place is buying Hitchcock chairs. Hitchcock chairs are late and painted, but that makes small difference to Mr. Blaine. Put in a position to get the best, the most original, set of Hitchcock chairs ever found, he immediately buys them. The knowledge of all this becomes general and, for a season anyhow, the importance of Hitchcock chairs is established.

Following the Latest Fashion

That is the simple, the eminently human, manner in which antique dealers fulfill their intricate lot in life. It is not dishonest. It is merely adroit. At intervals the dealers, aside from deaths, lose invaluable customers; the most wishful collectors are, at times, forced to come to their senses, but usually new individuals take their places. Usually. That is not so universal as it was a very few years ago. A few years ago the demand for antiques in America was limitless; anything, practically, could be sold. Almost everything was sold. There were, for example, the various, and useless, objects that decorated fireplaces—cranes and pothooks and iron pots, sets of brass colanders and miscellaneous ladles to hang from the cranes, brass and copper kettles and trivets, carriers for coals and Betty lamps and monumental waffle irons.

There was a primitive pine furniture, rude furniture which had, at best, been rudely made to fill immediate rude uses: stools with legs pinned into the seats at varied angles; early candle stands with a screw thread heavy enough to lift the corner of a cabin; low benches—originally designed to hold milk cans—sold for the human frame; stretcher tables designed, apparently, for the antics of trained elephants; ponderous cupboards with no interior capacity. They could be bought by dealers very cheaply, and sold for five, for ten and twenty times their cost. Different varieties of antiques made their convenient, and prepared, appearance: painted window shades, pictorial wall papers, wagon seats, the iron benches of cemeteries, bonnet boxes, curtain nails, Windsor stools, the elaborate glass frost from Sandwich, tin Paul Revere lanterns, door stops, millefiori paper weights, burl bowls, any crude Victorian lithograph, Bennington pottery, medicine bottles, painted wax medallions, rat-tailed spoons, sconces, dolphin candlesticks, hurricane shades, Staffordshire figurines, A B C plates, Pennsylvania Dutch painted tinware, pewter inkwells, and—where the dealers were concerned—easily surpassing all the rest, the general excitement, the optimism, about Lowestoft china.

Lowestoft From Worcester

None of it, actually, was Lowestoft china. Not a dozen of all the collectors of Lowestoft in the United States even knew what it was. They realized, vaguely, there was a town named Lowestoft, where china was made, in England; and that the ware they called after it was, generally speaking, decorated in the country of China. All their knowledge was contained by those two unrelated facts. The china they widely bought was not made at Lowestoft; some of it was not decorated in the Orient. Some, in reality, was both manufactured and decorated at Worcester. If a piece of china bore any heraldic device at all it was declared to be Lowestoft; if, in addition, its surface was rough, it was further venerated for orange-peel Lowestoft. The reasonable, the correct, description—Chinese armorial—was totally ignored. Chinese armorial china is, today when it is authentic, enormously valuable: punch bowls with ships, with the coat armor of cities or of individuals, are as few as they are costly; but the universal indiscriminate excitement about Lowestoft has so completely died that scarcely a helmet pitcher is now cherished.

This, a benefit to collectors, has added to the difficulties of dealers in antiques. Their difficulties, the truth is, have increased very materially in the past months. The golden age is over. Fine and lovely and characteristic antiques have increased enormously in value; there is hardly any limit to what may be asked for them; but the sustaining flood of casual objects, like the tide of Lowestoft, has withdrawn from the dealer's shelves. Five, three, years ago the number

For Christmas Cheer...

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Bottled Drinks charged with

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To make the welkin ring with joy—to make complete the Christmas feast—lay in a goodly store of zippy bottled carbonated beverages. Their life, snap and sparkle are due to the healthful Carbonic Gas with which they are charged. And tell your dealer or bottler to deliver other cases with your Christmas Greeting-cards attached, to the homes of friends.

Although the cost is small, the very originality of this gift idea will stir up a more enthusiastic welcome than gifts at twice the price.

Carbonic Gas is Nature's first stimulant and mild digestant for the nursing babe. Mother's milk contains as high as 10 per cent Carbonic Gas by volume. It's the natural "pick-up" for the human body. Without carbonic gas, bottled drinks and fountain sodas would be flat and insipid.

Liquid Red Diamond Gas—the brand that leading bottlers favor—is used to carbonate more than half of all the charged drinks sold in America. It is tested daily. There is nothing better in purity, pungency, and power. Its germicidal action helps to purify the drink.

So when you telephone your dealer or bottler, express your preference for beverages charged with Red Diamond Gas.

Meantime look for this Liquid Red Diamond Emblem at the places you or your children go to buy carbonated drinks. Mail coupon for booklet telling health advantages, that you may be well informed.

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World's Largest makers of Carbonic Gas, Bottlers' Machinery and Supplies, and Soda Fountains
3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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RED DIAMOND GAS

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Please send me, without charge, a copy of your booklet, "Bubbling Health for the Whole Family."

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Franklin returns to London in 1775 after vainly trying to bring about an amiable relations

"Kindly People-who will treat you kindly"

"GO to Philadelphia," wrote Benjamin Franklin from London in April, 1772, "for there you will find kindly people—who will treat you kindly."

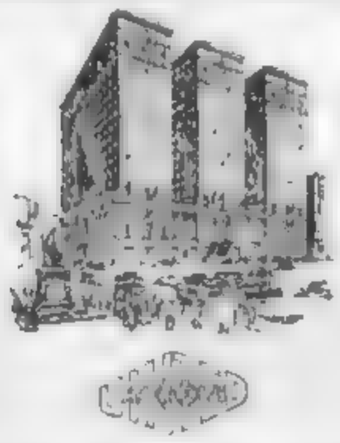
The famous philosopher might have been peering into the future when he penned these lines—and visualizing the commanding hotel that now bears his name.

For it is our purpose here at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel to treat you as he would like to see his guests treated—with kindly welcome and warm hospitality, plus those niceties of service afforded by modern facilities and expert management.

Location that is convenient to everywhere, large airy rooms, each with private bath, luxurious beds, circulating ice-water in every room, two splendid restaurants and coffee shop—these are a few of the features of the Benjamin Franklin Hotel

1200 Outside Rooms
Rates commence at four dollars

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA
Chestnut at Ninth Street
Horace Lenard Wiggins ~ Managing Director



of casual antique stores was beyond count; every idle woman and unoccupied man, with a taste for sentimental details and a need for money, conducted one; it was, then, easy to fill them, easy to sell the objects I recalled, together with a hundred more, but that is no longer possible. Antique stores are vanishing almost as quickly as they appeared—vanishing or taking on the properties of tea houses. Only the more fortunate dealers—dealers with the opportunities of large capital, persistence and exact knowledge, excellent reputation—are contriving to remain solvent and undismayed.

All the while during these insecure phases, the momentary styles, in antiques, a few varieties, rare and lovely and characteristic, were steadily gaining in value. One morning—this was in 1923—a letter came for me from New Jersey; the writer owned a set of six Queen Anne chairs; their condition was absolutely perfect; they were made, he thought, of cherry wood. I doubted a great deal of the letter, but most of all I doubted the existence of Queen Anne chairs in cherry. However, I wrote to the individual who had addressed me, asking him to make sure what his chairs were made of and demanding their price. In reply he sent me a splinter of wood from a chair. It was, of course, walnut, fine red American walnut. The chairs were—I am not certain now of the price; I think they were to be nineteen hundred dollars. I had scarcely more than begun to collect antiques; all beginning collectors are appalled by the prices asked for what they desire, and I dropped the second letter about the chairs into the waste-paper basket.

Nineteen hundred dollars was an absurd price.

Later I recovered the letter, I studied the sliver of red walnut—the chairs, in New Jersey, were not far from West Chester and I decided to look at them. "In the first place," I said, the six chairs standing in a row before me—"they are not Queen Anne." They had the ears that became characteristic of the Chippendale period. They had, however, fiddle backs, cabriole legs. "They are lovely," I admitted, "but they are not Queen Anne and they are not worth nineteen hundred dollars." I was, privately—then—disappointed with the chairs. My journey, it seemed to me, had been wasted. I returned home and reported the chairs to be ridiculously expensive and relatively unimportant. I didn't regret leaving them in New Jersey, but I did remember them. Whenever I saw a fiddle back, a cabriole leg, on a chair, it was definitely clumsier than the fiddle backs, the cabriole legs, I knew of. My education increased.

A Short Time in the Limelight

I learned that there were transitional types of furniture, of chairs. One period, it seemed, never definitely ended for another definitely to begin. The characteristics of Queen Anne melted gracefully into the forms of Thomas Chippendale—the cabriole leg was borrowed from the earlier type—the Chippendale chairs with straight legs were later; the Hepplewhite taste for a while kept the straight Chippendale lines. In addition, I discovered some of the local characteristics of American furniture. The highboys and chairs of New Jersey, in one county, had a peculiarly graceful web foot. The chairs I saw had that foot.

Their owner wrote me again, not to urge their sale upon me but to tell me something of their subsequent history. The Pennsylvania Museum had a photograph of them, the museum was considering them; dealers in Boston, collectors in New York, were writing to him. I had bought, in Virginia, a set of early, and honest, walnut chairs for my dining room; it was clear to me—or at least it was clear to Dorothy—that I could afford no others, and I contrived to put the others out of my mind. It was difficult. Then, perhaps after another month, I got a fourth letter from New Jersey. If I sent a certified check immediately I could have the red-walnut chairs for a number of hundred dollars less than had been originally proposed. I sent the certified check and a truck at once.

The chairs began quietly, unobtrusively, to gain in value; they became, to the small world of the collector of American antiques, well known; they were obviously rare and lovely and characteristic. Nineteen hundred dollars is not now an absurd price for six Early American walnut chairs that marked the transitional period between Queen Anne and Mr. Chippendale. It is, actually, no price at all. It isn't half a price. Against the solid fact of the chairs, however, I had bought a whole kaleidoscope of dissolving antiques. A hundred dollars. A hundred and seventy-five dollars. Sixty dollars. Four hundred and ninety dollars. Six hundred dollars. Lately I studied an incomplete list of those purchases without the ability to recall one. I had discovered them and paid for them; they were in my house for varying periods, and then they vanished even from my memory. Like the flip glasses, the enameled glass, they brought me, when I was prepared to sell them, practically nothing. It might be asserted that they had brought me pleasure, the excitement and pleasure of their acquisition. It may be argued that, in the light of a pleasant occupation, they were a positive benefit to me.

An Effort at Recovery

But the pleasure and benefit, I am certain, were not worth what they cost. I could have had just as much pleasure, and immeasurably greater benefit, if I had bought objects with at least some intrinsic interest. My pleasure was a great deal too expensive. It was too costly and, ultimately, it was an assault upon my pride. I had been victimized. Or, to be exact, I had victimized myself. The familiar assertion, that a good antique was a splendidly good investment, was clearly true, but, mostly, I had neglected to provide myself with good antiques. The antiques I bought, at first, were not good in the most moderate sense. When the excitement—largely false—of buying them died, I had left only what I am forced to refer to as junk. Junk! I regarded the greater part of the antiques in my house with a growing uneasiness. The uneasiness sharpened to doubt, the doubt became a certainty, and, silently as possible, I removed the evidences of my mistakes.

I had eventually a sale; it was obvious to everyone what sort of sale it was—an effort to recover in some degree from indiscriminate possessiveness—and the return it brought was accordingly small. A fine Franklin stove, with its brass finials intact—I had no place for it—fetched two dollars. The sale was at George Smith's warehouse in West Chester; the day, I recall, was dark; it was, generally, a dark occasion. I did not, however, as it would have been logical to do, stop buying antiques. My interest in them, my desire for them, survived the catastrophe of my sale. I was, simply, more careful. I bought fewer things; I thought about them longer before I decided in their favor; I paid more for them. The American antiques that attracted me had become so expensive I could not afford to make the enthusiastic and casual purchases which made gay the past

I saw, among other things, that I was not, fundamentally, a collector. My interest in the infinite multiplication of similar objects, of millefiori paper weights, could not be counted upon. The pure fervor of the collector had not survived the accidents of my judgment. It would not be intelligent for me, individually, to be a collector. My house positively refused to take on the properties, the appearance, of a museum. Any engagement in antiques was far more serious than it had been five years ago. A lowboy which, five years ago, had cost two hundred and seventy-five dollars was a totally different reality from an identical lowboy now confidently offered to me for eight hundred dollars. I began, of necessity, actually to consider antiques in the light of an investment—that is, I finally realized that if they were a good investment I could afford to buy a certain limited number; if they were not I must definitely stop owning them.

I did not, it ought to be made clear, want to sell what I bought; I had no plan to make money that way; I merely needed a justification, a support and protection, for my purchases. I wanted, fundamentally, to create, in a house eminently suitable for it, the spirit and appearance of an America, definitely lost in reality, I thought and wrote about with regret. My house, I hoped, rather than exhibit a collection of even the rarest and loveliest objects, would be enveloped in the dignity and peacefulness of early walnut and bland silver and candid blue glass. That would be expensive; to realize it I must, I had discovered, rigorously deny myself the sheer pleasure of possession. I had, for example, perhaps a hundred pieces of South Jersey glass; they stood on tables and on window sills, they decorated mantels and filled drawers. I sold ninety of them—for, in the aggregate, no more and no less than they had cost—and I recognized that, except under extremest pressure, I could buy no more historic flasks a conclusion I reached with reluctant slowness.

The properties, the permanence, of historic flasks have, in the immediate past, furnished a characteristic and difficult problem for the collectors of antiques. When, a very few years ago, historic flasks were first generally held to be desirable, their value increased with a rapidity uncommon for even antique objects. They became almost at once exceedingly costly; and then, after perhaps a year, the value of flasks, the interest in them, declined; it was confidently asserted, by dealers principally, that the taste for flasks and bottles had definitely expired. Some collectors, however, were not in agreement with that; they continued to buy flasks; they paid large sums for single rare examples. The prices of historic flasks began again to rise; the prices were high and practically no desirable flasks appeared for sale. The antique stores, with almost no exception, were unable to discover any but the most common varieties. Flasks disappeared from auctions. A fine historic flask that might conceivably, in the near future, be for sale became celebrated from Frankfort, Kentucky, to Portland, Maine. Flasks, the dealers admitted, were too expensive for a certainty of profit.

Commonplace in its Time

Rare historic flasks and flasks in fine color are now worth more than ever before. It is almost certain they will be still more desirable in a very short time. It is probable that they are fixed in value, an ultimate antique. The reasons for this are clear—a historic flask is, in the first place, actually historic, not only in what it may commemorate but in itself. A flask bearing the profile of Andrew Jackson is not alone a portrait in relief, it is a whisky flask of Jackson's era. It was a commonplace of its time, an object of familiar usage. In addition, flasks were manufactured throughout the early Eastern United States; they were made in Kentucky and they were made in Ohio, they were made in New Jersey and Connecticut and at Baltimore, in Philadelphia and Albany, Pittsburgh and Boston; their legends and decorations are both local and national. They are infinite in variety—the glass of one flask, of one glass house, is different from another; the flasks of each decade are different from those of the following years.

They are very satisfactory, often unique and not less often lovely in appearance. Their colors, when they are colored, are clear and brilliant or beguilingly soft. The blue is as fine as the blue reputed to be Baron Stiegel's; there is a pure primrose yellow, amethyst, emerald green, puce, a rosy claret, a clear autumnal brown. The

(Continued on Page 72)

Jack Cope and John Skoning, veteran air mail pilots: "Quaker Oats means a clear brain and happy landings."

Mabel and Alice Dupree, young basketball stars who keep fit with hot Quaker Oats breakfasts

NEW MORNINGS *for* OLD

Now thousands, largely on expert advice, are banishing listless mornings by the simple expedient of breakfasts that "stand by" them

THOUSANDS are learning the secret of active, energetic mornings in this way. The dull, listless mornings that handicap so many, can largely be overcome.

A week's trial will convince you . . . a week of *well-balanced* breakfasts that "stand by" you through your all-important forenoon hours. Quaker Oats starts by being admittedly the most delicious breakfast. And that is vital to digestion and nutrition.

In the first place, Quaker Oats contains 16% protein—the element that builds muscle, that contributes a "factor of safety" against disease, and makes good the wear and tear on human machinery.

Quaker Oats provides some 50% more of this element than wheat; 60% more than wheat flour, over twice as much as rice, 100% more than cornmeal. Consider what this means.

16% protein—plus—an excellent food "balance" and unique deliciousness

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in minerals, and abundant in Vitamin B 65% is carbohydrate. It retains, too, the roughage to lessen the need for laxatives. The oat is admittedly the best balanced cereal that grows.

Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats supplies the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy richness that no other cereal known can boast.

THE QUAKER OATS CO.

Alice Ferguson, domestic science expert, broadcasting on the food value of hot oats.

In four morning hours 70% of the world's work falls

70% of your day's most important work is done between 8:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m. — in four short hours — according to nation-wide commercial, financial and scholastic investigations.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to *watch your breakfast;* to start days with food that "stands by" you through the morning and thus protect the most important hours of your day.

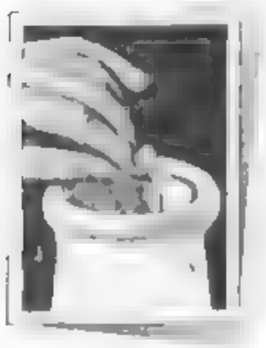
Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats—Quaker Oats as you have always known them and *Quick Quaker,* which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—faster than toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest

It's hinged

so you never need remove it from your milk bottle!

THERE'S nothing messy or wasteful about opening a milk bottle sealed with the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP because this modern cap never need be removed from the bottle! You simply pull the hinged flap part way open and pour—then press the flap back into place and *reseal* the bottle perfectly until you need it again! Saves good top cream, *protects* against contamination, *keeps flavor* in until the last drop of milk is used!



Note the *hinged flap* with handy tab for convenience in opening bottle.

Pour through opening—then press flap back into place for perfect resealing of bottle.

PERFECTION
PULL and HINGE CAP

Mail coupon below for a month's supply *free*. Once you've seen how convenient and sanitary this cap really is, you'll urge your dairyman dealer to supply it regularly on all milk and cream bottles.

A month's supply ***free***

THE SMITH-LEE CO., INC.,
Oneida, New York

Please send me a month's supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps, F.R.E.

Name

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Canadian Manufacturers, THE ARBOR COMPANY (Canada) Limited, 245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto

(Continued from Page 70)

flasks I am speaking of are invariably genuine; only a few indifferent copies of the rarer blue flasks have been made; there is not, there will never be, a flood of copies. Yes, historic flasks appeared, they rose in price and then fell rather, they seemed to fall—and again, because of intrinsic qualities, their value mounted. Only yesterday, early in the morning, Mr. Wyeth, from Kentucky, brought a small number of historic flasks to my house. I bought none of them, but I saw them returned to Mr. Wyeth's bag with a lively regret. There was an emerald-green Pike's Peak or Bust flask—it was both deep in color and enjoyed uncommon variations—that I lingered over. Mr. Wyeth was engaged by a quart violin bottle in opalescent glass. And, while he was getting his bottles out and then putting them away, we discussed the rarest of all American flasks—the circular aquamarine pint with concentric rings and eagles. He knew, he told me, of a dark blue flask it might be possible for him to get. A flask rarely found in any blue. Mr. McKearin was trying to buy it. If he, Mr. Wyeth, secured it, did I want it? Automatically and loudly I said that I did. My determination to buy no more flasks failed at the possibility of owning that particular variety in dark blue.

Consistency, like a safe economic principle, can never be absolute where antiques are concerned. The necessity, however, of discovering a relatively secure principle of acquisition remained. Furniture, and not bottles, was my main concern; there, at least, some fundamental facts were plain. Antique furniture that had not been restored, that had not been refinished, was ultimately more valuable than antique furniture that had been—even to the slightest degree and in the most skillful manner—repaired. Very few people, though, could keep chairs or tables or sofas in what had become their original state. Chairs lacked parts of legs, stretchers, splats; they were, often, too shaken, too loose, for usage; some, in particular Windsor chairs, had been lately painted or even gilded; spindles were gone. The difference between a museum and a household became immediately apparent: chairs, even priceless antique chairs, in a household, must be sat upon. They must be used. For that reason minor repairs were almost invariably necessary. If they were actually small, if they were well done, the value of the chairs in question was very little depressed. Often their sheer increase in rarity more than made up any incidental loss.

Beauty Vanishes With Newness

The question of what constitutes a minor repair is not so easily satisfied. An inch added to the legs of a Windsor chair, for example, is not a minor repair. If the legs have been cut off, it is quite ruined. Yet, in the case of a Windsor chair with uncommonly beautiful turnings, the replacing of an entire stretcher, perhaps even a leg, may be held relatively unimportant. If the terminals of the legs of a gate-legged table are gone, they are gone. Forever. That loss cannot be repaired. But if a drawer, if a leaf of the top, is missing, either may be furnished with no great damage. The finials of a clock, the carved flames belonging on the broken arch of a highboy, it is quite proper to replace, but a whole new broken arch may not be supplied. In other words, incidental lacks, details of ornamentation, can be properly returned. Structural defects are incurable.

Old wood, maple and walnut and mahogany, that has been pitilessly scraped or deeply cleaned with acids, loses, together with its beauty, its value. One of the great charms of old furniture is, precisely, the marks and surfaces of time. Particularly the surfaces. The patina. The undisturbed surface of old mahogany is at once soft and lustrous and hard. It almost has the quality of tortoise shell. It can never be patched. It can never be imitated. Old mahogany that has to be rigorously cleaned is worth comparatively little. It will, instantly, become new mahogany. Old walnut that has been scraped and varnished and rubbed down and then varnished, rubbed again, is worthless. It has a dead, vicious, yellow surface. Black walnut loses its blackness and red walnut loses its rosy color. Maple, especially curly maple, is even more easily ruined; if maple is scraped it takes on a bright and offensive shade of orange. Nothing, then, can cure it. Maple, more than any other wood, lives in its surface; curly maple lives in its color and pattern; if the evidence, the effect, of time is destroyed, all maple is destroyed.

Museum Values

Antique furniture—ultimately valuable antique furniture—is innocent not only of elaborate, structural, repairs but of high new finishes as well. The truth about an object of antique interest must not be hidden. It must not, even, be confused. Beautiful, and minor, repairs that show what has occurred are, in the end, less harmful than better concealed and more doubtful additions. It is, of course, safest to buy antique furniture only in what is called, generally, the rough. It is not, for individuals and households, possible to keep it in that eminently satisfactory state. Therefore it becomes clear that only an absolute minimum of restoration is desirable. Very often, when details of cornices, lines of inlay, are missing, it is better to allow them to remain missing. Bad burns, the marks of the dressmaker's wheel, are far less harmful than a new surface. A surface of new wood. Neatness, here, is not an admirable trait. Relentless sharp edges, the exact logic of proportion, are useless. A mechanical correctness has no relation to the infinite, the engaging, variations and individuality of handwork.

All of that, I realized, was exceedingly important, but it did not solve my difficulty; I had not discovered what, eventually, made a limited number of antiques solidly valuable. I thought again of the Sheraton sofa I had bought, for no mean sum, in Virginia. It had become evident to me that it had been made in America, and if that were incontestable its cost was small. There was, for one thing, yellow pine in its framework. I didn't remember any yellow pine in the frames of English sofas; I didn't, the truth was, remember any yellow pine in England. That in itself reassured me. The sofa, however, was too beautiful, too correct in grace and style, to have been made by a local, a casual, cabinetmaker. I did not think it had originated in Virginia. The Virginia furniture I was familiar with was, almost invariably, walnut; walnut hunting boards and sideboards—inlaid-walnut sideboards belonged wholly to Virginia—and strong early sets of chairs.

Mahogany and the Sheraton taste were not a part of the Virginia tradition of cabinetmaking. Walnut was the wood of Virginia and Pennsylvania; maple was almost entirely confined to New England, with some exceptional Pennsylvania examples of curly-maple furniture; mahogany, largely, was limited to Philadelphia and New York, with a little out of Boston and Maine. The Sheraton sofa I had bought was so fine that it was obviously the product of great skill, of an exceptional knowledge and delicacy. Two men were eminently capable of making it—William Savery and Duncan Phyfe. It had no marks of Savery's hand—he was earlier, for one thing—but it had a number of Duncan Phyfe's characteristics. The carving on the back panel, the hearts and arrows, were in Phyfe's manner; the ornamental, and practical, brass was Duncan Phyfe's.

The sofa, the chance was, had been made by Duncan Phyfe in his earliest and best manner—before the end of the eighteenth century. It was not unreasonable to suppose he had made it, but I could not be positive. There was no trace, no note, of its original purchase. It might, by a greater authority than mine, be actually identified as a Phyfe sofa. If that occurred I had, indeed, been very lucky. But if it didn't, I was still fortunate—all genuine and fine antique furniture was valuable; Sheraton sofas were scarce; even if this especial one was English, I had not paid too much for it. A panel was missing from one of the legs; a part of the wood facing of the carved panel above was gone, it was split at the left. I would return, repair, nothing. The sofa was structurally perfect; it only needed to be covered; a dull blue or a primrose yellow; a wool brocade and not silk. That would be the only change, except of location—it would rest against a wall in Pennsylvania instead of a wall in the Tidewater of Virginia.

American furniture, because of its historical and national associations, must always, in America, be more valuable than English furniture. When its American origin is a certainty! The assertion, the guaranty, of a dealer there, without complete supporting proof is not enough. It must be plainly exhibited in the furniture itself. It may be supported by document, but even the most authentic documentary evidence is inferior—it is less valuable—to integral structural evidence. I am still speaking of individuals, of myself, and not of museums. Documentary letters, local traditions, are not infallible, and when they are wholly reliable their value is open to question. It really is. For example, I have three very lovely Chippendale ladder-back chairs; they came from the South, from Louisiana; and there is no proof that they have ever been owned or even sat upon by a personage. They are lovely, perfect, within themselves. It doesn't matter who sold them to me—it happened to be Francis Brinton; there isn't the slightest necessity for any association interest. Obviously they contain their own value.

Association interests are important to museums or to historically minded individuals, they are appropriate to the exceedingly rich—where the integrity of a chair or of a set of chairs is not an overwhelming fact—but for me they have no consequence. I cannot afford to pay for them. I have no desire to pay for them. Such qualities, therefore, are laid aside. The antiques still remain. A mirror or a lowboy with a contemporary label, a Windsor chair burned with the name of its maker, is more valuable than anonymous mirrors, lowboys and chairs. A piece of antique furniture that plainly bears the characteristics of a recognized skillful cabinetmaker is more valuable than examples merely correct in style. A piece of antique furniture correct in style, safe in the tradition of its reputed period, is more desirable than another with uncommon features.

Dangerous Originality

The element of originality is at all times dangerous. A Chippendale chair with a fine splat is more valuable than one with an ordinary, a clumsy, splat; but if the splat is different, if it is outside its recognizable and traditional pattern, it is, in practically every case, worthless. Degrees of fineness and degrees of elaboration are important, but degrees of difference serve only for a warning. I bought, once, in a hurry, a set of resplendent Chippendale chairs; they were exact in every particular save one—the back legs terminated in the unusual development of a foot. It was a very interesting foot, a wholly plausible foot, but it was a novelty. For a while I supported it with great emphasis, I called attention to it, but all the while a vague dissatisfaction was spreading within me. When I definitely learned that the chairs were a skillful copy I was, privately, prepared for that disconcerting information. I paid seventeen hundred dollars for them and sold them for five hundred and twenty dollars. They were sold at auction for what they were—copies.

That was an expensive, a discouraging, accident, but it had one saving qualification: I would never again buy Chippendale

chairs with back legs terminated by unusual feet. I would never again buy any antique in a hurry. I couldn't afford to repeat mistakes, even at the gain of experience and knowledge, at that cost. I was, though, arriving at a conclusion about what I was justified in buying. An antique was valuable when it was both obviously honest and a good or a fine—principally a fine—example of its kind. I could afford to pay more for Early American furniture than for English furniture when what I was getting was beyond question American. I could, with propriety, buy a strictly limited number of antique objects which were intimately associated with the life and usages of their times. When they reflected the American scene. I could, with relative safety, acquire certain objects—the silver julep cups of Kentucky—that bore the names of recognized early masters of their practical arts.

I could not buy china or glass that had been mended; there was no excuse for the purchase of single cups and saucers or of odd pitchers for which I had neither room nor use; I could not buy silver, even American silver, made after 1800; I could add no more Stiegel to the Stiegel I had. It would be better, probably, if I sold the Stiegel glass I owned and bought furniture. I'd have to turn my attention away from three-mold glass, even from blue three-mold glass. I must buy nothing whatever for which I had neither place nor a use. But those, again, were negative facts and I was concerned with a positive principle. Well, for myself at least, I had discovered a foundation for the future—the furniture—of the past:

An antique was valuable, it was an ultimate antique, when its origin was plainly discernible. All other facts were subservient to that. An antique that might be a copy, antique objects which lent themselves readily to copying, were eventually worthless. Time and accumulated experience slowly but surely sorted the bad, the ephemeral, antiques from the permanent and the good. Time, with a cold disdain, ignored all antiques doubtful of proof. It dropped the useless objects that dealers, from season to season, sold with a practical enthusiasm.

The number of desirable, permanent, antiques grew smaller every year. Smaller and more invaluable. They grew fewer in number and simpler, more pronounced, in type. They were, exactly like individuals, rare and characteristic and lovely when they could not be imitated. That, in general, was the magic of time—it divided all that was shoddy from the minute remainder of pure good.

FROM HIS WATCHTOWER

(Continued from Page 21)

its foreign minorities and lobbies saying, 'Let the bars down!' The South was dry, the North was wet—whatever either means—which is little at the moment in terms of any practical result."

Somehow there was the impression that a change was needed. But what change? And furthermore, if we are in the mood for experiment, the leadership of the party which points to its past is now more radically different from its past than the opposition and its defeated man. The wise insiders knew it all the time! Some feared it.

There was talk of the oil scandal, and that the American people and their leaders were too slow to condemn the real malefactors, but leaders were too slow to acknowledge their debt and their loyalty to demonstrable contributions of real progress, real programs, real administrative ability. Real service often is not adequately estimated or thanked. There is not one word of this that the President-elect, putting aside partisanship, does not know. He is too good an engineer of affairs not to know it.

Article II, Section 3, of the Constitution says of one of the Executive's duties: "He shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union——"

Little Statesmanship

Suppose you were the President-elect. You might well give thought to that command, "He shall from time to time——" Four years of leadership are ahead of you. You are expected not only to be an executive but to be the watchman in the tower. You would probably take your field glasses and look at our political horizon. What's going out of sight? What's creeping toward us? What are the real issues in American destiny? What are the big questions which, except for dabs of detail, we failed to hear from, while Hoover analyzed the future of our current prosperity and Smith denied not only its soundness but, in his enthusiasm, even its existence!

I assume that men and women with truly sensitive ears, with noses keen for odors which come on long-blown winds and with eyes used to horizons, must know that we are drifting toward certain conflicts and even some pitfalls.

Some seem almost inevitable. They have proved to be and are being proved inevitable in every corner of the world where democracies are on trial and new and irresistible social and economic forces are at work. They touch the foreign policies of all nations and the domestic life of every country. They have come stealthily toward us. Our leaders who are in the business of vote-getting leave broad treatment of them alone, either because crises are not yet reached, so that the man in the street is not yet aroused, or because political expediency in seeking office never gives too much education to the people.

Little statesmanship—the statesmanship of vote wheedling and campaigning by promises—is not concerned with the broad trends and drifts, but rather with the mere shaking of a few oats in a quart measure. Real statesmanship—that kind which, in our own history, wrote a Constitution which still is juicy with foresight, which created the Monroe Doctrine and a policy of national development based on the view that a full platter is of more consequence than squabbles which result in everyone being served with lean, meatless bones—must put its eye on something more than a four-year period.

Educating to Long Views

The big issues are the undisclosed issues. They are the real bases for two-party battles which some day may be more worthwhile than contests during an election between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, to discover how they can describe themselves as being different.

Often, the big issues touch the smaller questions which are to be dealt with by our new Executive and Congress. Often, wise action on details will be that action which is taken only when we are made to admit that we may be sliding, no matter how slightly or slowly, toward rocks which now barely keep above the edge of our skyline.

A wise and great President-elect, prepared for fearless service, would always be realizing that in the next year and the following three he can interpret the phrase, "He shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union," as an implied command for a statesmanship big enough to point out to the people, from the vantage of his watchtower, the channels and the rocks which recent political platforms have been too small to include.

A part of any great President's duty is education of the people in long views. Roosevelt filled that duty as no man has since. Lincoln filled it. Many Presidents fail.

To observers of trends in our National Government, especially to those who have lived close to Washington—where, to be sure, almost no one sees the ocean because there are so many waves—who have weaved in and out of our East and Middle and West and South, and who have also seen ourselves from abroad, there are growing clearer and more looming, definite and profound questionings. These are questionings which in their breadth and fullness barely appeared on the surface during this campaign. Occasionally we saw a fin come out of the water, but nobody dared to show us the fish.

Regardless of the constitutional mandate, there are two kinds of so-called leadership and statecraft in any nation. One leads. It unmasks lies and faces truth, it points the way, it compels support by uphill work in educating the mass of us and—leads! The other is content at its best to do an excellent administrative job and leave the future and its troubles for other hands to touch; at its mediocrity it is merely opportunist and at its worst it is the mere promise-making, guff-spouting or corrupt political party machine and its manikins.

It is becoming clear to hosts of us that there are looming in the years ahead two questions which that larger statecraft must settle not only in general application but by specific answers when the issues are presented in detail.

The first is the question whether we are to determine our foreign policy or, by one method or another, allow our foreign policy to be determined by open or secret foreign influences upon us.

The second is the question of whether our Government is to represent us all as a whole or is to represent us only as special groups, one following another, with their organized interests, in open or disguised conflict with our general welfare and even dipping into our common pocketbook.

The political observer with many years of experience with foreign governments and foreign affairs, and with a good many years of disinterested political activity behind him, cannot fail to see that it is not difficult to throw most of our definite issues into one or the other of these two classes of coming problems.

We would be mean-spirited, indeed, if we failed to recognize and return foreign friendship. We would be slim in judgment if we failed to acknowledge that printing, travel, movement—even the human movement of the war—had brought a more neighborly world and a closer sympathy in mankind.

That sympathy has no wisdom if it is given over to the leadership of gush and folly or is victimized by propaganda and hoodwinked by those who hope for applause merely because they parade under banners inscribed "Big Heart," though they know not where they are going.

An Informal Union

An intelligent people is one which can recognize the closer relationships across political boundaries of growing economic forces. It is not an intelligent people if it exaggerates far beyond any reality the present importance of these forces of economic or social internationalism.

We have learned little by little that it is not in the whole world but in zones of the world where the common interests of political divisions must first be expressed by working coöperation.

The League of Nations has had more advertisement but far less force in the course which the postwar world is taking than has the economic tendency to create, in spite of political boundaries, a United States of Europe. We have seen this informal union growing with its international trusts, its international financing, breaking down political obstacles and erecting slowly a unity of power bound in the end to come into competition with the United States of America.

A President-elect with foresight—in the watchtower from which the Constitution commands that "he shall from time to time give information"—could not, whatever his hopes for some distant and ultimate day when competition can be carried on without conflict, tell the people of the United States that a United States of Europe is at all impossible or that we are guaranteed at all against grim competition for world trade, or even against attempts to control the seaways of the globe.

Seeing that practical headway in coöperation is sure to yield greatest results with near neighbors, that inevitable tendencies lead first toward Pan-Europe, Pan-Asia and Pan-American solidarity, he cannot assure us with conviction that any insurance policy has been written or can be written against conflicts between new groupings.

Guaranties Against War

If we were in his shoes we would want to say that the American people have a profound hatred of war, that we look forward to ultimate developments in mankind which, through turning swords into plowshares and truth into treaties, made expressive by performances rather than by pen strokes, will keep peace.

But he could not fail to see that those who tell us constantly that a new day has come already and that the efforts made and the institutions set up and the papers signed since the Great War have turned back the whole scheme of Nature, of conflict, of constant and eternal alternation of construction, destruction, creation and extinction, weakness, strength and again weakness, are usually the very persons who cry out most hysterically for additional preventives of war—even foolish ones.

He could not fail to see in many cases that it is the same voices which are raised to urge us to take steps in international coöperation for a selfish economic reason which almost in the same breath are advocating that all we want or should do is dictated solely by our desire to fulfill Christian doctrine and the love of man.

Facts and common sense would lead him, if cross-examined, to tell the people with whose destinies he is intrusted that today the alleged guaranties against war are:

First. A changed nature of mankind. It is hoped that this nature now runs counter to the lessons and trends to be observed in every square inch of Nature's own display of eternal struggle, of prey, of rapine, species against species, group against group, individual against individual, plant against plant, ant hill against ant hill, to tops of mountains and depths of ocean.

But no matter how high his hopes for the future, he could not truthfully tell us that so far there had been complete change in man, in his instincts or from his historical record, where every other page is war. He can find no such change today that will constitute any guaranty of peace.

If he told the truth he would have to report from his watchtower that, however fine and worth preserving our leadership toward peace has become, no matter how fine and profound is our national sentiment for peace, no matter how deep is our popular belief that war is impossible, none the less, the world beyond us is bristling with arms as never before in all of history, and even people like those of China, who have been presented to us as pacifist in philosophy and disposition, are turning plowshares into swords to arm mobs and millions. If the nature of man has changed a great deal, then we, and we alone, are the only people on earth who have discovered it.

Second. He would have to point out that a bulwark against war may be found in the end through pens, parchments and peace papers. But he would have to tell us the truth and say that the paper bulwark against war is still a thin bulwark. It does not offer, in its exchange of promises still vague, timid and perforated with the loopholes of exceptions and reservations, much solid guaranty. The world has never yet provided an enforcement agency to insure performance. The parchment bulwark is not yet even much of an obstacle to the forces which may set the fundamental interests of one nation or set of nations running counter to other fundamental forces of race, overpopulation or competitive and self-preservative economics.

A Dual Personality

He has the difficult task of providing us with inspiration to make the treaty bulwark stronger, while at the same moment honesty compels him to disclose that so far signatures to evasive and cautious and sometimes sly words, neatly engrossed and solemnly signed, are no guaranty of peace. The foreign world, in the depth of its experienced heart, still regards them with an aged cynicism that our young, skimming enthusiasm has not yet tasted.

Third. He would have to encourage our assistance, aid and coöperation with the League of Nations, or rather with that part of it which draws nations together in voluntary discussion and coöperation of common interests. But if he told the truth he would have to point out that the other personality of the League—that part which pretends to be a policeman and master of nations—has already a fact record of glaring failures.

It has not been a bulwark against war even in those cases where it has been permitted, by the nations which control it, to put a finger into the pie. He would have to say that the conflicts of interest which have really mattered—between Italy and Greece, between Greece and Turkey, between Russia and Europe, in the Corfu affair, the Ruhr occupation and the invasion of Anatolia, and in the settlement of reparations—the instances where intervention meant a test of any international superstate or any international super-referee—the League has covered its head under blankets by order of its nurses and has allowed the abused old-fashioned quiet diplomacy or the business-man genius of the world, or war itself, to work out the problems. Sometimes, when the dust has settled, it has reappeared to clap its hands. Even General Smuts, who prepared the draft of the League which, one English statesman says, "President Wilson swallowed horns and all," fails to separate its successes as a coöperative institution from its failures as a policeman. He has recently written: "There have been, no doubt, some marked successes, especially where the great powers were not directly concerned. It is so much easier for the League to handle the smaller fry, and even they have on occasions successfully defied it; witness the continuing trouble between Poland and Lithuania and between Hungary and Rumania. But as against this, the League has successfully rehabilitated the financial status of quite a number of the smaller bankrupt European states—Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria and Greece." So, in a single paragraph, does the father of the same Siamese twins try to weave the coöperative welfare league and the policeman league into a single personality!

He would have to say that not even the European nurses of the League indicate much faith in it as a bulwark against war if such faith is to be measured by the sharp upward curve of armament expense exacted from their taxpayers during these years when our own defense expenses drop lower. He would have to say that no policeman league has ever been a guaranty against war and that the world is far away from any efficient, centralized world government, no matter how much any of us wish to see a federated world.

Fourth. He would say that arbitration and judicial settlements may adjust disputes and should be developed to the utmost to do so. But truth would compel him to point out that no arbitration can exterminate forces of race, self-preservation, hunger, overpopulation, or even those of economic origin establishing competition or conflict as a fact and not as a theory or a decision. No facilities of arbitration or unarmed justice can be forced at present upon populations with arms in hand and with hunger in mouth and the gnawing of erroneous passions in the heart.

Fifth. Disarmament, he would say, must be striven for. But if he spoke common sense he would have to add, as someone has well said, that muzzling one dog at a time leads only to attacks upon and extermination of the muzzled. There is no quicker way to end the cause of pacifism than to engage in disarmament which is not universal and coöperative. It only hamstrings a pacifist nation. The difficulties of providing a fair formula for coöperative disarmament are for the present almost insuperable. This is because comparative defense power cannot be reached by considering only the numbers of active soldiers. It is not so simple. There is the question of reserves, of the supplies of arms and ammunition, of the creation by invention of new devices, sometimes secret, of military alliances secret or open, of security pacts, of fighting capacities of various racial groups, of sea power expressed in one case in terms of aviation, in another in submarines, in another in battleships, in another even in the variations in the total tonnage or the individual tonnage of cruisers, or for instance, the existence of a great merchant marine in peace but a great sea power in war, such as makes any pretense of present naval parity between the United States and Great Britain an absurdity. There are the questions of geographical situation and of comparative economic resources to borrow money or produce the supplies to carry on war. It is quite possible, when all things are equal, that a country supplied with coal and iron mines may require an army half as large as its neighbor of equal size, richness, strategic position and policing requirements.

Progressing Backward

The President-elect would have to say that even the pacifist voice of our people would be as unheard as those of Koreans and Eskimos in any disarmament conference if we had not the arms to lay down when we asked for the laying down of arms. "Does anyone think that Sir Austen Chamberlain, our minister of foreign affairs, would be listened to on the Continent in armament discussions if there were not behind him the power of the British?" asks Rear Admiral Taylor, who commanded the battleship Renown. And Lord Cushendun, the acting Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, on the same day says, of the attempts of France and Great Britain to disarm by a treaty confined to two nations: "It is difficult to see how we can ever maintain good relations all around if friendliness with one nation is always assumed to be hostility to another." These difficult realities, the people of the United States should be told from the watchtower, make more desirable than ever coöperative and mutual and universal disarmament, and attempts to attain it. But none but theorists and greenhorns can assert that one-sided disarmament or the disarmament of fat and prosperous nations needing defense is anything more than an invitation to attacks, and instead of stopping war, stimulates and invites it. Many foreign experts say that it was not only the armament of Germany but the disarmament of England and America which caused the Great War.

The President-elect would have to say that progress in disarmament has been backward and that present facts as to armament and attempts to stop it give fewer guaranties for peace than indications of fear of war.

He would have to say that, as things are to be for a long time, the national defense we must lean upon is our Navy and our Army. The protection we need has increased because of increased foreign trade. It has increased by new needs to maintain the principles of the Monroe Doctrine and defend island possessions and the Canal. It has increased by the shrinking of the oceans as protecting spaces, which have been shortened by speed and power of ships, submarines and airplanes.

Votes of the Foreign Born

If he told the frank facts he would have to say that we are not even maintaining our Navy on a pay-as-we-go basis. He would have to say that the National Defense Act, as to the Army, had been pared down. He would have to say that while nations in Europe were spending sums in armament ranging from 12 per cent up to more than 100 per cent increase in seven years, we had decreased our own to the danger line.

The President-elect would have to say that he is a pacifist. We all are. But he would have to say that propaganda and wiles to get us into politics in Europe, where we do not belong and where even our counsel has proved doubtful and dangerous, still go on, because some nations wish to play us against others and some to put our watchfulness under ether.

He would have to say that many good people at home, failing to realize what they are doing, become fanatic about plans to end war—plans which have been nourished and flattered up by foreign influences working upon organizations or individuals of so-called pacifist liberals, and which have even been advanced by foreign groups that are not yet truly Americanized but can be organized to vote as a solid unit, even against American policy and America's welfare.

No other country in the world or in all time has had such a problem raised by a tremendous and increasing population of voters who were foreign born or are the children of foreign born. In the election of 1920 a whole foreign vote, derived from one nation which Wilson had offended, went almost solidly over into the Republican Party, and Democratic city bosses agreed to this procedure, provided the local candidates were supported, because they knew the force of the loyalty which this foreign vote felt for the mother country. The President-elect in his watchtower need have no prejudice against the alien, for we are all immigrants by ancestry if not by water or rail, but he would be blind, indeed, if he could not see that the day may come when an election of one of his successors might be determined in favor of a spineless campaigner who had won a foreign vote by a sacrifice of American interests and America's well-being.

The President-elect may despise 125 per cent Americans, as most of us do, but he cannot very well overlook one fact realized by few of us. It is this disclosed by the 1920 census:

Of the one hundred and five million population of the United States, nearly ten and a half million were colored. Fifty-eight million were Americans born of native Americans, but more than thirty-six million were foreign born or had foreign-born parentage. It is a startling fact that without curbing immigration, especially that which comes in illegally or over the Mexican border, we would soon reach a place where the foreign tradition might be stronger than the American tradition. This, then, is the first element to consider when we ask the question as to whether our foreign policy is to be determined at home or abroad.

The President-elect knows that our Constitution was designed to keep the determination of our foreign policy as much as possible in the hands of the people and of public opinion. No star-chamber action or slip of the Executive's judgment is as possible in our foreign policy as in the machinery of most great powers. One of the reasons why we are not equipped to enter European leagues and log-rolling, treaty-making conferences is that our delegates could not give decisions which the Senate, after discussion and the lapse of time and after the expression of public opinion, could not wipe out with a roll call. We cannot have the blessing of democratic decisions in foreign policy without this machinery, which serves as an informal referendum, such as that which repudiated the proposal for entanglement in European politics that came out of our representation at the Peace Conference in Paris.

But the President-elect knows full well that our democratic decision of foreign policy has not only its great virtues but its manifest dangers.

The greatest of these dangers is that democratic decisions themselves may be fatally impetuous. That impetuosity increases with the size of the electorate and with the increase of undigested foreign elements, but above all it increases with the facilities for rapidly sowed propaganda, with the cheap printing, the pictures, the radio, and growing tendency of the sheep and of the sentimental mind to follow organized leadership in elaborate new systems of drives. These are made by the skilled, paid, lobbyist and secretarial class, using for the purpose post cards and pulpits, questionnaires and threats to Congress and Senate, the well-known claim that the cause is a moral cause and somehow is in alliance with religion and righteousness, and even that it represents the will of many millions of members of religious congregations, although no poll has been taken and although the propaganda organization rests more on salaries than on the will or selection of the members it is supposed to represent.

The possibility is far from remote that modern propaganda-drive methods may be directed from abroad. Several of them are. It is no secret that the Communist International regards some of our so-called internationally minded lobbies as allies. When one of our hearts-and-flowers propaganda organizations which tries to lead the United States in its foreign affairs congratulated one of the various nationalist movements in China, the newspapers directed from Moscow set up a hymn of praise. That particular nationalist movement was a Moscow movement! The organizations which wanted the United States to send warships to Turkey to save Greeks were sometimes the same as those which clamored for us to abandon Americans in a disordered China; those which stand for the recognition of Russia so that we can "give Russia our investments" are often the same as those which say that investment in the Far East or in small Latin-American countries is exploitation and imperialism.

What Is a Moral Question?

Such propaganda and lobby organizations have their unquestionable rights, if they tell the truth as to just how many Americans they really represent and where they get their money. But the President-elect knows quite well that much of their propaganda, though it has often had a surprising power to scare congressmen with two or three hundred dollars spent in post cards and telegrams, has urged foreign policies which one foreign statesman suggests are "a teeny-weeny bit crazy." Many of these policies have been abandoned by the hasty leadership of professorial best minds which originally conceived them.

"Just what is a moral question," writes one English statesman, "must be a little difficult for you to determine. Restraint from looting another nation involves a moral question. A due regard for conciliation to prevent war involves, we will say, a moral question. Then forgiveness of international debts to create good will must be a moral question. And the lowering of your tariff to allow us to pay our debts in goods must also be a moral question. And then a dole system to take care of your unemployed in industries depending on a protective tariff must also be a moral question. Who decides in your country what is a

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Good Tires for the Bad Months

The people from whom we buy rubber, cotton, wire, chemicals—in fact everything that goes into a tire, often think we are a hard, merciless lot.

We are told we reject more shipments of raw material than any other tire company.

We *do* refuse to accept anything which doesn't fully measure up to our specifications in every detail.

LEE *of Conshohocken Shoulderbilts* combine the best of materials with a degree of craftsmanship unequalled, we feel sure, in the tire world.

Put LEE *Shoulderbilts,* our Heavy Duty Masterpiece, on your car now, and minimize tire troubles thru the hard winter months.

Look for the name "LEE" in your telephone directory.

For Buses and Trucks
the LEE *of Conshohocken*
Twin Bead, High Speed
Pneumatics
are incomparable tires

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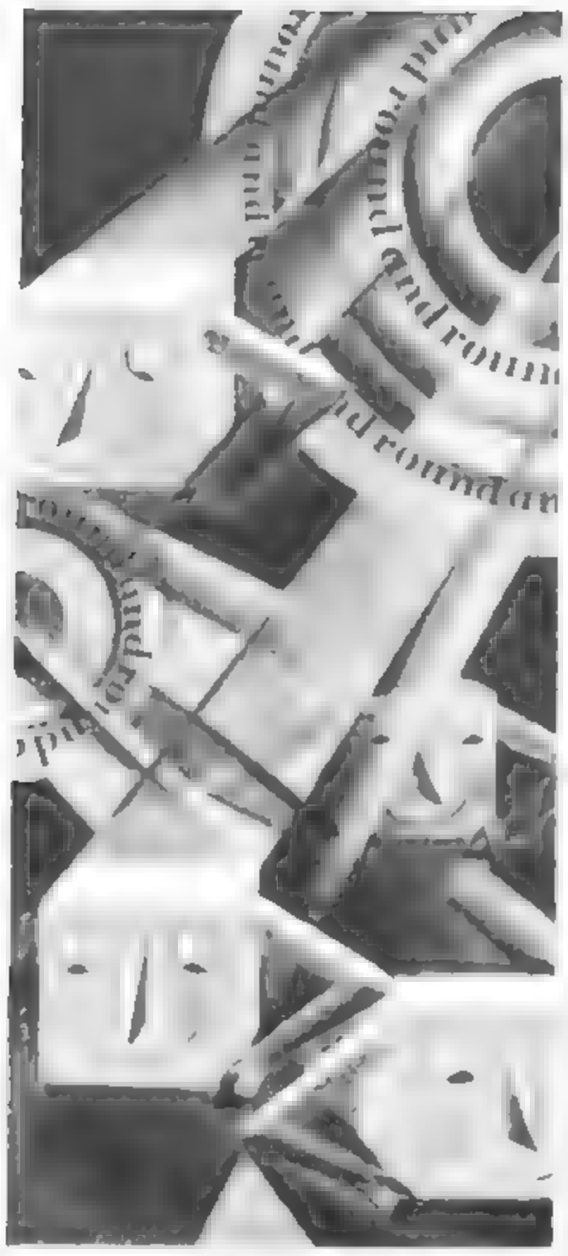

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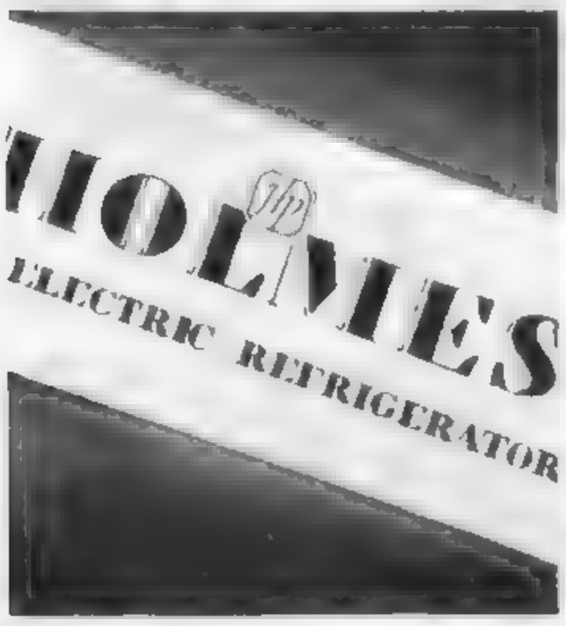

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moral question—the man who says it is or the man who thinks it is only a political question?"

Foreign observers of our organized-minority methods, however, do not stop at being merely amused. We need not become excited over the well-known attempts of the Communist International to plant representatives, paid or cat's-pawed, in our propaganda machines. It is not at all impossible to conceive that some of these organizations may be guided and even financed by foreign interests. They are learning abroad that our democratic method of making foreign policy, when it may be open to modern sheep-herding methods, is one of our soft spots.

We are a people quick to sympathy and eager for leadership. We are untrained, as a whole, in the realities of intrigue and the machinations of international politics. We have had a simple foreign policy, which I have sometimes stated in the proposal that we will play fair with others and make others play fair with us, and give our admiration to those who play fair with others and our contempt to those who do not play fair with others. We are ripe, however, to be led afield and further, and perhaps into situations created by the innocent in the name of peace and twisted by others into the road to war. The temptation of foreign nations to use our immense recently arrived foreign colonies and our immense system of high-pressure propaganda groups to wheedle or blackmail our representatives has become tremendous. The drive may be to entangle us in distant, unexplored and alien snarls. It may be to keep us out of our rights under international law to protect our nationals in countries where some other outside nation wishes a clear field to corrupt politically, as from Moscow, or exploit commercially, as from Europe. It may be a drive to pare down the Monroe Doctrine. It may be a drive to scare off American loans to countries which the foreign intriguer wishes to keep weak. It may even go beyond foreign policy and be a drive to keep our merchant marine small, so that we will not be strong in vessels which could be used in war or strong in vessels useful in trade which could be used in competitive foreign markets. It might be a drive to keep us from an adequate national defense. It might be a drive to create for us a whole foreign policy founded not upon the realities of the world in which we find ourselves but upon drugged sentimentality and visions gone wild.

Looting by Law

The President-elect must know that we should protect our democratic system of making foreign policy. It must be shielded from the inconstancy and whimseys, the follies and the traps, into which foreign influence may lead us through our present unparalleled development of undemocratic and often misrepresentative propaganda organizations.

As to our domestic welfare, it is the same machinery of propaganda which menaces the continuance of a government for all and threatens the dawn of a new era when government will be run by the pious-faced and organized few, plus the treasury-looting, special-favor minority, plus those who are organized to wish upon the Federal Government local responsibilities and obligations.

Time was when we feared that our democracy might suffer because the majority could bulldoze the minority. No more.

The President-elect knows that what has wrecked half the democracies of Europe and what menaces our own today is the power of the organized few to impose their will on the mass or take from the mass in concealed forms, for the benefit of groups or localities, assets which are national, or to squeeze out of the Treasury by legislation the tax yield of the majority. Call it by its own proper name—looting by law.

It was looting by law when in the old days the moneyed special-privilege group wrote their own schedules into the tariff, but the national taxpayer and consumer was only out millions in the transaction, whereas Federal appropriations for local improvements, bonuses and "social-worker and associated charity" proposals may run into billions of dollars of drain upon the voiceless, unorganized majority.

Many and diverse and legion are the well-knit, organized propaganda and lobby forces which directly or indirectly put pressure upon Washington. Unopposed by any organization of the mass and majority of the taxpayers of the country, they have been having a merry time of it. Their power is not in merit or moral force so much as it is in the fact that they can say to an administration or a congressman something of this kind:

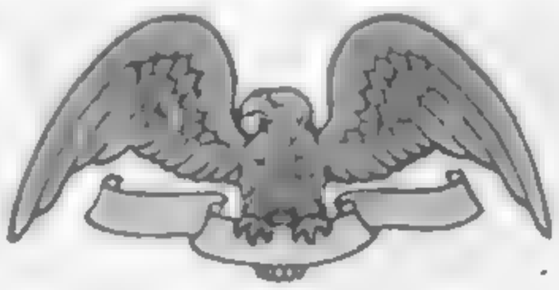
"You cannot depend much upon the average unorganized citizen. The welfare of the whole nation of direct or indirect taxpayers is a kind of vague interest. It is not a positive flaming cause and it is only by education and uphill work that anyone can organize a defense of that majority interest. It is an inarticulate interest. But my cause is organized and is a political power. I have behind me the women's clubs and organizations—or the ex-soldiers, or the solid Italian and German vote, or the Mississippi River Valley, or Southern California, or the big electoral vote of New York State for a new canal, or the farmer vote of the Corn States, or Cotton States, or the whole machinery of blue-law organizations, and so on. Now, when election comes around and we find on your record that you have not supported our cause, we will swing that whole vote against you and replace you with someone who will take our orders."

Following the European Trend

The President-elect knows very well that this form of group-vote blackmail has become a definite element in American politics and exercises an unwholesome and menacing effect upon national solidarity and upon the judgment of timid legislators and log-rollers.

He knows that it is the beginning of sectionalism, of group politics, which in the end will tend to break down our two-party system and create the diverse-interest politics which, with a multiplication of parties, has sunk and is sinking the democracies in Europe. He has just been through a campaign where these minority propaganda groups have frightened into evasion or acquiescence men who were supposed to have courage. He has seen these groups become so strong that our two parties have experienced, in addition to the vertical division between them, horizontal divisions made by demands and programs introduced not as national or majority interest but as special interests, whether moral for commandments, or for new excursions into foreign-made foreign policy, or—merely selfish—to obtain more of the 50–50 legislation where half the cost of a local improvement is exacted from the taxpayers of the nation. Or, even worse, to put the Federal Government into hazardous bad investments in dams, canals, river improvement where navigation is used as an excuse, though the improvement obstructs rather than aids navigation, and where a canoe is the only possible ship to improve national distribution! Or to put the Federal Government in business in localities and under circumstances where private initiative and capital, instead of trying to "grab public resources," recoil in horror from the prospective losses involved.

He has knowledge of the cost of our experiments in railway administration and the red deficit of irrigation and other improvements undertaken by the Government.



He has knowledge of the fact that such forces which drag government into business have no hesitation in drawing rosy pictures of profit, but when the improvement is laid down, do nothing to repay to the Federal Government the losses. He knows that these drains upon the national taxpayer are made by propaganda and lobbies which gamble on big stakes of millions and millions of profit. They are less socialistic experimenters than sectional, self-interest, political promoters. He knows quite well that every time the Federal Government can be forced into local business and investment there is a new impetus to the tide which is creating a vast bureaucracy. That bureaucracy follows Federal investment and Federal aid with Federal meddling and Federal invasion of states' rights.

The states and localities lose not only their rights but, what is worse, any sense of obligation. Regulatory bodies and bureaucracies become themselves the battle-ground of special interests seeking to pull something big out of the public welfare, out of the resources and common wealth of the whole nation, out of the majority, the mass, the body of taxpayers. The individual citizen begins to feel the bureaucratic hand and the bureaucratic constriction upon his liberty.

Well, all that is no more and no less than the tendency which has made most of the democracies of Europe come to the edge of the precipice, and in some cases to a point where an outraged majority has laughed cynically, and, feeling its years of impotence, has said, "Where is self-government? If this is self-government—when we are ridden by minorities and looted by law through organized sectionalism, organized groups, organized cults and organized charities—push it over the edge! We are done with it!"

Overseas they face reorganization by a new form of democracy—or chaos—or communism. The platter owned by the majority has been passed around so much for minorities to snatch the contents that nothing is left on it.

What has been done in this way by the multi-party systems of Europe, our highly developed propaganda and lobby organizations are undertaking here. The President-elect would be the last to say that nothing can be done about it, or even said about it. Coolidge was game in his resistance, but failed to awaken the masses and the majority to preserve their interest. The President-elect can do a great deal about it if he summons public opinion against the terrorization of representatives and officeholders by group-vote threats and blackmail.

For All the People

No foreign vote should write our foreign policy or our immigration laws. No sectional vote should be able to put the taxpayers into bad investments to get pure cream for the good of a section or locality. No class should be able to pry out of the Treasury, by law, funds that belong to an unwilling majority of citizens.

From his watchtower where "he shall from time to time give information" the President-elect may see these issues, which were obscured rather than cleared in the dust of the campaign. He, as much as any other man, can keep the eyes of the majority, which represents national solidarity, from growing blind. Or keep us from drifting toward the rocks of organized minority domination of democracies which is leaving wrecks strewn all over other continents.

No one will oppose him in that task but the so-called liberal tools of the communists. They regard government as something to get something from, rather than something to give something to; they hamstring self-government by making the majority the goats and invite a chaos over which communism and tyranny are the logical contenders for possession.

THE MIDDLEMAN

Continued from Page 26

Corrigan by name. Mr. Corrigan leaped to his feet and thumped upon his desk for silence.

"I've got Elmira and surrounding counties," he yelled, "and I did $100,000 in the last twelve months. If I don't make it $150,000 next year I'll eat my shirt!"

This time there was no curb to the applause. As though coached in their parts, a dozen salesmen from Halverson's home office jumped up, waving their arms and clamoring to be heard. Young Dan, the psychologist from New York, the Chicago orator and other official mentors clapped and stamped. The song leader rushed upon the platform to announce "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag!" Holding up the music for a moment, Bill Garlock roared:

"Now you Statesburg bozos know what kind of a gang of clean-up men we've got at the home office! Are you going to let our crowd beat you, or are you yellow clear through? Now I'm going to see who are the real salesmen and who are the sneaks and quitters. While we're singing this grand old song I want every man who wants his quota raised for next year to put up his right hand!"

The song leader shouted "C'mon, fellows," and the singing commenced. One by one the Statesburg salesmen made the gesture that signified a resolve to beat last year's record. Bill Garlock greeted each fresh convert with a hearty "At-a-boy!"

At the completion of the song there were only about half a dozen of the salesmen on the Statesburg side who had refused to ask for a raise of quota. One of these, Stanley Garrett, I knew quite well. He was a man of middle age who had at one time been in the retail hardware business, and had since made a considerable success on the road. He was one of the best men in Halverson's Statesburg branch. Bill Garlock addressed himself to Mr. Garrett:

"I don't know what your name is, and I guess I don't want to know it. But I do want to know why you refuse to accept a higher sales quota. Answer me that!"

"Because I don't think I could make it," Mr. Garrett answered.

Bill Garlock threw up his hands in a gesture of disgust.

"Just listen to that, gentlemen!" he shrilled. "Here's a man calling himself a salesman and he says he can't beat his own record. On general principles, I'd say his record must be pretty poor."

"If you'll take the trouble to look it up," Mr. Garrett responded quietly, "I think you'll find I stand about second on the list!"

There was considerable muffled laughter at this, for Stanley Garrett's prowess as a salesman was well understood among his coworkers. Mr. Garlock had little more to say and directly the inspirational conference adjourned.

A day or so later I was surprised by a call from J. Wesley Dinsmore, and I understood then the reason for his flattering attentions to me during the sessions of the sales convention. He asked me how I had been impressed by his promotional work, and I answered truthfully that I was much interested.

"Perhaps you'd like me to promote a similar event for the Empire Wholesale Company," he suggested.

Out of curiosity I asked what the probable cost would be. He did some figuring on a piece of paper and finally said he could stage a three-day sales convention, first-class in every way, for about $9000. I said I would keep his card and communicate with him in case I decided we needed his brand of sales stimulant. I have never written Mr. Dinsmore, but I still have his card. It is filed away in an envelope with those of other earnest philanthropists who from time to time have offered—for a price—to show me how to increase the business of the Empire Wholesale Company. The envelope is labeled Barnacles of Business.

A more important interview took place the following day, when Stanley Garrett came into my office and said he would like to go on the road for the Empire Wholesale Company. I told him nothing would please me better, but I had made a rule never to hire a man away from a competing house.

"You needn't let that worry you," he remarked. "I'm not working for a competing house."

"Result of your set-to with Mr. Bill Garlock?" I ventured.

"No, I wasn't discharged," he answered spiritedly. "I quit. I don't need money badly enough to be treated like a small boy. I'm foolish enough to want to preserve some dignity. You know how I feel, I guess."

I assured him that I understood his feelings quite well and that the Empire Wholesale Company would find a place for him on its staff of salesmen. Two other Halverson men also came with us, giving the same reasons as Stanley Garrett.

Three years later young Dan Halverson tired of the wholesale business and sold the enterprise to a syndicate of capitalists in his home city. The Statesburg branch had never been profitable and the new management discontinued it shortly afterward.

XV

ONE never knows how things will turn out. When I took on Stanley Garrett and the two other Halverson salesmen, I really had no use for more road men. In 1922 business had not yet got out of the postwar slump. But I didn't want to lose the opportunity of getting three men of proved worth and so I made room for them by shortening the territories of some of our other salesmen. I figured that in such dull times it would be a good idea to call on the trade oftener and pick up what little business there was. This turned out to be a good move, for some other jobbers had cut down their traveling forces; so we got a fair volume because of less active competition, though, of course, the orders were generally small. It was the beginning of what has since come to be called hand-to-mouth buying.

About that time a New England manufacturing concern, Bates & Ellison, Inc., was making a change in policy. For many years this concern, making a remarkably good line of electric specialties, sold direct to dealers. But during the postwar slump they had lost considerable money in bad accounts, and this, together with certain other complications, made them decide to market their product through the wholesale trade, where the credit problem is less of a burden.

I might say in this connection that during the past thirty years I have known of but three failures of regular wholesale hardware houses. Anyhow, Bates & Ellison were looking for wholesale connections and their representative came to us. I had instructed our buyers to curtail purchases for the time being, and when the Bates & Ellison representative was turned down by the purchasing department he insisted on seeing me.

I had quite a talk with him, but told him we weren't in the market for any new lines, no matter how good they might be. Then he asked if he could bring the president of his concern, Mr. Henry Ellison, to see me. I told him I would be glad to meet Mr. Ellison socially.

About a week later he came again, this time with his chief. Mr. Ellison was a rather impressive man of middle age, who asked me directly we were introduced what I wished to see him about.

"Nothing at all, Mr. Ellison," I answered. "Your representative said he wanted to bring you here. I supposed you wanted to see me."

Mr. Ellison laughed.

"I guess there's no use of beating around the bush," he said. "I want the Empire Wholesale Company to handle our line in this territory."

"It's a poor time to talk about taking on new lines," I answered. "We're cutting down our investment, not increasing it."

"I realize all that," he said; "but suppose I should make some concessions."

"I'll be glad to listen," I said; "but first perhaps you'll tell me why you're disposed to make concessions to the Empire Wholesale Company. I assume you have no special affection for us in particular, and there are a number of jobbing houses covering this territory."

It was plain talk on my part and he answered with equal plainness.

"I'll tell you exactly why I want the Empire Wholesale Company to handle our line," he said. "Our representative has been telling me that most of the other jobbers have been cutting down the number of their traveling men, while you've actually increased your sales force. Any house that shows such energy in a slump like we're going through is a good house to tie up with."

Naturally I didn't choose that particular moment to tell Mr. Ellison how I had come to engage my extra traveling men, and directly he explained the special concessions he was willing to make.

"I know it's a bad time to ask any house to increase its investment," he went on, "and so I'm going to make you a proposition where you won't have to invest a dollar. I'll supply you a complete stock of Bates & Ellison goods on consignment. All we'll ask you to do is to pay us every ninety days for what you've sold. And I'll put in writing that this arrangement will continue as long as you care to have it."

Ordinarily I don't believe in consignment arrangements. I believe a jobber should not handle anything unless he is willing to invest his own money in it. But under the circumstances I accepted Mr. Ellison's offer. Two years later I terminated the arrangement of my own accord and since then have bought his goods on regular terms. We average sales close to $100,000 a year of the Bates & Ellison line. If I were fair I suppose I should say I owe it all to J. Wesley Dinsmore and the salesmen's convention he engineered for young Dan Halverson.

When things go hard men are prone to twist this way and that in an effort to find an easier road. During the past few years a good many wholesale firms have bought into manufacturing plants on the theory that by selling their own products they could earn both manufacturing and jobbing profits.

Under the régime of Thaddeus Carpenter it was the policy of the Empire Wholesale Company to confine itself strictly to selling, and when I became president I continued this policy. But during the present year an occasion arose where it seemed I might profitably venture into the manufacturing business. A local concern, the Statesburg Cutlery Works, owned by a family named Houston, was on the market; and Herbert Nelson, attorney for the Houstons, came to see me. The concern had always paid substantial dividends and made good cutlery. The Empire Wholesale Company had handled the line for years. Mr. Nelson offered me the plant, lock, stock and barrel, at an attractive figure because of the ill health of Mr. Scott Houston, who wished to retire from active business.

It seemed too good an opportunity to let pass. As the plant was located in our own city, we could operate it as a department of our regular jobbing business with many economies of administration. Moreover, we already had a steady demand for the cutlery, so it was not like going into a speculative venture. After a number of interviews with Mr. Nelson, I told him I would give him my answer the following day.

I have found I can most intelligently decide important problems when I get away altogether from business surroundings, and after Mr. Nelson had gone I phoned Thaddeus Carpenter to ask him if he cared to go for a ride in the country. Though in his eightieth year, Mr. Carpenter is always ready for such excursions, and a little later I called at his house in my car.

We had agreed to lunch together at the Hotel Erie before setting out on our ride, and at table we discussed the matter of the purchase of the Statesburg Cutlery Works. As in our previous talks on the subject, I got no very clear impression as to whether he favored it or not. He still owned a considerable interest in the Empire Wholesale Company, but from the time I succeeded him as president he had always gone on the principle that I was the responsible head and should make my own decisions. When we went out from the hotel dining room the big crowd in the lobby reminded us of a ball game that afternoon, the first of a crucial series between the Statesburg team and the league leaders. Mr. Carpenter suddenly suggested that we go to the game and have our ride afterward.

It was a magnificent September afternoon and it seemed as though half the city was in the stands and bleachers. The game was a nip-and-tuck affair, with some close decisions on the part of the umpire who officiated at the home plate. He was a stocky, phlegmatic-looking fellow, a former big-league arbiter, who had been specially drafted for the series, and from the first ball pitched there was no question as to his competence.

He paid no attention to protests from either side. Early in the game he banished the manager of the visiting team to the clubhouse for too outspoken comment—an act that created considerable enthusiasm in the stands.

The umpire's real test came in the eighth inning. A Statesburg player named Carnahan had got to second base and it looked as though he would die there, for two men were out, when the man at bat drove the ball into deep center field. The fielder got it on the bound and shot it back to the home plate to head off Carnahan, who had already rounded third. Twenty feet from home Carnahan flung himself headlong and his outstretched hand reached for the plate as the ball thumped into the catcher's mitt. There was a cloud of dust that obscured things for an instant, and as it cleared we saw the umpire wave Carnahan out.

We take our baseball seriously in Statesburg. The crowds in the stands and bleachers yelled and hooted. As one man, the home players rushed from their dugout to expostulate, some with bats in hand. The umpire acted as though nothing was happening. He dusted off the plate with his cap and waited phlegmatically for the tumult to subside. At last he pulled out his watch and held up a finger to indicate that in one minute he would forfeit the game to the visitors. Just before the minute was up the Statesburg manager motioned his team to resume play.

After the game Thaddeus Carpenter and I went for our ride. Most of his talk was of the ball game and of the umpire, who seemed especially to have taken his fancy. He asked me what I thought of the decision at the home plate, and I replied that it seemed pretty close, but I presumed the umpire made the decision as he saw it.

"Yes, I guess that's so," Mr. Carpenter responded. Then he added quizzically: "You say he decided as he saw it. But suppose he had a financial interest in the Statesburg team—do you think he would have seen it in precisely the same way?"

"Perhaps not," I laughed. "I guess none of us are quite immune from seeing things just a bit to our own advantage. Human nature is that way."

Little more was said until we got back to town, but as I was leaving him at his home he asked me to wait a moment.

"There's one more thing I want to say, John," he remarked. "I've been thinking about that umpire. He makes me think of the jobbing business."

I assumed he was joking and told him to explain his point.

"The point is this," he said, "and it's serious: A wholesale merchant is really sort of an umpire. His customers depend on him to sell them the right kind of goods. He ought to be in position to judge fairly what are the best goods for the money. Isn't that so?"

I agreed to the wisdom of his remarks.

"According to your own statement a while back," he went on, "human nature is prone to see things just a bit to its own advantage. Now suppose I'm a wholesale merchant and I own a factory as a side line. Isn't it human nature that I will be tempted all the time to push the goods my factory makes, even though some other make of goods may be better for my customers?"

He turned and went into his house. Though he had not mentioned the Empire Wholesale Company or the Statesburg Cutlery Works, I knew well enough what he meant. That night I decided against the purchase of the cutlery factory.

Every man is entitled to his visions, and at one time I dreamed of expanding the Empire Wholesale Company into a great organization that should have its headquarters in Statesburg and branches in all principal cities. In one way my plan was the same as young Dan Halverson's, but I went further and harbored the thought of an export jobbing business as well. A group of Statesburg capitalists stood ready to back the project in case investigation proved it feasible.

It was for this that in the spring of last year Bee and I went for a three months' stay in England. At the end of that time I came to the conclusion that as a wholesaler I would not be able to export successfully. I found other American wholesalers had tried it and given it up as a bad job.

The reasons were quite obvious. It would be impracticable to open a regular branch house in England with a complete stock of American-made goods. I could not turn my stock fast enough to be profitable, because there would be no demand for a great many of my American-made items.

The only way I could, as a wholesaler, hope to break into the British market would be to send specialty salesmen who would call on the trade and mail their orders back to the United States. I learned this was the policy followed by most of the American wholesalers who had previously tried to operate in England.

Yet there was a defect in this plan that almost invariably brought its defeat in the long run. I will describe this defect by assuming, for example, that one of the specialties I introduced into the British market was an American lawn mower. My salesmen would work up a profitable demand, but eventually the British dealers would figure they were foolish to pay my profit on the lawn mowers and would write to the manufacturer asking to buy his machines direct and at factory prices.

Yet my English investigations were not devoid of results. The jobbing business in Great Britain has held its own to a greater extent than in America; and through a fortunate meeting with a man from Michigan, who was in England selling engineers' and automotive tools to the jobbing trade, I had a chance to see considerable of the inside workings of British business.

There are a good many things about it that we wholesale merchants in America might do well to study. On the surface, the British jobber seems slow. My friend from Michigan told me, for example, that it was six weeks from the time he had first called on a certain firm until the firm decided to give him an order. But apparently the time was not wasted, for when the order was finally given the firm already had worked out a selling campaign and was ready to begin work. I am no Anglophile, but when I heard this the thought occurred to me that perhaps some of the troubles of American jobbers arise from the fact that we are prone to buy first and make our selling plans afterward.

Another thing that impressed me was the small emphasis placed on mere volume of sales. I talked with one jobber in Newcastle who told me he could not tell without looking it up what his total sales for the previous year had been. But he knew to a sixpence what his net profits were!

I came back from my European trip with a good many changed ideas. I gave up, as I have said, the thought that as a jobber I could export successfully. I concluded that exporting is an activity for the manufacturer. And likewise I abandoned my project of expanding the Empire Wholesale Company to nation-wide proportions. I decided it should remain a purely local firm, operating in a compact territory.

I will confess this last was no easy decision to make, for every man has a streak of vanity that he likes to call ambition, and I am no exception. With my nation-wide project in mind, I made a trip of a couple of weeks to visit among our customers. At that time several hardware jobbers located in remote points were sending salesmen into the Statesburg territory and I wanted to learn how their long-distance operations were turning out. One of these was a New England firm that I will call by the fictitious name of Ottinger's in order to avoid hard feelings. In talking with regular customers of the Empire Wholesale Company, I found a great many were buying from this firm. I was interested to know the reason, for every shipment made by Ottinger's traveled a minimum of 600 miles and passed through half a dozen cities where there were substantial jobbers of hardware.

It was some days before I learned how Ottinger's managed to do business in a territory so far from headquarters. I reached the town of Emmetsville, and the idea occurred to me of going to Ward's Pond to visit my old friend, Mike Dobshinski, who was still a customer of the Empire Wholesale Company. This time I went in an automobile instead of a buggy, as I had done twenty years before.

I found Ward's Pond considerably changed. The gristmill is gone. The blacksmith shop has become a garage and filling station and the tavern has evolved into a tea room. Mike's store is a fine two-story brick building instead of the old frame house. But Mike himself has changed little aside from being somewhat gray and a bit stouter, as becomes a man of property. He remembered my former visit and outdid himself in cordiality. His wife no longer helps in the store, but keeps house in a handsome bungalow across the bridge. One of the boys is a doctor in Cincinnati. Another is a merchant in Emmetsville. He introduced me to the youngest, an upstanding young man named Theodore, who was salesman and bookkeeper in the store.

After a while I brought up the subject in which I was especially interested. Did M. Dobshinski & Son buy from the New England firm of Ottinger? Mike admitted that such was the case, but tried to spare my feelings by adding that the purchases were very small, and to corroborate his statement called his son.

"I want you to tell Mr. Draper," he said earnestly, "all about that man who comes here every month from Ottinger's. Tell him why we buy."

Theodore came from behind the counter, smiling. "It's this way, Mr. Draper," he said: "Ottinger's salesman calls on us regularly, but it takes so long to get anything from his house that it's out of the question to buy much of anything from him. Yet each time he comes he offers some special merchandise way below regular price. Occasionally we buy some of his specials. Then, if the goods don't weigh much, we order a few other things so as to make a 100-pound shipment. I've often wondered how it can pay the house to do business so far away from headquarters."

This information obtained from M. Dobshinski & Son bore out what I had already begun to suspect from interviews with other dealers. Ottinger's did not profit by their long-distance selling. The chances were that they actually lost money in trying for mere volume of sales. I do know that during one year they did a $5,000,000 business with net profits of less than $30,000. Their invested capital brought them less than savings-bank interest.

From the investigations I made at that time and later, I came to the belief that except in rare cases the day of the national jobber is over. If the average wholesale merchant will face facts I think he will find his profits come from a certain well-defined zone. When he tries to go outside of that he simply sacrifices profits for the empty honor of volume.

I believe the business of wholesaling is going to endure, despite the opinions of amateur economists who have been predicting its demise for so many years. When all is said and done, the wholesale merchant makes his living by effecting economies for other people, and that is the soundest basis for a continued existence.

(THE END)

UPWOOD BOBIE, ADVENTURER

(Continued from Page 11)

paragraphs littered with unsolved murders, fingerprints, beautiful women who smoked cigarettes and drank liqueurs and dropped handkerchiefs from mysterious limousines and said "Hell," guns that barked in the night, and electric chairs that were cheated of their prey at the last possible second to go.

The noose was tightening. Huge shambling seniors began to come to him for advice on their work. "How would you put this, sir? I don't know much about steamers. I've been to Europe once and down to Bermuda, and, of course, I've sailed small boats ——" Or: "Now, this fellow has got to fly from Washington to New York to make the story right, and I've only been up in a plane once, Mr. Bobie, at a fair. You said this morning that we'd got to get realism, and I thought perhaps ——" Or again: "I'm not sure about tamarack trees growing in Arizona, sir. I thought maybe you could tell me. I know they grow in Quebec Province. We've got a camp there near Murray Bay."

He hedged grandly, be it said, but he hedged and he knew he hedged. When he could, he answered them from his common sense and his reading. His formula was usually, however, the ancient academic one of carrying the attack to the enemy.

"Do you mean," he would say witheringly, "that you are foisting off something on me that you know nothing about yourself? Drop it, man, and write about the mud under your feet. You can see that!" Many times he lied harmlessly. He had, for instance, never been in Arizona, but from what he knew of New Mexico, he should say that there were few trees of any kind. Yes, that description would hold. He was not a pilot, but from the few times he had flown —— And again, he hadn't been to sea for several years, but ——

In his heart he knew he was a charlatan and he groped desperately for a way out. To build up a synthetic adventurous past, he purchased what purported to be a samurai sword and hung it above his writing desk. The desk itself he fitted with imported pewter trays, an inkpot with quill holes and a sanding box. He dragged out the shoepacks he had worn in Maine, soaked them in neat's-foot oil and wore them with brilliant red woodsman's stockings folded over their tops when the slush of the thaw drenched the campus. In April he saw a film featuring some doubtful swordplay. It appealed to his awakened romantic virility. Secretly he bought a fencing manual and read it from cover to cover. Here was a sport for him—a sport for kings. He purchased a complete outfit by mail and practiced before a mirror. It gave him a magnificent feeling of power In April he began running into the city three times a week to undergo frightful tortures of wrist, back and leg under the hands of the skeptical Joe Nuntz. In May he tore a ligament in his right knee and Joe told him that in seven or eight years he might be a foilsman, but he should have started earlier.

In May, also, he distinguished himself by stopping midway in the first five minutes of his lecture, closing his books and saying: "Seven men are sound asleep. Two are dismembering a fly with a pin point. Mr. Jones is surreptitiously nibbling at what remains of one of his breakfast buns and no one seems interested in the matter before us. I find Saint Thomas Aquinas boring myself, on a morning like this. I think you'd better all go out on the grass and sleep in the sunshine. Good morning." And he left forthwith.

Whatever you think of Upwood Bobie, he did more good than any other member of the faculty, even though he sold his soul for a mess of pottage. Knowing that he had sold it, he determined to redeem it at once. He wrote blindly to Arthur Burrage. The answer was brief and prompt:

"Why lean on me? I'm running a drag line on an irrigation job. If you've got the guts of your convictions, go thou and do likewise. There is nothing here for you, but I dare say you can get a pick-and-shovel job on a railroad somewhere if you try hard enough. Of course Hill Mist in the April Review is good. I wrote it."

As the semester ended and four empty months lay ahead of him, Upwood Bobie was in despair. Here he was eager and willing for adventure and romance and cold, hard life, and he hadn't the haziest notion how to get it.

Then he heard it shouted in a corridor: "Yes, I've done it every summer. Get a job, work your way across, and desert and go to Paris. They expect it, so it's harder now. Wear your old clothes and tell 'em you're stranded from some tramp that's just cleared for Rio. Comb the water front till you get a job."

Back in his study, Mr. Bobie stood trembling, with the cold sweat of a great crisis beading his brow. Here was the threshold, here was the final precept of the great god Burrage, the he man of modern letters. Was he, Charles Upwood Bobie, doctor of philosophy in romantic poetry, going to pick up the gage and slip through the doorway into life or was he, at heart, the charlatan, the empty talker he knew he was? Come now, was he or wasn't he? The bogus samurai sword smirked in the sunlight, the rusting foil and epée in the corner sneered and the dusty fencing mask grinned diabolically. Upwood Bobie looked at himself in the mirror. Furiously he tore off his horn-rimmed glasses and looked again. He picked up his shaving mirror and, with its aid, considered his profile. The jaw was good, if slightly soft in outline. He frowned and studied the increased virility this expression seemed to clothe his features in.

All night long he tossed sleeplessly in his bed. Could he be a sailor? Dared he jeopardize his position as a member of the faculty? Suppose people found out? Suppose he became seasick? Suppose he was put in irons and beaten? Suppose ten thousand things. He reviewed the past year. "Go out and live life, see life, feel life." He writhed miserably for every white lie he had told. He was not so good as the men he taught. They had done it and he dared not. Did he dare not? It was different

(Continued on Page 80)

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(Continued from Page 78

with him. He had a position and a dignity to uphold. But perhaps if he did this thing he could write a novel about it—Sea Spume, by Upwood Bobie—or a biography: My Years Before the Mast. He saw it in Who's Who: "Charles Upwood Bobie. Author, educator and sailor——" Perhaps he could write a play. He saw himself in a dinner coat, peeping through the wings at an audience gone mad with enthusiasm. "Author! Author!" He heard himself say "My friends——" Anyway that would be an excuse—a darn good excuse. He saw himself in a huge tapestried apartment in Park Avenue, with theater manager sitting in his drawing-room humbly awaiting him. He heard people murmur as he passed in the crowds: "See that man? That's Upwood Bobie, the dramatist." He saw himself traveling to far lands, riding a typhoon in the Indian Ocean. Did they have typhoons in the Indian Ocean, or *monsoons*? By George, he would find out!

With the light of day a very different Upwood Bobie rose from his disordered couch and shaved. All through breakfast his resolve was strong within him, but by ten o'clock it had died for the simple reason that he didn't know how to begin. At noon, torn by indecision and the spur of his cowardice, he forced himself by sheer will power to pack a sketchy suitcase and leave for the city. For seven days he timidly combed West Street, eating in dirty restaurants and picking up scraps of useful information. On the eighth day he scratched up an acquaintance with a young man in a battered straw hat.

"Want a job, hey? You're one of these collich fellas, I guess, trying to get an honest man's job for the summer. Well, you can't do it unless you join the union, see? You gotta go down an' join the union an' pay up like the rest of us. Sure, I'm off the Murmaric. No, I don't know nothin' about the sailors' union, but the stewards' union is at——"

Mr. Boke, the second steward of the Tourania, inserted a toothpick between his right canine and its adjoining incisor, removed a shred of roast beef from the interstice, looked at it and spat a brief, noisy puff of moist wind over his right shoulder.

"You want a job? Well, I got nothing but glass boy." He squinted at the salt-and-peppery figure before him. "Got a card?"

"Yes."

Mr. Boke read the card thoughtfully. "Well, if you want glass boy I'll sign you. Go down an' see the doctor."

An hour later John Horn was signed as glass boy for "Cherbourg, Southampton and London or any other port the Master may see fit to touch, provided that within the period of six months he discharges at the Port of New York or, in lieu thereof, furnishes transportation thereto." Also an hour later one Upwood Bobie, Ph.D., was swabbing down the main stairway on his hands and knees in a desperate quest for life. After that, in somewhat dampened ecstasy over the triumph of his first real job, he was rubbing the brass facings of the same stairway. He consoled himself with the thought of Arthur Burrage and rubbed with renewed vigor. After that, in a white coat instead of his working dungarees, he was installed in a tiny closet containing a sink and a four-foot pile of goblets, tumblers, sherbet glasses and fruit cups, crusted, soiled and smeared with ancient beer dregs, cigar stumps, sour ice cream and coffee heels. He soaked, cleaned, dried and polished for hours, meanwhile the passengers commenced to flow aboard in riotous hordes that shouted, laughed and talked in ever-increasing nervous tempo as the hour of sailing approached. Upwood Bobie, in the throes of a desperate fatigue he had never known before, heard the thump of trunks and the shouting, heedlessly. With the last glass wiped and racked, and the sink emptied and clean, he brushed back his disordered hair and sank down on the camp stool his cubby afforded. Just as his eyes were closing, Mr. Dew, the third steward, yanked open the door, roused him out and set him to swabbing the tiles of the pantry floor. Half asleep, he swabbed, soaped and wiped, unconscious of the awakened cockroaches that scuttled about him, unconscious of himself or Arthur Burrage or his triumphant ecstasy of hours before. That was in another world—all he wanted in this was sleep. He wrung his mop blindly, racked it in the closet, emptied his pail and sank again upon the camp stool. The door opened and Mr. Boke appeared, immaculate in white, with his silver stripes of authority gleaming upon his cuff.

"Say," he said, "take that white coat off and go down with Hutchins here to the trunk hold." Stupidly Mr. Bobie arose and changed into his dungaree coat; then, following the blank-faced Hutchins, he wended his way below to the hatch in E deck that led to the trunk room. Hutchins, being first, took up his place at the hoist, instructing Mr. Bobie to sling the trunks in his direction. After they had lowered one hundred and forty-three trunks, a voice from below yelled "Hey there! Come on down here and give us a hand at stowing."

"Go on," said Hutchins. Mr. Bobie was far too tired to argue. He went, and in his sleep, tugged, pushed, lifted and shoved one hundred and forty-three trunks into a semblance of rough aisles through which passengers, during the hours of ten A.M. to twelve, might wend their way in search of articles they had failed to pack in their cabin trunks. After that, two hundred and sixty-eight additional trunks came down the sling hoist. Mr. Bobie and Collins released the slings from the hooks and stowed those trunks. By this time a gentleman named Upwood Bobie had been dead for hours. His astral body, it was, that stumbled and lurched in protoplasmic quiverings to the tune of "Come on, you. Whadya think this is—a vacation?"

When its heavy feet brought it once more into the blinding light of day, the astral body was slightly amazed to find that the clock in the pantry showed the time as lacking ten minutes of four. It stumbled into the glass closet, sank on the stool and slept nervelessly. Fifteen minutes later it awoke to a ragged metallic crash. Through the sliding window someone had slid a tray heaped a foot deep in knives, forks and spoons of all sizes and descriptions. The door opened immediately and Mr. Dew's head was thrust in. "Get after that stuff in a hurry," he snapped. Another crash drowned his words as another trayful emptied itself on the first. The astral body turned on the hot-water taps and shook powdered soap over the musty pile. For hours it washed and dried in mental stupor. Every minute or so, heads and arms came through the door, bundled up the silver from the dried pile and made off with it. Every other minute a new trayful crashed through the sliding window. It went on endlessly far into the night. Oyster forks, fish knives, coffee spoons, teaspoons, soup spoons, sugar tongs, gravy ladles, fruit knives. The soul of Upwood Bobie lamented loudly in its wanderings through the glittering desert, but the hands and fingers worked on, lashed into mechanical obedience by the appearance, ever and anon, of the third steward and the never-ending stream of saloon men, impatient for the wherewithal to set their tables.

It was sometime around six that the last knife and fork left his presence and he found himself stumbling blindly across the well deck toward the glory hole. He fell at once upon the narrow iron bunk that had been assigned to him, and slept. At seven he was rudely awakened and bustled back to the pantry, where, from a shelf, he bolted a dinner that he did not taste. He was thrust then back into the glass closet, where he washed another four-foot pile of newly dirtied goblets and sherbet dishes, fresh from the evening meal in the saloon. How he did it he never knew, but somehow he finished the last, racked it, swabbed the sink as he had been told to and the next thing he knew it was 4:30 and someone was shaking him in his bunk. His hands were stiff with their soaking in hot water the previous day, and crusted with coarse soap and brass polish. His back and legs burned and ached as if he had been torn limb from limb, dragged three times around the walls of Troy and assembled again with hot rivets. Nevertheless, mops and pails were thrust into his hands, and in the cold gray light of day he found himself once more swabbing, soaping and drying the entrance hall, the main staircase and the lobby in front of the dining saloon. That finished, he was put to work repolishing the brass he had sullied with his soapy water.

He breakfasted from the shelf again and went immediately to the endless pile of glass that poured inexorably from the passengers' breakfast in the saloon. After that he cleaned verdigris from the outer rims of the ports of the entrance-hall doors and swabbed the tiles of the pantry. For an hour before noon he slept, thereby losing his luncheon. On an empty stomach he attacked the pile of newly sullied glass once more. He knew, now, every tumbler, goblet, plate and fruit dish by heart. They were old friends, or rather, enemies. This was the one that had had the date pits in yesterday. This was the one that always bore the butt of an Abdulla cigarette, covered at the end with damp rouge. How he hated that woman! This was the sherbet that was only touched with a spoon. This was the glass sullied at the rim with butter grease—why couldn't the man wipe his mouth? He knew, also, that late the night before the Tourania had put to sea. His escape was cut off, but he cared nothing about it. All he wanted was sleep.

For months his torture went on—swabbing, washing, polishing, scrubbing, scraping and drying. There had never been anything before, and there would never be anything afterward, but eternal fatigue that dripped from his shoulders like thick wet cement, joints that ached fiendishly and hands that were raw and broken at the nails from endless dishwater. His mind was incapable of thought. His spirit refused to rise buoyant above his battered body. Mechanically he ate, slept and worked. Days apparently passed, but he was unconscious of their place upon the calendar, unconscious of everything but an iron runway of discipline through which he was relentlessly scourged during his waking hours and which, after a brief, dreamless sleep, brought him aching and shivering right back to his starting place the day before. Whatever he cleaned or polished was inevitably dirty an hour later and he was at it again. He had no strength to question, no power to protest. He must go on and on and on toward those brief hours of lethal sleep that were all too few in his daily routine.

One day, the third, Mr. Dew poked his head into the glass closet and said: "You're a saloon man now. Drury's got an ulcerated tooth and gone to hospital. Hop down to the linen closet and get a coat and be in the saloon at six sharp."

Mr. Bobie never questioned, but went blindly and did as he was told. A boy from the potato hold took over the glass closet, and for an hour Mr. Bobie was allowed to sleep. He was awakened rudely by one Murphy, whom, unconsciously, in the bludgeoning days that had passed, he had come to know as the No. 1.

"Come on, you." He stumbled up and stood swaying beside his bunk. "Ain't you got no black trousers? All right, you can have these old ones of mine. Cost you six dollars. You got to have 'em. Shine your shoes, clean your nails and comb your hair."

Still half asleep, Mr. Bobie did as he was told, paid the six dollars and, never once questioning the affront to the dignity of his academic status, followed after Murphy. Indeed, by this time Upwood Bobie had forgotten all about such far-distant things as his academic status. They were buried under piles and piles of endless dirty dishes and dissolved in soapy water and brass polish into an unrecognizable limbo that had faded almost completely into a distant past that had never been. What his new job was he neither knew nor cared. He wished only that it was his tooth that had ulcerated and

that he had died of it. What his new job was dawned slowly but surely upon him. Firstly he polished silver for an hour, and then, under Murphy's relentless tutelage, he laid saloon tables, and laid them again until he laid them correctly. Next, he was given the task of bringing in trays of hors d'œuvres from the pantry and arranging them in rows upon the buffet. After that he went to the print shop for the dinner menus.

At 7:15 Murphy gripped him by the shoulder. "You're No. 14. Tables 8, 10 and 12. Here's your badge." He tossed the nickel-plated disk at Mr. Bobie. "Pin it on. And mind, we make Cherbourg tomorrow and you lose six people. You only get one-seventh of the tips. The rest goes to Drury, who served them coming across. Serve from the left and do what they tell you. The pantry'll take care of the rest."

Mr. Bobie pinned on his badge and took up his position at the head of Table 8. "Oh, well, what did anything matter?" Nervously he fingered the place where his erstwhile mustache had been. "Oh, well ——"

Mr. Howard Briscoe, captain-elect of football, Mr. Gerald Plant, yclept "Snootcher," Mr. Anthony Bedford Jones, of no especial campus significance save a pair of camel's-hair plus-fours, and one Goat-Face Wheeler, stopped their outstretched hands halfway to their glasses, which stood on a small table, and pricked up their ears as the notes of the dinner bugle invaded the smoke-room precincts.

"Well, let's have one more," said Mr. Jones. "This gin is hot."

They drank and, finishing, arose. As one man they pulled down their dinner coats and, in the wake of the elegant Mr. Plant, who had crossed several times before, proceeded to B deck, followed the starboard passage into the music room, descended to C deck and entered the brilliantly lighted saloon.

They seated themselves expectantly and unfolded their pyramided napkins. Mr. Jones and Mr. Briscoe regarded the menu hungrily. Mr. Goat-Face Wheeler said, "Geez!" suddenly, and pointed his finger at the new table steward. The steward coughed and fled. Goat-Face clutched Mr. Briscoe's arm. "Look!" he hissed. "That guy's a dead ringer for Boobie. If he only had a toothbrush and a pair of goggles. Geez, I thought it was at first."

"You would," said Mr. Plant coldly. "Everybody's looking at you. For heaven's sake, shut up. Our regular man must be sick."

Immediately the blushing Upwood Bobie arrived in the pantry a tray with four plates of soup thereon was thrust into his hand. In a cold sweat and trembling from head to foot, he felt himself pushed from behind and hurried out into the entrance hall again. Once there, there was no stopping. Dew, the third, eyed him coldly and nodded him peremptorily into the saloon. For one wild moment he considered flinging the tray in Dew's face and bolting. The next moment he knew that that was impossible, for there was no place to bolt to. With downcast eyes he shuffled quickly in and, hit or miss, put the four plates of soup down at Table 8.

"I say," said Mr. Plant, "this isn't third down, steward. You've splashed my cuff."

"Yes, sir," mumbled the apoplectic Upwood Bobie, and as he bolted once more he heard Mr. Briscoe say: "It does look like him, but this guy sort of shambles and you ought to very well know that Bobie wouldn't be a steward."

Upwood Bobie, be it said, writhed more at the split infinitive than at the implication. In fact the implication filled him with anger. Oh, wouldn't he be a steward? Why not? Unlicked young whelps! He brought in the soup for Tables 10 and 12. They hadn't really recognized him, and if he did his job they'd never suspect. When he came back with the fish to Table 8, Mr. Plant was talking.

"I like Bobie," he said. "He's a conceited puppy, but he's got the stuff and he hands it out the way it ought to be handed out."

"Yeah?" said Mr. Briscoe. "Well, I wish this guy was Bobie" he looked sideways at the table steward. "He hands it out all right. He handed me a condition in Comp. Poetry an' I don't play next fall unless I work it off."

"Me too," said Goat-Face. "When he pulled that stuff about Eleutheromanians I thought he must be hot stuff an' I registered before I looked the word up. I thought it meant one of those ——"

Mr. Bobie fled to Table 12. When he returned again with the Poisson Moscovite, Mr. Jones was saying, "I can't get the hang of any of the stuff he spouts, except now and then, when he says something like Andrea del Sarto being a real guy whose wife was in love with her cousin or something. It's all the bunk to me. I like Kipling and Robert W. Service."

"Yes?" asked Mr. Plant with a slightly rising accent. "Oh," he said with a slightly falling accent and relapsed into silence.

"For Pete's sake, shut up," said Mr. Briscoe. "I didn't come to Europe to talk poetry all the time."

Thereafter the conversation progressed along other lines until the fruit and coffee were served. As Goat-Face wiped his mouth copiously he stared hard at the table steward.

"Well," he said, "I'm a son-of-a-gun! I didn't know two guys could look so much alike. Come on back to the barroom."

"I," said Mr. Plant, "shall have a liqueur in the music room."

"What's that?" asked Goat-Face—"French for likker?"—and they went out.

After the silver had been washed and stowed, Upwood Bobie stumbled forward to the glory hole, again dog-tired and burning in every joint. In blind despair he disrobed and fell upon his bunk. His eyes closed and Morpheus claimed him before he had half finished his fervent prayer for Drury's immediate recovery. All night long he tossed in the throes of continuous torture. He was a freshman again, rowing in a mock crew that sat and swayed to the numbers between the street-car tracks on Main Street, while Murphy and Dew and Boke and the Messrs. Plant, Briscoe, Jones and Wheeler stood over him and urged him on brutally and cruelly, with malicious security in their sophomoric authority. His oars were bundles of dirty knives, which he must feather meticulously in soup plates so that he did not splash Mr. Plant's cuffs. And through it all the coxswain kept yelling, "What is poetry? I'll tell you! I'll tell you!"

De profundis he clamavied loudly, but the only answer was a rough shake and a growl. "Come on, you! It's five o'clock!" With the sleep-blind saloon crew, he staggered back to his labors again and fell upon his hands and knees to swab one-fourteenth of the rubber-floored saloon deck. That done, he helped re-lay the carpets, replace the chairs and set the tables for breakfast.

Without tasting it, he bolted his own. He would go to the rail and leap overboard immediately afterward. Far down into the blue depths he would sink, to sleep forever while the thrashing screws of the Tourania roared past over his oblivious head and their echo died in the distance.

"Come on, Fourteen! Get after the ports on your side." Brass polish and rags were thrust into his hands, and with the rest, he went back to his labors. Very well, immediately the ports were done, he would go to the rail and dive quietly overside. They would be sorry when he was gone; the world would be the loser by his genius.

"Come on, Fourteen; get your jacket on. There goes the first bugle!" Very well, after breakfast then—immediately after.

"Good morning," said Mr. Plant as he came in.

"'Morning," mumbled Goat-Face, and then: "Jerry, it's all I can do not to say 'Sir' to that guy. I feel like I was coming in to Comp. Poetry."

Mr. Plant laughed easily. "Toast," he said. "No crusts and just browned, steward."

Mr. Briscoe glowered. "Shut up about Comp. Poetry, will you? I gotta read all that junk while you guys are having a good time."

"I gotta read it, too," said Mr. Jones sullenly, "and so does Goat-Face."

"Yeah? Well, I really gotta," said Mr. Briscoe. "I can't play football unless I do. It's different with you bozos."

"I wish," said Mr. Jones, "that I'd never registered for the lousy course. It's a bunch of dribble as far as I'm concerned. Who cares about Alexandrines and dactylic whatsises and Shelley and all that junk? It's spoiling the whole summer."

Mr. Wheeler, who had been silently consuming kidney and bacon, now broke his eggs and, filling his mouth, suddenly exploded. Mr. Plant frowned at the burst of enthusiasm laced with butter-soaked yolk.

"Listen," said Goat-Face. "I know you're a little tin whoosis on wheels, but this isn't for you. It's for Bris and Jones and me. I been reading that flub about Ode to a Greasy Jug an' I can't make head or tail of it, and I'm not tryin' any more, got it? Now, listen. This guy don't know who we think he looks like, so we can pull this flat. Am I a little fixer? Well, listen. We get this bozo next fall when he's in port and shoot him a couple of hookers until he's feeling good, then we give him some cash and dress him up just like Boobie, in horn-rim cheaters and a fake mustache. Then we get him to go on campus with a bunch of books and raise hell—break windows, yell in front of Prexy's house and act like he's cockeyed drunk. Everybody'll think he's Boobie. Half the faculty'll see it and pin it on Boobie, an' Boobie will have to resign. Then the next guy we get will give us a fair deal on the conditions. He'll have to, because he'll be new and won't know anything about us. Am I clever? I am clever." Mr. Wheeler reached a hand behind his neck and patted his spine affectionately. "Now, listen," he went on; "I'll speak to this guy right after breakfast and line him up. I'm not going to take those exams and Bris here has got to play if we're going to beat Williams."

The table steward waited for no more, nor did he cogitate upon the manner of his going. He merely fled. Through the pantry he scuttled and down the passage past the meat safes until he came to the entrance to the potato hold. Down he went and crouched trembling in the darkness meanwhile his brain frothed in the throes of anger and revolt. This was the end. He would stand no more. For the first time in seven days he became Upwood Bobie completely and fully. His teeth gnashed and his clenched fists pounded his knees meanwhile Messrs. Briscoe, Jones and Wheeler flunked their conditions in Comp. Poetry. Mr. Wheeler, in addition, flunked his condition in Cont. Civ. Mr. Plant, who had laughed in quiet amusement, received an F. in three advance courses he had registered his willingness to take in the department of English literature, and all four gentlemen failed in any and all other courses that they might or might not take in future.

While his mind groped viciously for other faculty channels through which he might interject remarks anent the gentlemen at Table 8 and thereby blast their respective academic futures irrevocably, Mr. Dew, the third steward, had set out upon a still hunt for the delinquent Horn. Upwood Bobie, with all the furtive cunning that had stood him in such good part as a freshman, realized that this must be the case. Accordingly, he burrowed deeply behind the farthest potato sacks and lay inert, breathing the suffocating odors of stale dirt and vegetable matter. He knew nothing of ship musters for port examination, but he did know that if he could lie doggo until the Tourania tied up, man nor beast nor the hand of God could stop him in his flight.

Nor did they. Perhaps an hour passed by before the distant blast of the Tourania's whistle trembled down into the potato hold. Perhaps another hour passed before there was a final series of thumps and chain rattlings. Cautiously, with the cunning of a master in crime, Mr. Bobie arose, and in the darkness to which his eyes had now become

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accustomed, made his way to a doorway in the far bulkhead and slipped through, just as the door above opened and flooded the hold with light. The passage in which he now found himself was cold and reeked slightly with ammonia fumes from the ice machines. Light, far ahead, lured him onward. He slithered along toward it until he came to a cross passage. There, at its end, the whole side of the ship was apparently open to a broad expanse of planked wharf, and the corner of a shed blazoned in red with the words *Defense de Fumer*.

With no thought of passports or visas, Mr. Bobie tiptoed cautiously down to the open iron doors, through which, presently, huge pieces of frozen meat would be loaded aboard, leaped the three-foot expanse of emptiness that hovered above a strip of foul water twenty feet below him and landed lightly upon the *quai*. One thought and one thought only filled his mind. He must put as much distance between himself and the Tourania as was humanly possible, and that at once. With a preoccupied air, and still in his white coat, he walked rapidly across to the shed and entered it. Down its cavernous length he hurried with his eyes fixed straight ahead. At the shore end, when he was momentarily stopped by a man in uniform, he pointed back to the Tourania, and pulling a folded menu from his pocket, pointed up the street. The official nodded his assent, and so it was that Mr. Bobie came to France. Four blocks from the *quai*, he stripped himself of his telltale coat, folded it and deposited it in a doorway. Then, a free man once more, he walked rapidly onward in his shirt sleeves meanwhile he formed his plans. He had on his person one hundred dollars in a belt which he had bought at a shop on West Street in his first flush of romantic enthusiasm before joining the Tourania. With part of it he would cable to his bank presently for more. In the meantime, what more fitting than a walking tour? What, indeed, more fitting for the adventurous character he had become? His heart thrilled at the thought. By George, he had become a figure! A mellow glow washed over the past seven days of his life. He had done it! He could answer that note of Burrage's now—offhandedly, carelessly. He looked about him and drew in a deep breath. He would walk to Paris! He had the better part of four months ahead of him. François Villon, Rabelais, D'Artagnan—onward, Upwood Bobie!

Messrs. Jones, Briscoe and Wheeler had spent the hours between four and six on their last night in Paris drinking horse's necks at Harry's New York Bar. At six, a Mr. Gilhoolie from Kansas City suggested that they go to the Ritz Bar and try a coffee cocktail, the mysteries of which he personally would unfold to them, but only at the Ritz Bar. They went and had three, when a Mr. Joe Adler from Los Angeles discovered in Mr. Gilhoolie a strong resemblance to a Mr. Callaghan who had been at the Wholesale Footwear Convention at Chi. in 1926, and confusing the resemblance to the actuality, took Mr. Gilhoolie into a corner to meet a fellow named Booth or Higgins from somewhere, but a darn fine fellow, who knew more in his little finger than—where was he? Mr. Goat-Face Wheeler at this juncture said "Whoops, dearie; mind the hooks!" and Mr. Jones and Mr. Briscoe wandered slowly but surely away on a quest for fresh air. Goat-Face followed them and presently all three gentlemen, arm in arm, were strolling grandly toward the Place de l'Opéra, slightly the worse for wear, but not giving it the least thought.

Upwood Bobie sat morbidly at a table under the awning of the Bar Tout-Va-Bien. To say the very least, he was on the horns of a dilemma. He had, to be sure, spent three excellent and enthusiastic months in France, communing with Nature and worshiping at the shrines of his literary favorites. He had enjoyed every minute of every day, but now the gold was gone from his chalice and the colors from his rainbow. That morning he had attempted to book passage home to arrive in time to give his make-up examinations and settle himself for the fall semester. In his pocket reposed the wherewithal to book that passage—the last three hundred dollars he had in the world or could expect to have before his October check arrived for the quarter. But he had no passport and hence, he was assured by the clerk, could buy no ticket. Laying his whole soul bare in trusting timidity, he was also assured by the same clerk that the French authorities by this time had traced him, no doubt, through the police forms he had, at odd moments, filled in with a bogus passport number, and that as a result he could momentarily expect the arm of the law to descend upon his shoulder and lead him to the Bastille for evermore. The alternative lay in going immediately to the United States consul, laying the case before him and awaiting that gentleman's leisure, to work his way home as he had worked it across. That would probably come to pass, through the ministrations of the consul, at no later date than January. There might, in addition, be a small prison sentence conferred upon him and free transportation to Atlanta, Georgia. At any rate, he would, of course, spend the intervening six months in confinement. Of course there might be extenuating circumstances. Hence it was that Bobie had walked the streets for twelve hours in the cold sweat of fear and the uttermost depths of dejection. Fervently he wished for a friend to unfold his troubles to. Devoutly he wished he had never come. Morbidly, as the sheltering darkness descended upon the city, he sank into a chair at a sidewalk table and ordered *café diable*.

Perhaps fifteen minutes later he looked up and beheld three smiling faces which were familiar to him. The faces beheld him, stopped in their course, smiled and bowed in dignity.

"It's Mr. Bobie. Good evening, sir." Three minds groped into the past and hit upon an ancient, precarious adventure in Comparative Poetry not yet brought to a happy conclusion. Upwood Bobie's mind groped not into the past, but hovering still in the uncertain present, realized that here were home faces and a possible solution to his troubles.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he intoned cordially.

They bowed again as one man. Mr. Briscoe, being captain-elect of football, cleared his throat. "Well," he said, "this is a pleasant surprise. We—I mean I—I mean all of us, had no expects that you were summing the spender in Europe, sir."

"I'll tell you what," said Mr. Jones enthusiastically, "let's sit down."

"By all means do, gentlemen," said Mr. Bobie.

Mr. Briscoe wiped his forehead. "I've just been reading," he began, "how it says in Andrea del Sarto ——"

"I'll tell you what," said Goat-Face, "let's show Mr. Bobie what Gil showed us." He grinned. "I'll make it myself. . . . Hey, garckon!"

Mr. Jones straightened in alarm. "I don't know whether —— Will you drink with us, Mr. Bobie? We're in Paris now"—he grinned—"and we're leaving at midnight for Havre, to get back in plenty of time for our make-ups."

"Indeed," said Mr. Bobie pleasantly.

"Are you making the boat too?"

"Well," said Mr. Bobie, "the fact is I'd like to, but ——"

"Well," said Goat-Face, "it's a cocktail called a coffee cocktail, only Gil calls it Two Broken Legs. If this guy can talk English I'll mix it. I want a bottla port an' a bottla conyac an' four glasses an' an ooff, garckon."

"Dites," amended Mr. Jones to the bewildered waiter, "he wants a botyle of port, savez-vous and cognac, also dans un botyle, with—I mean avec—katter verres and an ooove, n'est-ce pas?" Mr. Bobie smiled and relieved the situation in his newly furbished French.

"Gee," said Goat-Face, "you talk hot French, Mr. Bobie. I meant to tell you there was a guy—I mean a man—on our bateau who was a waiter, and he looked just like you, only without the glasses and the mustache."

Mr. Bobie put his finger to his newly grown hirsute adornment and smiled benignly. Here was friendship. He could afford to be charitable.

"Is that so?" He might just as well take advantage of the pleasant sally and state his case at once. "The fact is," he said, "I may have to become a sailor myself. I've been unfortunate enough to incur the displeasure of the authorities by losing my passport and I'm told that I may be put in jail and made to work my way home for the offense."

"Gee," said Mr. Briscoe, "that's tough!"

Goat-Face, who was measuring port into a wine glass, looked up suddenly. "Oh, that's all right. I'll get you a passport if you need one. I thought it was something serious. Let me see -four people. Four glasses port, four glasses conyac. Where's that egg?"

"But I'm afraid it is rather serious," continued Mr. Bobie.

"Hell, no—I mean, no," said Mr. Briscoe. "Goat-Face'll fix you up."

"But they'll trace me through my hotel."

"I'd like to see them try," said Mr. Jones. "I would pound them on the beezer."

Mr. Wheeler put a brown, creamy glass before Upwood Bobie. "Try it."

Mr. Bobie sipped.

"What's it taste like?"

"Coffee," said Mr. Bobie.

"Sure," said Mr. Wheeler, "but it ain't—I mean, isn't. It's Two Broken Legs. Well, sir, this fellow on the boat looked just like you, and Snootcher Plant—you know Mr. Plant, sir? He was in Comp. Poetry III this last semester."

"Yes," nodded Mr. Bobie, draining half of the contents of his glass and feeling, after all, that perhaps he was worrying unduly about his legal status.

"Well, Jerry wanted to get this fellow to impersonate you on campus next fall for a joke"

"Ha-ha-ha!" said Mr. Bobie, draining the rest of his cocktail.

"But I said," continued Mr. Wheeler, "that it might be serious, so I persuaded him not to do it. How do you like the drink?"

"It's splendid," said Mr. Bobie. "Well, I'm glad you espoused my cause, Wheeler, but seriously, what shall I do about a passport? Thank you"—he sipped at his second Broken Leg.

"Well, I'll tell you, sir. With three guys like us, you've got nothing to worry about. Hey, fellas?"

"No, sir," chorused Messrs. Jones and Briscoe stoutly. And Briscoe added: "I should say not. I was reading this morning in Wordsworth how it says that when a fella is ——"

"I think," said Mr. Wheeler, "that the way a fella ought to study potry is to come to Paris. I mean everything is just like potry here. Take Italy, f'rinstance ——"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Jones, getting the cue; "like the Louvre and all that."

"And this guy Lovelace," continued Mr. Briscoe, "is pretty hot too. I mean he's got the dope, what I mean."

"Sure he is," said Mr. Jones stoutly, draining his glass. "I was reading this morning about how Shelley got drowned and all that. I tell you, sir, it's all pretty hot. I mean, a fella can go an' learn shorthand in college if he wants to, but I guess after all he'll forget that, too, so the best thing he maybe do is get, perhaps, a cultural sort of thing wherein he can't learn an honest dollar by anything he has, but never mind he's got it!"

"You're darn right!" Mr. Wheeler thumped his fist on the table. "Have another one, sir?"

"Thanks," said Mr. Bobie. "What ship did you cross upon the ocean on, as it were?"

"And another thing," said Mr. Briscoe, "I guess maybe if a guy knew shorthand he would worry about a passport. Take football. I like the game and it keeps me fit for studying, but if a fellow's got a background about Shelley and Kleats and all that, no matter about this shorthand if he starves to death for a living, but anyhow, he can sort of retire behind this culture he's got and let the world go by, because even if he hasn't got a passport he should worry."

"That's true," said Mr. Bobie, "because I feel that way myself. It's lonely being all alone in a strange country, you might say."

"Well, I wish you could've seen this fellow on the boat who was slinging hash. I told Plant where he got off. I said, 'No, sir, even if you don't like Mr. Bobie, we do, and we'll stand by him. Hey, fellas?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Jones emphatically.

"I'll tell you what," said Mr. Briscoe: "You come along with us tonight to Havre, and I'd like to see anybody stop you."

"Sure," said Mr. Wheeler. "We got a cabin for the three of us, and because a fellow don't necessarily need what's big enough and not too capacious, you might just as well take what's left over, because it won't be used anyway, even if Jones and Bris have to sleep together, because the fellow at the office said there was a couch in it; then perhaps you could be back in time to give us our make-ups, because we've been reading all summer about that sort of stuff, and it'd be a shame not to be able to help a professor out just because he hasn't got a passport."

"I'd be delighted to have your suggestion," said Mr. Bobie graciously, "and I thank you very much for the occasion."

"That's all right!" shouted the Messrs. Jones, Briscoe and Wheeler, and they stretched their hands across the table to shake on it.

Mr. Bobie shook in a warm glow of friendship that he had never known in his life before. It seemed as if he were an undergraduate once more, in the full security of a recognized position on campus. His heart positively melted in this new estate and he beckoned for the waiter again.

"Three days ago I spoke no French," he said.

"Gee," said the ecstatic Mr. Wheeler, "you're a regular fellow."

"Sure I am," said Mr. Bobie. They clinked glasses and drank again.

Mr. Bobie remembered several things about the next twenty-four hours. He remembered trying to pack his head in Mr. Briscoe's suitcase at the Hotel Friedland. He remembered rendering the part of Casilda, with song, wrapped in a steamer rug and wearing the concierge's cap. He remembered playing tackle to Mr. Briscoe's guard on the platform beside the boat train, while the Messrs. Jones and Wheeler sang Little Fiji Sweetheart with tenor variations. These, however, were but brief flashes. His first real consciousness came to him when he found his head outside a porthole with gurgling, foam-laced water below him and the fading shores of France a blue smudge on the far horizon. Immediately hot shame flushed his cheeks at another random recollection: "What is poetry? I'll tell you what poetry is! It's half port and half cognac and an egg for four!"

He turned around and, figuratively speaking, reëntered the stateroom. The Messrs. Jones, Briscoe and Wheeler, in hats, sticks, coats, gloves and varicolored mufflers, lay flat on their backs in a wild disorder of suitcases, steamer trunks, bags and boxes. Each of the gentlemen in question had his mouth open, and each was snoring.

Perhaps an hour passed, during which time Mr. Bobie alternately soaked his head and dried it at the porthole. Presently there was a knock upon the door and the assistant purser, grinning from ear to ear, thrust his head cautiously inside.

"What ho!" he said. "All present and correct? Quite a party. That's all right about the cabin, is it, sir?"

Mr. Bobie stared at him. "What cabin?"

"This one. Those gentlemen agreed to share it with you last night. Don't you remember?"

"I remember nothing," said Mr. Bobie resolutely—"absolutely nothing—and I have no intention of remembering anything."

"Good," grinned the assistant. "I'll make out your receipt. It'll be two hundred and

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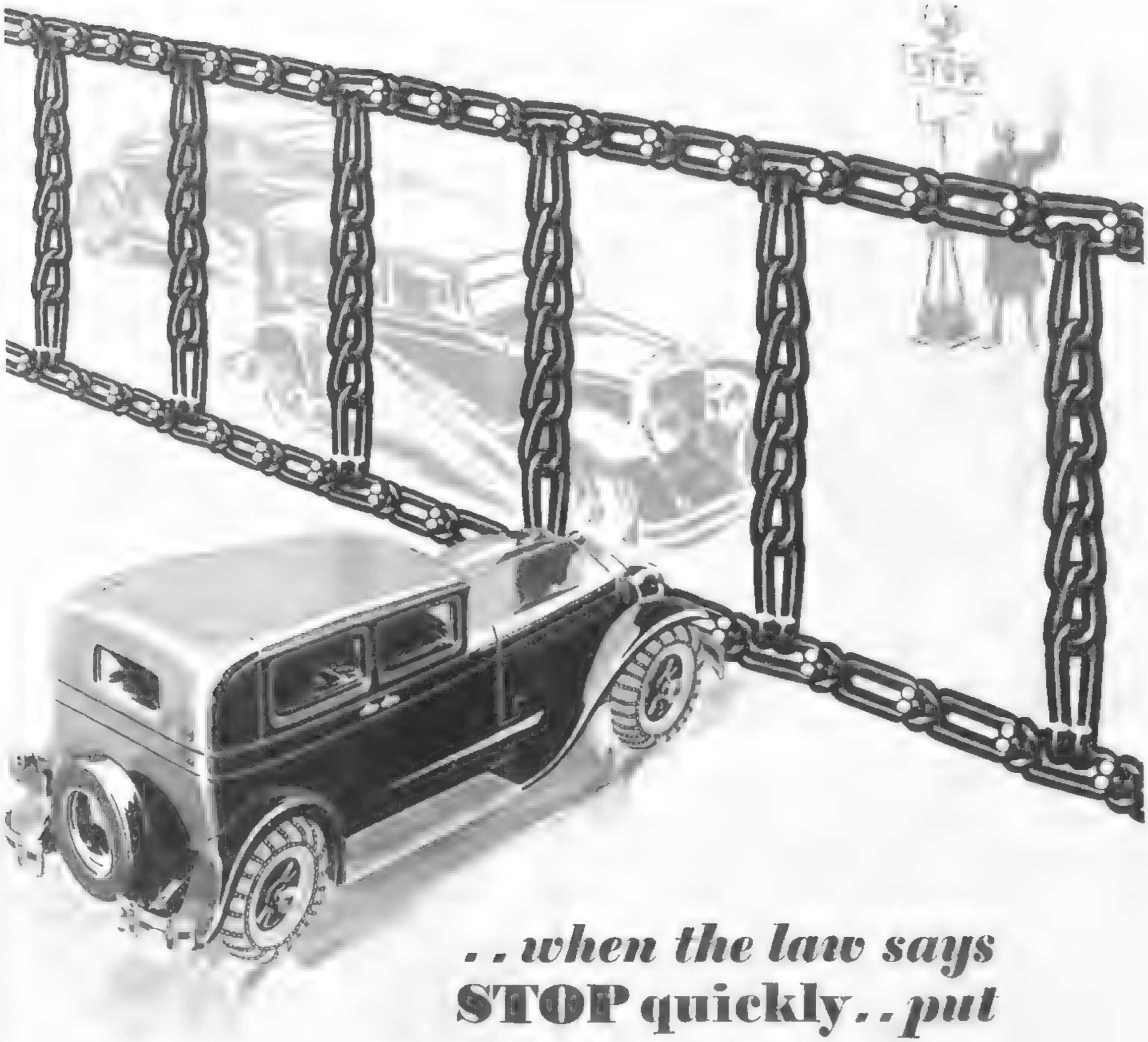

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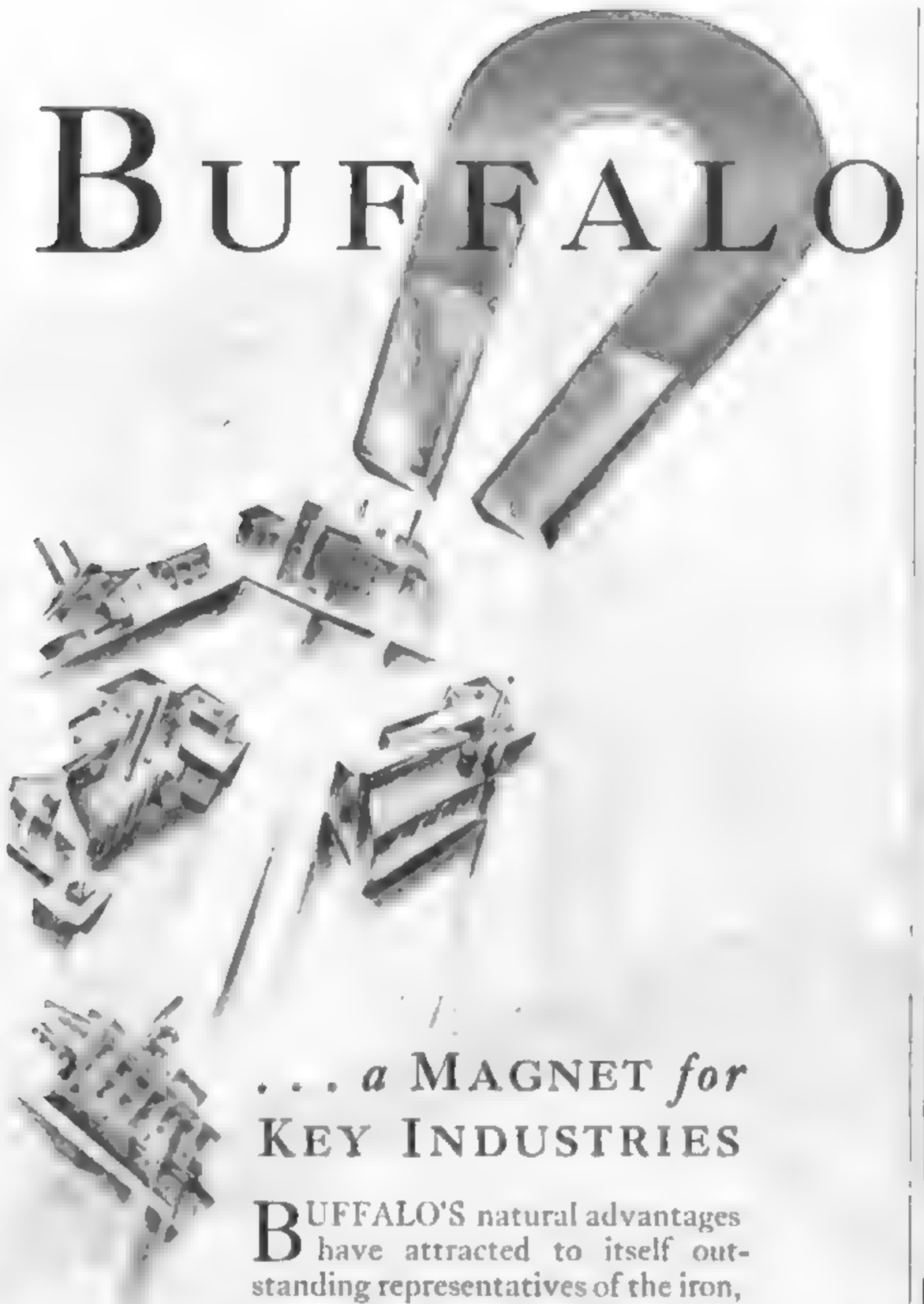

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The woman *who went* HOME *to buy*

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She thought she merely wanted new draperies for the sun-porch. But now a whole new sun-porch is dawning in her imagination.

In addition to new draperies, she is now dreaming of a set of colorful wicker furniture, modernistic cushions, possibly an Italian pottery lamp—even a colorful rush rug.

But what will be the color-scheme of this suddenly planned vision? How many yards of what kind and color of material will be needed? And what pieces has she already in her home that can be fitted in with the idea?

She is going home to make these decisions where more impatient shoppers will not elbow her. She is really going home to buy.

Suppose you were the merchant in this story. Would you let her leave without an effort to sell these articles? She can't make up her mind now: she can't stop to listen to your story—but she will gladly take home with her all the good printing on the subject that you can give her.

Booklets, folders, catalogs in color—that the maker of the merchandise is generally anxious to provide—can be placed in her hands to keep alive your interest in her dream. A few good pictures in a well-printed piece would show that wicker furniture, those cushions, that lamp and that rug to her—just as you would have shown them to her—if you had had the chance.

Or, if you manufacture these articles, what good printing have you that would keep before her eyes and the eyes of her family advisers a clear idea of what your goods look like and what they can do for her?

Good printing done on good paper will help this woman while she shops at home, carry her over moments of doubt and indecision, and save many a sale that might otherwise be turned in another direction.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING.

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The knife-edge enables you to have the low speed adjustment on your carburetor set for a leaner mixture . . . hence positive savings in gasoline.

The Story of a Knife Edge that saves gasoline

THIS is a story of a new spark plug. It is a very remarkable spark plug because it lowers gasoline cost. It is made by Robert Bosch, inventor of the world-famous Original-Bosch Magneto. We mention this fact at the outset because it establishes the reliability of statements which might otherwise strike you as exaggerated.

For we tell you that as soon as you install a set of these new Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs, you can have the low speed adjustment on your carburetor set for a leaner mixture. As you know, this will give you three important benefits:

1. A tangible saving in gasoline while driving in traffic.
2. A cleaner motor because less carbon will accumulate in the cylinders.
3. A steadier, smoother-running engine at low speeds because over-feeding is discouraged.

You can see for yourself the reason for these results. On the Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plug, the electrodes are knife-edged. This knife-edge makes it easier for the spark to jump across the gap, and break down the electrical resistance set up by the compression in your cylinders. The knife-edge produces not just a fine, hair-thin spark but a *broad, ribbon-like* spark of high temperature, capable of firing leaner mixtures.

In addition, the knife-edge makes starting easier—a great advantage in winter weather! The use of a special electrode material insures the durability of this knife-edge and eliminates the need of frequent adjustment of the spark gap.

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Above: Electrode of ordinary spark plug. Note the blunt edge. Below: Electrode of Pyro-Action Spark Plug. Its knife-edge saves gasoline.

Under our money-back guarantee you take no risk in changing to Pyro-Action Spark Plugs at once. Ask your dealer for the right type for *your* car, truck, bus or tractor. Or if you will write us giving the name and model, we will send you the information together with descriptive booklet.

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"Try a set of Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs in your passenger car for 30 days. Then if you are not entirely satisfied as to their superiority, you can return the plugs and get your money back."

(Continued from Page 82)

twenty dollars. Shall I have the steward send something down?" He nodded to the three inert figures.

At 5:30, four rather disheveled figures sat on the edges of the bunk in Stateroom 328, sipping beef tea into which they dipped exploring soda crackers.

"Oh!" wailed Mr. Wheeler at intervals.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Briscoe sat silently in thick-tongued embarrassment.

Mr. Wheeler looked at Mr. Bobie. "I guess we'd never have got aboard if it hadn't been for you, sir."

"That's right," assented Mr. Jones. "I don't remember anything after I climbed that lamp-post."

Mr. Briscoe looked imploringly at Mr. Bobie. "I'll get hell if this gets to the coach," he said humbly.

"It won't," said Mr. Bobie cautiously, "unless your friends talk."

"You know," said Mr. Wheeler, "I always thought you were a regular fellow, sir." He grinned. "Last night you insisted that you were that hash slinger I told you about on the boat coming across."

Mr. Bobie looked startled. "Did I?" he said. "Ha-ha-ha!"

"I'll tell you what," said Mr. Jones: "Let's forget it all."

"Fine," said Mr. Bobie.

"And as long as we're traveling together"—Mr. Wheeler rang the bell for the steward—"let's all have a hair of the dog that mauled us."

On the twenty-eighth of September, Upwood Bobie, Ph.D., stood in the empty study allotted to instructors in the department of English literature. In his hands were three pink examination books, scribbled in from cover to cover and still hot from the mental anguish and the elbow grease used to fill them. He looked at them casually without opening them; then he tore them deftly across and across and dropped the fluttering bits into his waste-paper basket. With a pen he filled in, opposite three names on his rolls, the letter C, signed his report, placed it in an envelope and dropped it into the local box for the approval of his department head. Having done this, he crossed to the window.

Below him, on the fence that runs along behind Fisk, three young gentlemen sat with their heads bowed, apparently in deep thought.

Mr. Bobie raised the window and cupped his hands: "Halloo there!"

The three heads snapped up.

"It's all right. You passed."

"Are they all marked?" yelled Mr. Briscoe.

"Yes," said Mr. Bobie.

"Well, that's fine, sir."

"Thank you very much, sir."

Mr. Bobie waved his hand in friendliness and closed the window. Ah, well, it was all according to the lights of his new code, and, by George, it was poetry too! He looked startled for a moment and then sat down to a fresh sheet of paper. He wrote:

Dear Burrage: Of course Dawn Lights is good. Why shouldn't it be? I wrote it. Your novel Pilgrimage is rotten. Why don't you go out and get plastered before you try to write about it?

BOBIE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly,

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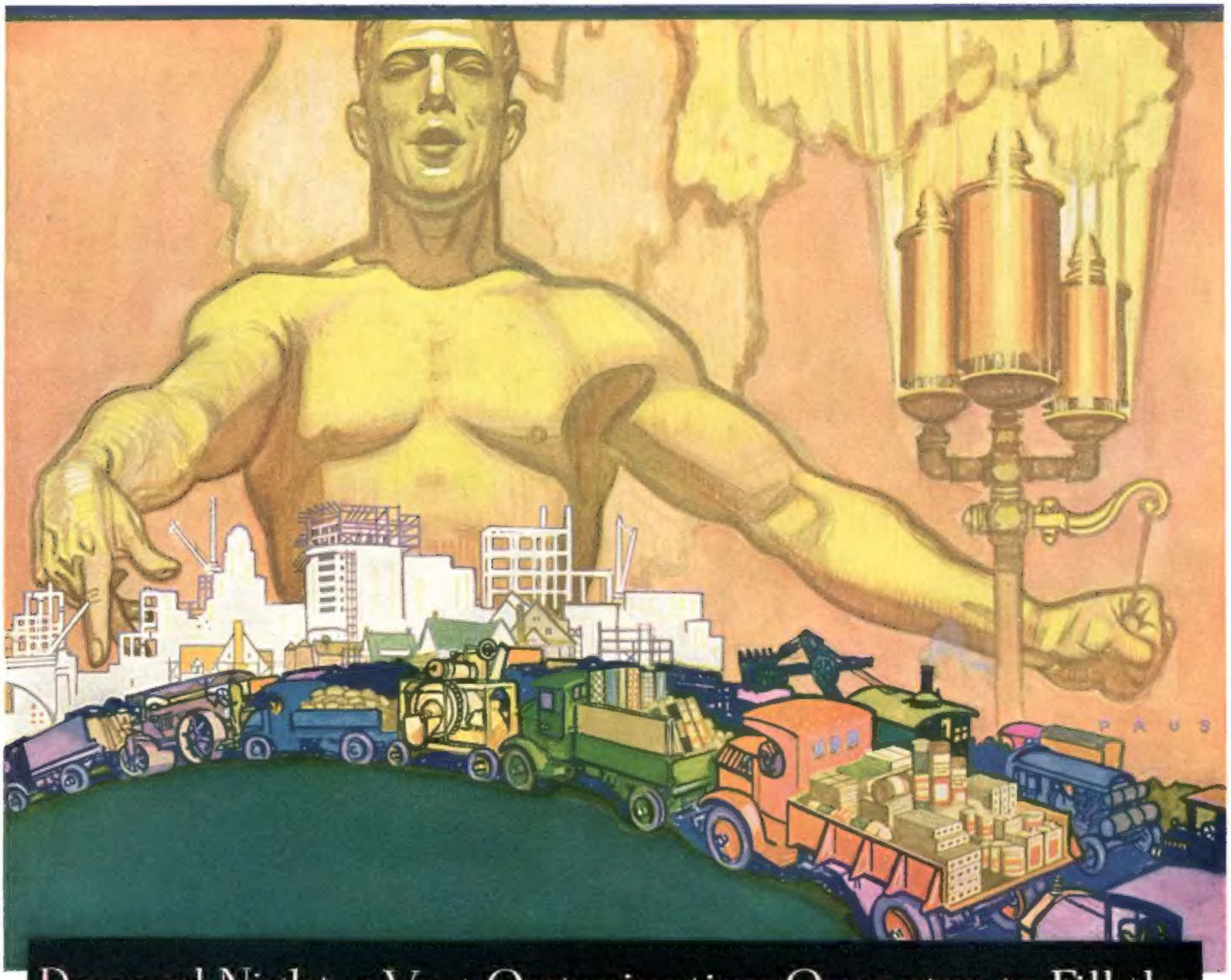

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Vanity Kodak Ensemble – Happy the girl who finds one of these among her Christmas remembrances! An exquisite grained leather carrying case which comes in three colors and contains the wherewithal for make-up and for snapshots. Contents: large mirror, change pocket, combination powder and rouge compact, lipstick and Kodak. Colors: gray, beige, green. Picture size, 1¾ x 2¾.

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